

METHODIST REVIEW.

(BIMONTHLY.)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, D.D., Editor.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. THE CATHOLICITY OF AMERICAN METHODISM. <i>Bishop E. R. Hendrix, D.D., LL.D., Kansas City, Mo.</i>	513
II. A BURNING BUSH IN ALSATIAN HIGHLANDS. <i>D. W. Clark, D.D., Boston, Mass.</i>	532
III. SPIRITUAL MESSAGES FROM THE POETRY OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. <i>P. H. Swift, D.D., Chicago, Ill.</i>	538
IV. A BATTLE BETWEEN THE PYGMIES AND THE GIANT. <i>Professor H. W. Conn, Ph.D., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.</i>	548
V. THE CLERICAL LION. <i>Isaac Crook, D.D., Ironton, O.</i>	563
VI. THE PREREQUISITES OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY. <i>Rev. W. H. Butler, Wareham, Mass.</i>	569
VII. THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD—Luke xvi, 1–31. <i>Professor Thomas Nicholson, D.D., Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Ia.</i> . . .	575
VIII. BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIAN ART. <i>M. B. Myers, Mexico, N. Y.</i> . . .	580
IX. AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM AND EXPANSION. <i>J. P. Brushingham, D.D., Chicago, Ill.</i>	585
X. KRISHNA AND CHRIST. <i>Rev. J. E. Scott, Ph.D., Muttra, India.</i> . . .	595

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.	602
Methodist Leaven in Roman Catholic Meal, 602; Trees and Men, 600.	
THE ARENA	622
"Nescience of God," 622; Wesley's <i>Maggots</i> , 625; "Nescience of God," 628; The Power of Prayer, 629; Can the "Mode of Baptism" Continue a Mooted Question? 630; Does God Suffer? 630.	
THE ITINERANTS' CLUB	631
The Gospel of the Minister's Vacation, 631; Pharaoh, an Instrument of God's Mercy—Rom. ix, 17, 633; Discrimination in the Use of Christian Literature, 634.	
ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH	636
The Book of Daniel and the Monuments, 636.	
MISSIONARY REVIEW	641
Increased Heathen Population, 641; The Congo Railroad and Interior Mission Work in Africa, 643; Christian Literature for China, 644.	
FOREIGN OUTLOOK.	645
SUMMARY OF THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.	651
BOOK NOTICES	655

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE CATHOLICITY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.....	513
Bishop E. R. HENDRIX, D.D., LL.D., Kansas City, Mo.	
A BURNING BUSH IN ALSATIAN HIGHLANDS	532
D. W. CLARK, D.D., Boston, Mass.	
SPIRITUAL MESSAGES FROM THE POETRY OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.....	538
P. H. SWIFT, D.D., Chicago, Ill.	
A BATTLE BETWEEN THE PIGMIES AND THE GIANT.....	548
Professor H. W. CONN, Ph.D., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.	
THE CLERICAL LION.....	563
ISAAC CROOK, D.D., Ironton, O.	
THE PREREQUISITES OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY.....	569
Rev. W. H. BUTLER, Wareham, Mass.	
THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD—Luke xvi, 1-31.....	575
Professor Thomas Nicholson, D.D., Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Ia.	
BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIAN ART.....	580
M. B. MYERS, Mexico, N. Y.	
AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM AND EXPANSION.....	585
J. P. BRUSHINGHAM, D.D., Chicago, Ill.	
KRISHNA AND CHRIST.....	595
Rev. J. E. SCOTT, Ph.D., Muttra, India.	
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:	
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THE ARENA.....	622
"Nescience of God," 622; Wesley's <i>Maggots</i> , 625; "Nescience of God," 628; The Power of Prayer, 629; Can the "Mode of Baptism" Continue a Mooted Question? 630; Does God Suffer? 630.	
THE ITINERANTS' CLUB.....	631
The Gospel of the Minister's Vacation, 631; Pharaoh, an Instrument of God's Mercy—Rom. ix, 17, 633; Discrimination in the Use of Christian Literature, 634.	
ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.....	636
The Book of Daniel and the Monuments, 636.	
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FOREIGN OUTLOOK.....	645
SUMMARY OF THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.....	651
BOOK NOTICES.....	655
Berle's Modern Interpretations of the Gospel Life, 655; Van Dyke's Liberty, 658; Knowles's Spirit and Life, 661; Stevens's The Theology of the New Testament, 663; Gates's Three Studies in Literature, 665; Hardy's Wessex Poems and Other Verses, 668; Moscheles's Fragments of an Autobiography, 670; Kenyon's The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 673; Barrows's The Isles and Shrines of Greece, 676; Fiske's To-day and To-morrow, 677; Potwin's Here and There in the Greek New Testament, 679; The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton, 680; Pearse's The Gentleness of Jesus, 680.	

METHODIST REVIEW.

JULY, 1899.

ART. I.—THE CATHOLICITY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

CATHOLICITY, which has been the most notable characteristic of Methodism in its relation to the Churches of the Reformation, is but the impress of Wesley, its catholic-minded founder. Emerson says the difference between great men and others is that there are more of them; they are many men rolled into one. A man may be a microcosm, but a great man is a macrocosm. Thus, Dean Stanley claimed Wesley as being in some sense the father of modern Broad Churchism, because of his many-sidedness and real greatness.

His original inclination was toward mysticism, so that the accomplished fellow of Lincoln College proposed a solitary life amid the Yorkshire hills where he could the better cultivate a dreamy philosophy. But a wise friend tells him that "the Bible knows nothing of a solitary religion." He then magnifies the means of grace into saving ordinances, becoming a ritualist of the ritualists, mixing water with the wine of the eucharist, of which he partook weekly, fasting on two days of the week, and refusing to admit to the Lord's Supper any person baptized by a minister not episcopally ordained. Yet, later, he becomes a very ascetic, living on bread and water, even going barefooted in Georgia to encourage those unable to wear shoes, sleeping on the ground, and otherwise mortifying the flesh. By turns he was a missionary, a visitor of prisons and of the poor, an evangelist, and an open-air preacher, willing to give all his goods to feed the poor and his very body to be burned. As the Moravian bishop, Gambold, who was a member of the Holy

Club with him at Oxford, said of Wesley, "He used many arts to be religious, but none to seem so; with a soul always upon the stretch and a most transparent sincerity he addicted himself to every good word and work." This was the man who was to be broadened by contact with men in his more than two hundred and fifty thousand miles of travel, in the two hundred publications which he wrote or compiled, freely using the works of good men of whatever shade of religious opinion, and in the forty thousand sermons which he preached during his long and eventful ministry. He was ready to hear the opinions of the wisest, whatever their belief, and to sit at the feet of the saintliest, in whatever quarter of the globe. He himself says:

The thing which I was greatly afraid of, all this time, and which I resolved to use every possible means of preventing, was a narrowness of spirit, . . . that miserable bigotry which makes many so unready to believe that there is any work of God but among themselves. I thought it might be a help against this frequently to read to all who were willing to hear the accounts I received from time to time of the work which God is carrying on in the earth, both in our and other countries, not among ourselves alone, but among those of various opinions and denominations. For all this I allotted one evening in every month, and I find no cause to repent of my labor.

Michael Angelo rejoiced that he lived in the same time as Raphael; so Wesley rejoiced to find himself the contemporary of holy men everywhere and of whatever name. He was wise enough to see, what Harnack was later to declare, that "history presents no example of a despotism without the foundation of a common form of worship." And with Irenæus he also believed that "the difference of the usages establishes the harmony of the faith."

This man "sent from God, whose name was John," while owing much to both heredity and environment, was the creature of neither. Some men cannot stand alone unless wedged in a crowd, but Wesley not only had such deep convictions as enabled him to stand alone, but he helped to create the very crowd which was to perpetuate his teachings and his influence. Great men can only act permanently by forming great nations or organizations, and the real greatness of the man appears in the persistence of his teachings for many generations.

Wesley was notable for his genuine intellectual hospitality. It was not that all views were alike to him, but that he saw amid many points of difference certain vital points of agreement—the essentials—and his system was built around these. His favorite benediction reflected his character. It was that with which Paul closed his letter to the Ephesians, describing the Church in Christ Jesus: "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Though an Arminian he admitted Calvinists into his societies, whose one condition of membership was a real desire to save one's soul. Writing to the churchman Venn, Wesley said, "I desire to have a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Christ." And on another occasion he wrote of the Methodists: "They ask only, 'Is thy heart herein as my heart? If it be, give me thine hand.' Is there any other society in Great Britain or Ireland that is so remote from bigotry, that is so truly of a catholic spirit?" This was to be true of the United Societies while in the Established Church, and when the inevitable separation took place both in England and America. The Methodist Episcopal Church was, with its Twenty-five Articles, not simply a comprehensive Church, it was a confessional Church. While its Articles of Religion have been pronounced by Canon F. J. Holland to the writer as being the very cream of the English Church creed, nonconformists, as well, now approve them, as is seen by the recent adoption of what is called "The New Evangelical Catechism," an expression of the points of agreement of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales. It will be interesting to trace in American Methodism the development of this spirit of catholicity which marks universal Methodism.

The dawn of the eighteenth century witnessed the birth of two men, one in England and the other in America, whose influence was to extend into the twentieth century and, doubtless, to the end of time. These were John Wesley and Jonathan Edwards, who were born in 1703, and less than four months apart. Widely as they differed doctrinally, they had much in common, even as thinkers and preachers. Each traced his ancestral line to clergymen of the Church of England, and each was indebted to gifted ancestors in both the paternal and

maternal lines. Both were children of the manse, their fathers being preachers, the one a graduate of Oxford and the other of Harvard. While the father of each was a man of culture, it was from his mother that each of the gifted sons chiefly derived his intellectual inheritance. Esther Stoddard Edwards, in her remarkable judgment and prudence, her extensive information, her thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and of theology, her singular conscientiousness and piety, as well as in her intellectual independence, strongly resembled the immortal Susanna Wesley. Both were mothers of large families. Jonathan Edwards was the fifth of eleven children, while Susanna Wesley was to be the conscientious mother of nineteen children, of whom John was the seventh. But she herself was the twenty-fourth child of her mother and the twenty-fifth of her father. Mrs. Wesley's grandfather, John White, an Oxford graduate, was in 1640 an active member of Parliament and joined in all the proceedings for the overthrow of the Established Church. He was chairman of the Committee for Religion, and was also a member of the Westminster Assembly of divines which, after being in session for over five years, gave the world its famous Confession and Shorter Catechism. Despite her nonconformist blood Mrs. Wesley was to become an ardent and faithful child of the Established Church. She was as conscientious in this respect as her ancestors had been conscientious in their opposition to the Established Church.

While John Wesley was a student at Christ Church, Oxford, Jonathan Edwards was finishing his course at Yale. In 1726, when John Wesley was elected Fellow of Lincoln College, and eight months later was chosen Greek lecturer there, Jonathan Edwards was ending his tutorship at Yale. While John Wesley was assisting his father at Epworth Jonathan Edwards was assistant to his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, at Northampton, Mass. Wesley went in 1735 as a missionary to the North American Indians, while Edwards was to spend the last seven years of his life in like missionary work. In 1740 Whitefield, a bosom friend of Wesley, on one of his great evangelistic tours was a guest in Edwards's home in Northampton, and became his bosom friend, sharing his Cal-

vinistic views, which were ultimately to give birth to Calvinistic Methodism, of which Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was to become so liberal a patroness. In fact, while Whitefield was associated with Edwards in revival work in America Wesley preached at Bristol his famous sermon on "Free Grace," to which Whitefield took exception. Charles Wesley wrote a hymn on "Universal Redemption," which was published with the sermon and, as usual, summed up the doctrine of the sermon :

A power to choose, a will to' obey,
Freely his grace restores ;
We all may find the living way,
And call the Saviour ours.

Thou canst not mock the sons of men ;
Invite us to draw nigh,
Offer thy grace to all, and then
Thy grace to most deny !

Whitefield replied to this sermon, and went so far as to make a personal attack on Wesley's character, for which the next year he humbly begged his pardon. When Wesley's friends urged him to reply to Whitefield's pamphlet he answered, "You may read Whitefield against Wesley, but you shall never read Wesley against Whitefield." The two stout-hearted Englishmen were to differ, and to agree to differ, from that hour. Doubtless Whitefield's bent toward Calvinism was the more strongly marked after his intimate friendship had been formed with Edwards.

In 1742 Edwards published his great work entitled *Thoughts on the Revival of Religion in New England*, 1740, which Wesley republished in 1745, rejoicing to give wider publicity to the work of grace which had attended the joint labors of Edwards and Whitefield. In 1744, while Edwards was beginning to experience some of the ill effects of the reaction following the great revival, Wesley held his first Conference in London, where his doctrinal platform was formulated, resulting in the separation of Whitefield and his followers. In 1750, when Edwards was dismissed from his pastorate at Northampton, he warned his people against Arminianism, which had already extended through the preaching of Wesley

and his helpers into Wales and Ireland and was soon to be preached in Scotland, although it was to find little success in the land of the Covenanters. Edwards was writing his immortal works on *The Freedom of the Will* and *Original Sin* during his exile at Stockbridge, while Wesley was busy preaching to thousands, publishing the best books he could write or compile, and holding Conferences now composed of scores of preachers or helpers, who were preaching to thousands of members organized into the United Societies. In 1757 Edwards was called from the forest to succeed his son-in-law, Rev. Aaron Burr, as President of Princeton, which Whitefield's evangelistic labors had helped to found. He hesitated about accepting a post of such responsibility and frankly wrote the trustees concerning some of his constitutional peculiarities which unfitted him for such responsible work, saying, "A low tide of spirits often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech and behavior, with a disagreeable dullness, much unfit me for conversation, but more especially for the government of a college." Here he died the following year, when fifty-four years of age. Wesley was to survive him for more than thirty years, not being called home until 1791, at the ripe age of eighty-seven. Thus, as in the case of Napoleon and Wellington—who were both born in the same year, 1769, and whose names were, like those of Wesley and Edwards, to make illustrious the century of their birth—the Englishman survived his contemporary for a full generation, and was laid to rest amid the tears of a grateful nation. Robert Hall said of Edwards, "I regard him as the greatest of the sons of men." Chalmers, who was also his disciple, said, "I have long esteemed him as the greatest of theologians, combining in a degree that is quite unexampled the profoundly intellectual with the devotedly spiritual and sacred, and realizing in his own person a most rare yet most beautiful harmony between the simplicity of the Christian pastor on one hand, and, on the other, all the strength and prowess of a giant in philosophy." Of Wesley, Robert Southey said, "I consider him as the most influential mind of the last century—the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums, hence, if the present race of men should continue so long." Not only

does Isaac Taylor hold that our modern religious history has its starting point in the religious movement inaugurated by Wesley, but Abel Stevens, the greatest historian of Methodism, says of the founder of this movement, "His public life . . . stands out, in the history of the world, unquestionably pre-eminent in religious labors above that of any other man since the apostolic age."

Both of these great religious leaders encountered great laxity of morals in their native countries, and contended against formalism and lukewarmness in the Church. Each thought profoundly upon their nature of sin, and did much to show the nature, as well as the necessity, of conversion. Each kept a journal that shows the workings of his inmost soul, and tells of how his heart was "strangely warmed" at conversion. Edwards was speculative, almost a mystic at times; Wesley, although philosophical, was practical and constructive. Each was combative in his way, the John-like Edwards wanting to call down fire from heaven, while the Paul-like Wesley reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come in his assaults upon sin. Edwards's favorite words were "sweetness" and "light," and some of his most notable sermons were on Christian love as manifested in the heart and life, reminding one of the saintly Wesley himself. Despite Edwards's view that Christ died only for the elect, while Wesley held that Christ died for all men, still Edwards's sermons abounded in appeal and pathetic exhortations, as if the will had the power of choosing between the motives of self or God, and his name will always be mentioned with Wesley's as one of the great revivalists of his century. Wesley could not think that the will had no self-determining power or that God was immanent and efficient will, so that every act or exercise of the human will in overcoming sin was nothing less than the power of God. He could not make divine sovereignty so great as to leave man to a blind and cruel fate, his will having no real power of choice. In short, Wesley's theology was such as could be preached, and that, too, with no mental reservations; and hence it was bound to succeed. The history of religious thought in New England is the projection of the shadow of Jonathan Edwards and of his disciples, like Bellamy and Hopkins; and even the transcen-

dentalism of a later day there has its roots in his teachings about revelation, which gave to the reason an essentially religious function. The Arminianism which he feared was to be finally welcomed to New England as the very salvation of orthodoxy itself, and the lineal descendants of the disciples of Edwards were to rejoice in the Gospel as Wesley preached it to mankind for fifty years.

In one important particular, aside from their theological views, the two great men were unlike. Edwards had an ideal home, a gifted and saintly wife, and was blessed with children that were to perpetuate both his talent and his name. His second son was pronounced by Dr. Emmons a greater reasoner than his father, although not of such original gifts. One grandson, Timothy Dwight, was to be one of Yale's greatest presidents and the grandfather of another who still holds that post of honor, and was to perpetuate his name in a line of gifted men and able scholars. Another grandson was to become Vice President of the United States, although, alas! as fascinating in evil as his gifted ancestors had been in good; and, dying as he lived, Aaron Burr, the slayer of Hamilton, asked to be buried at the foot of the graves of Jonathan Edwards and President Aaron Burr, as he was not worthy to be buried by their side. Childless Wesley was to leave none bearing his name, but his spiritual sons were to be numbered by the million; and there were to be among them such theologians as Watson and Whedon and Bledsoe and Pope; such preachers as Newton and Bunting and Punshon and Fisk and Olin and Simpson and Pierce and Marvin; such writers as Stevens and Bond and Summers and Curry, not to mention that legion of gifted sons and daughters who still live to bless the Church with voice and pen. Nor are his spiritual children confined to those who speak our Anglo-American tongue. But Germany has given her scholarly Nast, Scandinavia her Hedstrom, while Italy, Bulgaria, India, China, Japan, Korea, Australia, the South Sea Islands, Mexico, South America, and Africa have given numerous preachers who have the tongue of flame because they have the heart of fire. In fact, the sons of Wesley are heard speaking in more tongues to-day than were ever spoken in the whole Roman empire in the time of

its widest extent, and American Methodists alone, at the end of a century and a half, outnumber the entire census of Christianity at the end of the first three centuries.

It was more than two and a half centuries after the discovery of America when Methodism began its phenomenal career in the New World. It is true that the Wesleys were here a little earlier, but they were then ritualists, rather than Methodists. Whitefield, too, was here earlier during his seven eventful visits, but his labors as an evangelist left no organized churches or societies. Cooperating largely with those of the Calvinistic faith, his work was characteristic of the abundant life of Methodism which blesses other Churches as bountifully as it does its own and is to be regarded as simply one of the permanent results of that great religious movement which is larger than any Church, just as Lutheranism is larger than the Lutheran Church. It is this spirit of catholicity, impressed on it from the beginning, which is the secret of its power. In the archives of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, together with letters from the Wesleys, is one from the Rev. Timothy Cutler, who resigned the presidency of Yale to enter on missionary work in Boston, in which letter, under date of July, 1750, he speaks of the building of a Methodist chapel in that city, which represented a form of religion that he predicted would not soon die. In view of the subsequent history of that form of religion the writer of the letter can certainly rank as at least a minor prophet. Whether the origin of the Methodist chapel in Boston was due to certain Methodist soldiers and sailors then impressed into the army and navy of Great Britain, and whether its brief history was connected largely with the British occupation of Boston, is not definitely known. From Sam's Creek meeting house in the backwoods of Maryland, built near the home of Robert Strawbridge, where his neighbors might worship God under his faithful ministry, there went forth not less than four or five preachers of the Gospel. Better known, because in the metropolis, is the old John Street Church in New York city, whose centenary was so widely celebrated in 1866. At the time Methodism began its work the Congregational, the Episcopal, and the Dutch Reformed Churches had been laboring

in this country for more than a hundred years. Each, in fact, was the established Church in its special locality—the Episcopal Church in Virginia, from 1607; the Congregational Church in New England, from 1620; and the Dutch Reformed Church in New York, from 1628. The Baptists, Presbyterians, and Lutherans had been at work in America since before the birth of Wesley. None of these Churches are seen at their best, as religion was at the same discount on this side the Atlantic as in Europe until the Wesleyan revival in 1739. Much of this was due to the absence of the spirit of catholicity in all the Churches. For a long time no one was willing to sell land in Boston on which to build an Episcopal church. In Connecticut Episcopalians were imprisoned and their property taxed for the support of the Congregational Church, the “standing order” or Established Church of the colony. Dean Stanley found in the archives at Hartford a petition from the Episcopal clergy of Connecticut to the governor to use his influence in inducing the Congregational clergy to admit them to the Lord’s Supper. The one was called “the Christian Church,” and the other just “the Episcopal,” a term so used when any wished to escape paying taxes to the Established Church. In Virginia the Episcopalians were equally intolerant, the governor issuing a proclamation in 1746 forbidding under the severest penalties “the meeting of Moravians, New Lights, or Methodists.” The severe treatment of the Baptists in Virginia, when as many as thirty ministers of that faith were imprisoned, led to Patrick Henry’s espousal of their cause and to Thomas Jefferson’s famous statute for religious freedom. Presbyterians were fined for not attending the services of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, and were permitted only as late as 1745 to settle in remote parts of the country where they would not interfere with the Episcopal, or Established, Church. And this, too, when the indolence of the fox-hunting clergy of that Church was so notable in Virginia that it became necessary to enact a law requiring the clergy to preach every Sabbath and to administer the Lord’s Supper twice a year. At that time drunkenness was so common at funerals in Massachusetts that the General Court in 1742 had to pass a law forbidding the use of wine and rum on funeral occasions.

It is not strange, therefore, that infidelity prevailed and that the common type of religious experience was somber and gloomy. It was a common remark in New England, "O if I only knew that I had a spark of grace I should be so happy." Under Whitefield's ministry not less than twenty preachers in the vicinity of Boston were converted, and he did much to revive the dying faith of the Church and to lead believers to expect Pentecosts of power and abundant spiritual harvests. But the very excesses of some who labored in the revivals he did so much to promote led to violent opposition to him, and raised serious questions as to whether his work would abide. Doubtless Whitefield became too censorious in his criticisms of the Church, which arrayed against him one half of the Congregational ministers of Massachusetts—some of whom had been publicly announced as unconverted—and the faculties of Harvard and Yale, who smarted under Whitefield's criticisms of those institutions. So low was the religious life of the country toward the close of the last century that the students at Yale actually proposed to the faculty, as a topic of discussion, "Is the Bible the word of God?" President Timothy Dwight promptly consented to the discussion, and so ably presented to his hearers the proofs of the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of the Scriptures as to root out infidelity in Yale College.

Statesmen, as well as educators and clergymen, were impressed with the grave conditions confronting the American people at the close of the Revolution, which cost fully eighty thousand American lives, or one in every forty inhabitants, besides the enormous expense of \$170,000,000. During that war the American Congress directed the Committee on Commerce to import twenty thousand English Bibles from Holland, Scotland, and elsewhere; and in 1781 we find Congress recommending the first edition of the English Bible ever printed in America. But the printed page could not take the place of the spoken word, and the religious indifference of the colonists made them selfish and reckless as regards both public and private obligations. Washington questioned whether the independence of the colonies had been worth fighting for, and if they would prove capable of self-government. Thomas Jefferson wrote:

"I tremble for my country when I think that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situations is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference. The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with us in such a contest." In the helplessness of the Constitutional Convention Benjamin Franklin called the attention of that body—struggling in vain to form some bond of union—to the fact that they were daily proceeding without asking the divine guidance, and moved that hereafter the sessions be opened with prayer. Our country was feeling the throes of a coming revolution such as was soon to convulse France and to threaten all of Europe. Statesmen not accustomed to prayer turned to the Churches, which now universally enjoyed religious liberty and which began to forget their differences in view of the common peril. The first two bishops of newly organized American Methodism called on Washington, immediately after his inauguration as President, to receive from him assurance of his comfort in their prayers—the prayers of a religious body destined to grow to such numbers in seventy-five years that another great President, in another time of national peril, in 1864, said: "It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Church, bless all the Churches—and blessed be God, who in this, our great trial, giveth us the Churches!"

Despite the fact that all save three of the preachers sent by Mr. Wesley from England to America deemed it best to return home at the breaking out of the Revolution, enough remained of native American preachers in cooperation with Asbury and Whatcoat to continue the good work begun by Methodism only about a decade before the war. So prudent and faithful were they in their labors that by the close of the Revolution they had won the good will of the people and had doubled the number of preachers, while the number of communicants had increased two and a half fold. Methodism had taken root deepest in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, which furnished twelve out of the fourteen thousand commu-

nicants when the Christmas Conference was held in 1784. It must be remembered, however, that the most populous of all the colonies at the beginning of the War of Independence was Virginia, which had a population of 360,000. Massachusetts came next with 280,000, and Pennsylvania followed with 275,000. None of the others had as much as 200,000, save North Carolina, while even Connecticut had 20,000 more than New York, which had only 175,000, or 15,000 more than Maryland. There were more Methodists at the close of the Revolution in the little State of Delaware, with only three counties, than in New York, New Jersey, or Pennsylvania. In fact, there were only some sixty members in New York city, and one hundred and nineteen in Philadelphia, while Baltimore numbered over nine hundred. Methodism left an impress upon these central colonies which was to abide to the end of time, and from them Jesse Lee and his fellow-apostles were to go forth as heralds of God's love and man's freedom to the New England of Jonathan Edwards, which was fast drifting from the influence of what was called the Orthodox or Congregational Church. The oldest Puritan Church of America, established at Plymouth in 1620, was, with the opening of the century, to declare itself by a large majority in favor of Unitarianism. Soon only one Congregational Church in Boston remained true to the old Puritan faith, the reaction against which had become so strong that the Andover Theological Seminary, which was established to teach it, could not obtain an independent charter, but was attached to Phillips Academy.

Whitefield died in 1770, while on his seventh tour of "Gospel ranging" in this country, with fifty thousand souls converted during his labors in America, and his bones are with us unto this day, appropriately resting beneath a Presbyterian pulpit in Newburyport, Mass. Within twenty years "another Whitefield," as the people called him—Jesse Lee, a native American and a Virginian—had begun his apostolic mission in New England. Among his hearers was Dr. Jonathan Edwards, the son of Whitefield's great friend, and Dr. Timothy Dwight, his distinguished grandson. Both doubted the expediency of his mission, for Arminianism was still at a discount among Calvinists, who believed that it tended to Pelagianism.

That such was the case with some was doubtless true, just as many Calvinists became Antinomians. Either of these extremes tends to looseness of life, just as there were those who abused Paul's comforting doctrine of justification by faith, until James needed to write his wholesome epistle to correct their errors. Despite the possible abuse of the doctrine of the freedom of the will and of the offer of an unlimited atonement, it was just these doctrines that were needed to arrest the attention, alike of thinkers and of the masses, who were drifting from the faith which had been preached by Edwards and Hopkins. Professor Austin Phelps, of Andover, states the case admirably:

Before the advent of Methodism the dogmas of a limited atonement and the servitude of the human will to the majority of minds which came under their influence had made salvation an impracticable business. . . . In many pulpits the preaching of repentance to unregenerate men had absolutely ceased. Logical minds holding those dogmas could not preach it. In private they said so, and in the pulpit they were dumb. To preach repentance as a duty to men who could not repent, and who until they did could have no assurance that the sacrifice of Christ had any concern with them, was an insult to the hearer and a stultification to the preacher. Sensible men felt this and revolted. They would not sow seed on a marble quarry. Rowland Hill once, on entering a certain church, was admonished, "We preach only to the elect here." "So will I," he replied, "if you will put a label on them." Methodism cut the knot and hewed the way clean to the liberty of proclaiming a free salvation. They preached it exultingly. They preached it like men freeborn. It gave gladness to their ministrations. The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs, at the sound of their voices. There was an electric spring to conquest in the Gospel, as they projected it upon the quivering sensibilities of men, which made it seem to them a novelty. The immense assemblies in the fields seemed to hear the word of God for the first time. Then, first, the offer of salvation meant something to them. Men and women who, all their lives, had been droning the confession that they were "miserable sinners," not believing a word of it, suddenly found out that it was a fact. Then Christ became a necessity; and, because a necessity, a reality. The day of Pentecost dawned again. . . . When the Methodist pulpit has proved the power of men to repent by constraining them to act it with tears of godly sorrow, then the great congregation has caught it up, and, as if moved by the baton of an angel in the sky, has echoed and reechoed it in hymns which have borne up the faith of souls in it as on the wings of the wind. Where, in comparison, are our thundering organs and our

surprised boys posing in dim cathedrals; and where our puny quartettes performing before dumb assemblies?

Says this noble Calvinist further—ought I not to say Methodist Calvinist?—"For planting of great Christian truths deep in the heart of an awakened people let us have John Wesley's tongue of fire, seconded by Charles Wesley's hymns floating heavenward on the twilight air from ten thousand Methodist voices." It is easy to believe that Austin Phelps had attended camp meetings in Maine or Massachusetts.

Says this Andover professor again of the doctrine of human freedom, as taught by Methodism:

Partly by the force of this Methodist intensity in the use of the doctrine, and partly by its own good sense, faith in individual responsibility has made its way into the heart of Churches whose standards to this day disown it as a dogma of speculative belief. This is a magnificent service, however illogical, to the Church universal. No other truth so vital to spiritual religion has had so painful a birth as this of human freedom in the act of repentance. Augustine and his predecessors paganized Christianity in this respect for a thousand years. The reformers left the truth substantially as they found it. Calvinism as defined in the Genevan and Scotch theologies, and in the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Anglican Church as well, was dead fatalism. The popular mind could not logically get anything better from it. . . . We have reason to be grateful to any embodiment of Christian thought or enterprise which has helped us ever so infirmly to rescue such a truth from its tribulations and restore it to its place as a power in spiritual life. The most triumphant way of proving any doctrine involved in human duty is to *use* it. Persuade men to act it out by *doing* their duty. Make it thus prove itself as a fact, and time will take care of it as dogma. This Methodism has done for the doctrine of human freedom, through the whole of her splendid history. . . . The immaculate Church is yet to be. But with all the deficiencies, theological and ecclesiastical and liturgical, of the Methodist Church, the Church universal has reason to thank God for her magnificent history. It has expedited by untold years the conversion of the world to Christ.

Could Asbury have lived to read this tribute to Methodism from one of the princes of Congregationalism he would have chided himself for the "repugnance" with which, though mingled with "hopefulness," he always visited New England. Here Methodism was to give much of hard and, for a long time, unrequited labor, but from that sowing she was to reap a harvest of noble sons. Yea, even of the home of the Puri-

tans who were warned against Arminianism the Methodist census shall read, "This one and that one were born there"—the eloquent and saintly Wilbur Fisk, the able expounder of Methodist theology in the home of Puritanism; Joshua Soule, the great bishop who one hundred years ago was admitted on trial into the New England Conference, and whose vigorous pen was to write the constitution of the Church, in drawing up the plan of a delegated General Conference; Elijah Hedding, Soule's strongest antagonist in the matter of an elective presiding eldership, and himself one of the ablest of bishops and ecclesiastical statesmen; Stephen Olin, perhaps the greatest preacher yet produced by American Methodism, seeking the warmer skies of South Carolina, there finding his Saviour and dedicating his genius and learning to Christ, and having as no other in the sad days of fifty years ago the full confidence of both North and South. The president successively of the oldest surviving Methodist college of the South and of the oldest Methodist college of the North, our great Olin, sleeps beside the great Fisk on one of the hillsides of Connecticut:

All of him that was subject to the hours
Lies in thy soil, and makes it part of ours.

Possibly the secret of the strength of some of these New England sons of Methodism was due to the old Puritan faith that, with confessedly grave faults, by the very problems it sought to solve, helped to make vigorous minds, and by the emphasis laid on the divine sovereignty developed reverence and constant dependence on Almighty God. The granite of Geneva was azoic, as well as barren, but it made an incomparable substratum for the alluvial soil of Leyden and Epworth, whereon grew and flourished that type of Arminianism which Wesley preached and which the moderate and modern Calvinism of New England was to praise and accept.

It was through the joint labors of Presbyterians and Methodists that the great revival of 1800 began and spread throughout the country, a revival whose influence was so great that during the next thirty years the Congregational Church increased twofold, the Baptist threefold, the Presbyterian fourfold, and the Methodist sevenfold. There sprang up as the

permanent fruits of that revival the powerful religious and reforming agencies of our country. The first twenty years of this century witnessed the founding of the Bible Society, the Tract Society, the different foreign and home missionary societies, and the educational societies whose influence has been so wide-reaching. The great revival of the time had reached the colleges of the land and changed their religious tone, until hundreds of converted students were called of the Holy Ghost to the Christian ministry. Could Edwards have lived to see it he would have written its history as a glorious chapter in the *History of the Work of Redemption*, and would have rejoiced to see genuine religious experience taking the place of the low type of spiritual life brought about by the Half-Way Covenant. It meant a reformation from a low state of morals and religion which had long prevailed and had helped to check the rampant infidelity prevalent since the days of Paine, besides organizing Christian effort to give the Gospel to negroes and Indians of our own land and to the heathen as fast as the doors were open in pagan lands.

A new impulse was given to Christian charity, under the great Wesleyan revival on both sides of the Atlantic, that it had not known since the days of the apostles with that liberality that made possible the planting of the Church in all parts of the Roman empire. The example Wesley set by his own unstinted gifts, which were made possible by his tireless pen, has been both inspiring and contagious. His view of election was the true one, that it was "God's method of using the few to bless the many." God's chosen people of his day, like the Israel of old, were liable to rejection, if in them all the families of the earth could not be blest. It was to bless all the Churches and to help them to realize their apostolic mission that Methodism had its being. To bless the dear Church of England led Wesley to cling to it to the last. As Dean Stanley said at the unveiling of the Wesley Monumental Tablet in Westminster Abbey:

Wesley took his stand upon his father's tomb, on the venerable and ancestral traditions of the country and the Church. That was the stand from which he addressed the world; it was not from the points of disagreement, but from the points of agreement with them in the Christian

religion, that he produced those great effects which have never since died out of English Christendom, . . . and that he deserves to have his monument placed among those of the benefactors of England.

Such he became, who started a ritualistic priest and an ecclesiastical martinet, thanking God that he was not as other men. But he was doomed to narrowness and failure until there was born that broad, rich life which comes from the great tidal rivers sweeping far inland from the mighty ocean of love.

An able Andover professor was accustomed to say, "I teach that Congregationalism is a passing form of Puritanism; that Puritanism is a passing form of Protestantism; that Protestantism is a passing form of Christianity." Brave words these respecting a Church that dates its origin from the sixteenth century, than which perhaps none of the Churches of the Reformation can establish an older claim. Is Methodism, which dates only from the eighteenth century, a passing form of Protestantism, which is a passing form of Christianity? On what ground may we base our belief that Methodism is permanent? There is but one form of religion which is permanent, and that is Christianity itself. The one hope of Methodism, or of any other faith, is that it be absolutely Christian. When Wesley wrote the Deed of Declaration, which gave Methodism its legal status, as well as its separate organization, he also wrote: "It is designed for the whole body of Methodists, in order to fix them upon such a foundation as is likely to stand while the sun and moon endure. That is, if they continue to walk by faith and show their faith by their works; otherwise I pray that God may root out the memorial of them from the earth."

The gravest perils which await Christianity are not from without, but from within, the confines of Christendom. More Christian blood has been shed by Christians than in all the persecutions and wars waged by pagan and Moslem foes. Such bitterness as marked the Thirty Years' War in Europe and the civil wars both in England and America, when Christians invoked the help of the same God in killing one another, was worthier of the worshipers of Moloch and of Mars than of the Prince of Peace. Of all wars religious wars have been the worst. The coming of Methodism with its spirit of catholicity

has been like the coming of spring with its healing breath to some battlefield, when the scars disappear which cruel war had left. It is not her age, but her spirit, that has given Methodism her power. Greece was the smallest, as well as the shortest-lived of the nations, having at best but two brief centuries of national life, but what she was blessed all the nations of the earth with a new love of humanity, which breathes in her art, her science, her literature.

In these tumultuous times when Rome, having been shorn of her temporal dominion, sees some of the Latin nations on which she has leaned for centuries deprived of their wealth and their colonies and others marked by a stationary census and threatened with social revolution; when the Church of England is being shaken to its foundations; when widespread unrest and differences of opinion threaten to divide some of the noble Churches of the Reformation—in such times as these, whether Methodism shall be able to still perform her mission of hope and of healing, or whether another great religious movement shall become necessary, will depend, not on the doctrinal integrity of Methodism, not on her gifted sons, not on her splendid organization, not on her “far-flung battle line” in the stronghold of paganism, but on that unfailing love of God, and hence of man, of which she has been from the beginning the steadfast and tireless evangel. Be it ever hers to teach the true and changeless nature of our holy religion: “In essentials unity; in nonessentials liberty; in all things charity.” Like the voices of Hebrew prophets the voices of his Methodist ancestors speak to us through the uncrowned laureate of the Christian world:

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Engel R. Hendrix.

ART. II.—A BURNING BUSH IN ALSATIAN HIGHLANDS.

JEAN FREDERIC OBERLIN worked a sociological miracle in Ban de la Roche, at the close of the last century. His achievement is a burning bush to which the sociologist of to-day may turn aside with profit. Europe scarcely afforded a more degenerate community than that mountain canton near the university and cathedral city of Strasburg. Like the *Ghetto*, it boasted a *Yiddish* of its own, a *patois* mixture of Italian, French, and German. The delusion of witchcraft prevailed to such an extent that at the beginning of the last century the public executioner admitted he had put seventy persons to death for this imaginary offense. Religion, although of the professedly reformed order, was really of a very low type; so much so that on entering the church the people bowed adoringly to a little wooden effigy of John Baptiste, and, in cases of weak eyes or blindness, to effect a cure, made pilgrimages to a neighboring mountain. The character of the curates is suggested by the story of one who was called to the bed of a dying parishioner. On the way a hare crossed the path, whereat the curate ran home for his gun, crying to the relative who had come for him, "The sick man can wait, the hare won't!"

And, if religion was at such an ebb, where would one look for education? What advance in knowledge could be expected in a community where a superannuated swineherd was thought fit to be the schoolmaster? Paralyzed, and, so, incapacitated for the further care of swine, he was given the care of the children, who wallowed like little pigs upon the mud floor of his hut while he lay upon a heap of straw in the corner. He taught nothing, and for a sufficient reason. Even the curé, destitute of a calendar, kept the days of the week in mind by the rude device of putting seven heath brushes against the wall at the beginning of the week and then of removing one of the bushes each succeeding evening.

Their very diet shows how near to savagery these unhappy people were reduced. Wild apples and pears, acorns and chestnuts, were among the staples of food. Grass boiled in

milk was a common dish. Cases of poisoning were not rare, because of inability to distinguish nonedible and edible plants. A poor woman once said facetiously to a visitor, pointing to a certain herb, "This plant is my master. It has beaten me." "How is that?" he asked. To which she replied, "There is scarcely a plant in the place which has not served me for nourishment, but this is so terribly bitter that I cannot eat it, cook it as I will." The potato had been introduced, but, although the soil was naturally well adapted to it, it was allowed to deteriorate until it in turn became unsound and unfit for food. There were no public works in the canton, no internal improvements, no roads worthy the name. Trees felled across the chasms were the only and often slippery and deadly substitutes for bridges. There were no physicians or apothecaries. The wonder is that patients survived the healing art as it was practiced. The vermin-infested cabins were full of foul miasmata; their rotting thatches dripped in puddles upon their floors. The clothing of the people was scant and ragged. Few families had *sabots* enough for half its members at a time, so that they must needs take turns in wearing them. Such was Ban de la Roche! Could any present-day slum or *Ghetto* be worse? Distrust, superstition, idleness prevailed. Brigandage was not unknown. It was a moral wilderness, presenting as stubborn a face to the missionary as its flinty soil did to the gardener. About the only alleviating circumstance was the comparative sparcity of the population. It had dwindled to a scant five hundred, and on the merciless—or merciful?—principle of the survival of the fittest it was likely to be wiped out. A modern Macedonia!

It was Jean Frederic Oberlin, one of the immortals pledged not to go round "in an eddy of purposeless dust," who heard the cry and heeded it, as in our day Edward Denison heard the cry of Stepney and Arnold Toynbee—Oxonians, both of them—heard that of Whitechapel. The general biographer finds in Oberlin a fascinating subject. To delineate his character and record his achievements makes a pleasant task. The sentimentalist finds in him, spite of his own disclaimer, the material for a romance. His love for Madelain, queen of his heart and home for fifteen years, to whose memory he remained

true for forty-three years and until his death, makes a story noble and pathetic. He was chivalrous toward women, children, and defenseless persons. His courage, too, was dauntless. No bosom ever wore more worthily the red ribbon of a knight of the Legion of Honor. The religionist, in turn, finds in Oberlin the ideal self-oblivious pietist, wrapt in prayer and meditation, whose very look was a benediction. Before his dwelling, at the hours of his devotions, the passers uncovered and called to the children, "Hush! he is praying for us!" Upon the black oak door of his study, written in chalk, could be found the names of those who had asked his prayers.

But not from any one of these angles does Oberlin appear the colossal personality he really was. It is from the viewpoint of the sociologist that he rears himself to his truly large stature and appears the unique forerunner of the latest of sciences. As if to put the excellence of his methods and the transcendence of his success beyond cavil, Providence gave him an all but hopeless field. Out of an inky agate, with pains and skill, he worked into high relief and clear-cut outline and lustrous whiteness an ideal community. He emancipated those peasants from what Karl Marx has characterized as the damnable indifference to their own elevation. He lifted those children from the mud floor of the swineherd's hut to a front rank as teachers in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg. His mountain *pensionat* attracted experts in pedagogics. His influence upon the manners of the people in general was phenomenal. From roistering hoodlums the youth of the Ban became preeminent for refinement, grace, cordiality, and courtesy. By the introduction of the best implements, by scientific draining, fertilizing, and terracing he brought the district to the maximum of productiveness. Fruit, grain, and vegetables in abundance and in best quality came from a once unproductive soil. Those who had never lived otherwise than from hand to mouth now had "basket and store." Exportation of the surplus brought a handsome revenue to a people unused to the sight of money. Well might the Royal Agricultural Society of France decorate Oberlin with its gold medal. The hum of industrialism was next heard. Native wheelwrights, smiths, masons, and carpenters appeared where

an artisan of any kind had never been known. In a single year the spinning done in the cottages by hands previously idle brought in \$6,000. A printing press, a fire engine, a magazine for farm implements, a dispensary with trained nurses attached, athletic games—all followed naturally in a community now thoroughly in earnest for its own betterment. An evidence of the unsordid nature of this reformation is found in the creation of an "emergency fund," formed by voluntary contributions and subject to draft in case of distress by fire, inundation, or epidemic in adjoining cantons. Finally, the solid bridge across the Brüche is a type of other internal improvements, and may be considered Oberlin's most appropriate monument.

Such was Ban de la Roche when Oberlin found it. Such he left it, after sixty years of toil. His superb success is the heritage and inspiration of all social workers to-day. As he transformed a shiftless and suffering population into a self-respecting and prosperous little commonwealth, so may the slums of our cities and the degraded rural districts of our newly acquired territories be metamorphosed. The principles upon which he proceeded are so fundamentally right that it is of prime importance to discover and define them:

First, he came into personal and continuous contact with the people. His was no peripatetic mission of an emotional evangelist. He lived with the people, sharing their life and identifying himself with them. "He chose to dwell with the poorest of his brethren, and not with the richest of them, that his income would allow." He did not disdain to live in the rain-soaked and rat-haunted *presbèhre*, and made no move to improve it until he had won the confidence of his suspicious neighbors. He took his turn in working the road. He set out fruit trees. He and Madame Oberlin both held the distaff and whirled the spindle. They may not have done it as romantically as Puritan dames once did it, upon the Mall of Boston Common; but, by their example, they finally broke down a childish prejudice against the spinning wheel. A hundred years before Canon Barnett enunciated the principle Oberlin lived it. "All help must be cooperative; the helper and the helped must be partners, and over the thing done

must be the grasped hand. The doing which helps is with the people, among friends, not for the people among strangers."

Second, Oberlin found and stimulated that ultimate element of selfhood which survives in the most forlorn. His was no dole of unscientific charity, stultifying alike to giver and receiver. He found what the people did or ought to aspire to. He created the aspiration in the one case and put the means of attaining at the disposal of all. He did for them what Peter and John did for the lame man at the gate Beautiful. He set them on their feet and put them in the way of getting their own silver and gold.

Third, Without the sacrifice of principle Oberlin accommodated himself to the prejudices of his mixed sectarian environment. He avoided shibboleths and party names. The Gospel to him was above all differences of nomenclature and sect. His religion was synonymous, "not with institutionalism, not with denominationalism, nor with barriers or badges, but with the spirit and life of Jesus Christ."

Fourth, From the day he entered the Ban to the day of his death Oberlin identified himself with the civic life of the little commonwealth. He joined his fortunes with those of the community. He claimed no exemption, even from service as a juror. He discharged each civic duty with minute particularity. He demanded for himself the advantages arising from citizenship.

Fifth, He was no Thendas, "boasting himself to be somebody." He did not strive or cry. His were the quiet ways of his Master. Thus the kingdom of heaven came to the Ban without observation, like the dew upon Hermon.

Such are the governing principles of one of the most unique social reformations of which modern history gives any account. But these in turn are the governing principles of the Social Settlement, a movement distinctively of our day and graced with the names of Canon Kingsley, Frederic Denison Maurice, John Ruskin, and John Richard Green. The spirit of refined, gentle, ambitious young men and women, manifested in the university and college settlements of England and America, vies with that of Oberlin, and will not fail of the reward which he

received. There are fifty such settlements in Great Britain and eighty in the United States. But these figures do not adequately indicate the present scope of the movement, for there are many organizations operating upon substantially the same plan, though not called settlements, and more and more the principles of Christian socialism obtain in the philanthropic effort of the day. But, as Canon Barnett, of Toynbee Hall, has said, "The done is only a platform from which to see the vast undone."

The Providence which at the opening of this century cried, "Go, disciple the heathen!" at the close of the century is saying by signs as infallible, "Come, love thy brother in the slum!" The Church obeyed the first call. Great is her reward. The fervor of her converts in distant lands now comes back like a warm breath to chase away the chill induced by a current skepticism. Will the Church obey this latest call? If she fails, if she insists upon running for missionary prizes in *stadia* whose seats bid fair to be as tenantless as those of the *Circus Maximus*, if she insists in wearing insignia and employing devices whose proper place is a cabinet of curios, she will deserve to be as well satirized as Cervantes satirized, in *Don Quixote*, the attempted revival of chivalry. But the Church will not be guilty of such a crime unless she first loses the spirit of her Founder. Indeed, this new movement is a sign of hopeful adaptiveness on the part of the Church. For the social settlement is of the Church. It proceeds from her universities. The young people now in residence are her vanguard. The new century will see the Church planted at this point of greatest need and menace, the city slum. Planted there, not with the rigidity and coldness of institutionalism or the ever-enigmatical form of sectarian divisionalism, but with the practical adaptiveness, the sincere friendliness exemplified by Jean Frederic Oberlin.

Davis H. Clark

ART. III.—SPIRITUAL MESSAGES FROM THE POETRY
OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the traveler visits Westminster Abbey he will not fail to spend a reasonable portion of his time in the "Poets' Corner." Beneath the pavement over which he walks lie the mortal remains of those who have won lasting honors in the realm of English letters; and against the wall on every side are monuments, great and small, which a grateful people have erected to these illustrious dead. The visitor will be delighted to find there, among the memorials to England's poets, historians, and novelists, a bust of our own loved Longfellow, the only American poet who has been thus recognized in the great Abbey. This indicates the judgment regarding Longfellow's place among the American poets. There is none to be placed above him in the temple of fame, and there is no other that has exercised a nobler influence. If Bryant is the pioneer American poet, Longfellow is thus far our star of the first magnitude.

But he is not great in the sense that Homer, Dante, and Goethe are great. According to the *dictum* of the best critics of the present period first rank is accorded to but five of the poets of the English-speaking world. These are Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth. In the opinion of the same critics it is possible that even the second rank of the Anglo-Saxon sons of song would be completed without the name of Longfellow. And yet no poet of the English tongue has been so universally read and admired, unless it be Wordsworth and Burns. One critic has said that a number of Longfellow's best lyrics are known to more people than the same number of Wordsworth's, and that he has a larger clientele than any other modern poet except Burns.

Compared with other poets, Longfellow lacks the creative genius of Milton, the many-sidedness of Shakespeare, the polished diction of Tennyson, and the fire and passion of Byron. But, while they are superior to him in these particulars, he excels not only the above-named poets, but all others, in the particular that he is one whose songs gush from the heart. It

does not require a special education to understand and love what Longfellow has written. Most people have to acquire a taste for Milton or Shakespeare in much the same way that a taste for classical music is developed. This is not the case with Longfellow's poems. He is distinctively the people's poet, because he speaks for the people and to the people in a language they can understand and appreciate. He has not written for the learned, but for the masses of men on both sides of the Atlantic, wherever English is read. He has treated the common experiences of life in speech that is artistic and simple. It requires great genius to do this. Longfellow has succeeded where thousands have failed. In that gem, "The Day is Done," he has voiced the longings of the great mass of readers in this busy age, as well as given the reason why he is so loved and read. He was, indeed, that "humbler poet" whose "songs gushed from his heart," and whose harmonious numbers always come

like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

And how much we need him in this crowding, bustling age! It is a blessing that we have such a poet of peace, from whose heart the restlessness had been driven and from whose shoulders the burden had fallen so that he could sing,

Now only the sorrows of others
Cast their shadows over me.

It will perhaps help to a better appreciation of the truths we desire to illustrate if we outline some of the facts in the life of Longfellow. It will be remembered that he was born in Portland, Me, in 1807; that, like Bryant, he could trace his descent to John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, of whom he has written so beautifully in "The Courtship of Miles Standish;" that even in boyhood he displayed a love for literature, a passion for the beautiful of every sort, and no small aptitude for verse-making. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne. Immediately after graduation he went to Europe, where he remained three years, mastering French, German, Italian, and Spanish, in order to prepare himself for the professorship

of modern languages in his *Alma Mater*, which work he began in 1829. Two years later he married Miss Mary Potter, of whom he speaks so touchingly in the opening chapter of *Hyperion* and in the poetical gem entitled "Footsteps of Angels." This noble woman died at Rotterdam in 1835, whither the poet had gone on his second European journey to perfect himself in the Teutonic tongues, that he might be better fitted for the chair of modern languages in Harvard, to which he had been called at the age of twenty-eight. The death of Mrs. Longfellow came to him like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, and it was years before he recovered from the blow. In 1843 he made his third voyage to Europe. While on this trip he met Miss Fanny Appleton, a daughter of the great publisher, who really figures as the heroine of *Hyperion* under the name of "Mary Ashburton," while Longfellow is himself the hero under the cognomen of "Paul Fleming." They were married in 1843, and their life was one of great happiness until Mrs. Longfellow's tragic death from an accidental burning of her dress, as she was engaged in an evening entertainment with the children. This new sorrow cast a cloud over the poet which was never dissipated. In 1845 he resigned his professorship that he might give himself wholly to literary work. His life flowed on its peaceful way, while he lived surrounded by friends who appreciated and loved him, till he was called to lay down his pen in 1882, at the ripe age of seventy-five.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Longfellow, the man. He was possessed of the first requisite of a poet-preacher. He had a message for humanity—a message of hope, trust, and love. He was a truth-loving man, of clean lips and life. Charles Frederick Johnson says that his nature had no affinity for evil in any form; that he was naturally in sympathy with all that was beautiful and of good report; that he was as trustworthy at nineteen as if years of experience had molded his character; and that the purity of his verses was a reflection of his radical goodness of heart. Love to God, faith in God, and reliance on self are constantly manifest in Longfellow's poetry. They sanctify "The Courtship of Miles Standish," breathe in "The Song of Hiawatha," and shine forth like stars every-

where. Purity of love and true devotion are personified in Minnehaha and Evangeline. Strength and courage dwell in Hiawatha. Firm resolution and manly vigor are softened by the tender heart of the grim old captain of Plymouth, while life as a whole is always presented in its true light. Contrast the spirit of "A Psalm of Life," written in his early years, or his "Morituri Salutamus," written at the age of sixty-eight, with that of Shakespeare when he says,

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing,

and one will see how noble an influence Longfellow has exerted on American life, as well as on American literature.

The student of Longfellow will note that the poet's verses are crowded with similes, figures, and metaphors taken from the Bible. The humming bird flitting from blossom to blossom on the swaying vine reminded him of the angels seen descending and ascending Jacob's ladder in the darkness of the night. The faces of the people in the church, illuminated by happiness and love, made him think of the shining features of the Saviour as he prayed on the Mount of Transfiguration. The glory of the sunset, when the clouds formed themselves into fantastic shapes and took on the appearance of battlement and pinnacle bathed in light, recalled to his imagination the apocalyptic splendors of the city of God as John saw it from the shores of Patmos. The wind sighing through the tree tops suggested the music of the harps which breathed their sad strains by the waters of Babylon. The negro hiding in the Dismal Swamp was one on whom had fallen the curse of Cain. The participants in "The Children of the Lord's Supper" saw like Stephen the parted heavens and the Father "radiant with glory," with Jesus at his right hand. Gabriel, in his long search for Evangeline, was like the prodigal son wasting his substance in the land of famine; and, as an old man on his couch of suffering, his lips burned with fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

But, better still, the graces of Christianity breathe in the poems themselves, which is more significant than that in many instances the poet's thought is clothed in biblical figures. One might almost fancy that the same hand which penned the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians wrote the discourse on love as we find it in "The Children of the Lord's Supper." There we learn that love is "the root of creation;" that God made the worlds that he might both love and "be loved again;" that love is the breath of our being; that it is life; that the death of Christ was the triumph of love; that love is atonement; that love is perfect, and love only; that, if we love God as we ought, we shall likewise love our brethren; that to throw a veil over the faults of others is the fruit of love; that good works will spring from love as the day follows the sun; that Christian works are "Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate Springtide;" and that God is the "fountain of Love everlasting." With Longfellow love is the inspiration of the best, for he sings in "The Building of the Ship,"

It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain;
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest.

The sun looks on Hiawatha returning with his young bride from the land of the Dakotas, and says,

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered, shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!

"Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing," exhorts the apostle James; and Longfellow is in full accord with him. How beautifully he illustrates this precept as he writes of the Acadian peasants who marched down to the shore to be scattered over the face of the earth. They were leaving behind them the homes of their childhood, and knew not fully what suffering and loss were before them. Our hearts are touched as we hear them sing,

Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!

"Patience," whispered the oak trees "from oracular caverns of darkness" to Evangeline, as she looked out over the moonlit

meadow and wondered when she would again behold the face of Gabriel. When, also, the sun had finished his exhortation to Hiawatha, then the moon looked down in gentleness upon the happy pilgrims, and said,

O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,

Rule by patience, Laughing Water.

Longfellow's lines always reveal a deep trust in God that inspires both peace and patience. He speaks of the bending heavens as the protecting hand of God inverted above his children; and it will be remembered that when Evangeline was alone, on that stormy night during which her father and lover were confined with the men in the old church, the thought that God was in heaven ruling the world he had created soothed her troubled spirit and made it possible for her to sleep peacefully until morning. The poet's verses always do honor to a simple faith, whether among the Acadian peasants, Moravian nuns, or the red men of the forest who worshiped the Great Spirit with reverence.

With Longfellow duty is always a sacred trust, and obedience to duty forever brings the soul face to face with the heavenly vision. In "The Legend Beautiful" he has painted for us an exquisite picture, and every reading will be sure to bring a larger revelation of truth. In an old monastery a monk was praying upon the floor of stone for his sins and for greater self-denial. He prayed on until the noonday hour drew near, and then suddenly his cell was filled with light, and in the center of the light he saw a "blessed vision" of the Lord as he had been seen by the apostles in Galilee. The monk was filled with rapture at the thought that the Lord would visit his cell. But suddenly he was disturbed by the pealing of the convent bell. It was the hour when the blind, halt, lame, and beggared came to the convent gate

For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood.

And he was the appointed almoner. His heart was filled with conflicting emotions. Should he leave the poor waiting in hunger at the convent gate? Should he go away and neglect

his Lord? Would the vision remain till he returned from his daily task? Would it come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

With this counsel the monk went his way to feed the poor at the gate; and when he had finished his task he returned to find the vision still standing where he had left it, and to hear it say, "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

In "The Beleaguered City" we learn how prayer will clear the night of ghostly phantoms. In the first of the poem we read that, according to an old legend,

A midnight host of specters pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Round and round they circled until the church bell proclaimed the hour for morning prayer. At that sound the spectral host retreated in hot haste down the valley. Then the poet tells us that the human soul is beleaguered by a host of phantoms. They may be all vanquished, as he believes, by the power of prayer. For he continues:

And when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

And the poet always speaks for truth and justice. He makes one of his heroes speak these glorious words:

I have already
The bitter taste of death upon my lips;
I feel the pressure of the heavy weight
That will crush out my life within the hour;
But if a word could save me, and that word
Were not the truth; nay, if it did but swerve
A hair's breadth from the truth, I would not say it.

No life can fail if it is lived under the inspiration of a sentiment so sublime.

There is no poet with whom we are familiar who has written so many little gems flashing with rare brilliancy. "The Arrow and the Song" sets forth in a beautiful way the truth that no good effort is really lost. "The Rainy Day" contains the comforting lesson that the clouds of life do not blot out the sun. The "Psalm of Life" has inspired thousands to think they might leave behind an influence which would bless the world. "The Reaper and the Flowers" has brought consolation to many mothers bereft of their children. "The Builders" exhorts us to imitate the old architects, who did their best because they believed that "the gods see everywhere," and assures us that if we fail in this, our lives will be as "broken stairways," on which the feet "stumble as they seek to climb." And among Longfellow's short poems none brings a sweeter message of comfort than the little gem called "Resignation." There is a dead lamb in every fold, and a vacant chair in every house; the air throbs with "farewells to the dying," and many mothers, like weeping Rachel, cannot be comforted. Such sights and sounds would crush one who has not seen the open grave of the Nazarene. But faith looks up and sings a song of certainty and hope.

If we were to select three poems from Longfellow's more extensive works, with a view of determining the characteristics and catching the spirit of the man, none would serve the purpose better than "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and "Evangeline." The first is a unification and versification of the legends of the American Indians, collected by Schoolcraft. In it the poet has preserved the nobler longings of that race which will soon be gone from among the sons of men. The rhythm is a weird one which well agrees with the subjects considered. His song is fragrant with the odors of the forest. It breathes the longing of the red men, in their nobler days, and tells of the Great Spirit's love for his children; it describes Hiawatha's labors in behalf of his people and his mighty conflicts with the enemies of mankind; it narrates Hiawatha's happy wooing and the wedding feast in the land of the Ojibways; it includes the songs of peace and prosperity, of sadness, famine, and death. To read them is to come into the presence of a holy influence, and one

cannot find in the language a sublimer picture of how a good man ought to leave the earth than is given in the lines which tell how Hiawatha, when his work was finished, sailed his canoe along the path of light into the gates of the sunset. The sentiment must have been inspired by the Scripture which declares, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

In "The Courtship of Miles Standish" the poet immortalizes the simple, self-sacrificing life of those sturdy Pilgrims to whom the nation and the world owe so much. There is something grandly noble in the character of the stern old captain of Plymouth, and we feel that he is a representative of his race. In John Alden we have the gentler type of New England manhood, and in Priscilla a noble example of innocence, devotion, and love. The story may be read a hundred times, and thus in a sense becomes old, while in reality it remains ever new and beautiful.

The last of the three poems named is perhaps the best known and most read of all Longfellow's works. "Evangeline" was his own favorite. The plot of the story was furnished him by his old classmate, Hawthorne, and is too well known to need description in detail. Much in the first part of the poem speaks of joy and happiness. Beautiful is the picture of home life in the old village of Grand-Pré. Full of love were the homes of the peasants, and happy the hearts of the people, until the coming of the fleet of the great king which bore them away from the land of their childhood and scattered them as exiles in the country of strangers. Sad flows the current of the song when the poet pictures the death of Evangeline's father on the lonely shore, her separation from Gabriel, and the burning of Grand-Pré; and, sadder still, as he sings of her long years of wandering to find again her beloved. At last, giving up the search, and settling down to live and die among the Quakers in the country of Penn, when a pestilence fell upon the city, in the chambers of death she found upon a pallet the form of an old man who wore the face of her Gabriel. When she whispered his name he saw in dreams once more the scenes of his native land and Evangeline walking by his side beneath the trees in the woodland. It was

no dream, for Evangeline knelt by his bedside, kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom, while the light of his eyes suddenly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

But in the midst of the sadness there shine the stars of faith; for,

As she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee."

The whole poem is the story of a life in which joy and sorrow are intermingled; for, while the current flows toward the sea of sorrow, upon the banks of the stream rare and beautiful flowers are forever blooming. As we read our sympathies are broadened, our love deepened, and our faith strengthened; for we come in contact with Evangeline's devotion and find that she trusts God in the darkness and thanks him at the end. Some critics have said that it is not a great poem, but it is at least supremely good. One cannot read it thoughtfully without finding in it an incentive to patient trust, self-sacrificing love, and holy faith, even in the midst of life's sorrows.

What has been said of the spirit and influence of the poems considered may be said of all of Longfellow's works. Has he not, therefore, well earned the title, "the favorite of the English race?" His influence is as wide as it is holy, for his verses are on every table, in every schoolbook; and, what is better, they live in the hearts of the people, and as long as human hearts feel sorrow so long will his words urge to a nobler life on earth and a sweeter hope of heaven. We may say to him as he said of Chibiabos:

All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying

In the land of the Hereafter.

Polemus Hamilton Swift

ART. IV.—A BATTLE BETWEEN THE PIGMIES AND THE GIANT.

WE are fond of thinking of man as the lord of creation, and in a sense he merits this title. Certain it is that all his noble enemies have fled before him like chaff before the wind. The fierce lion and the tiger, the gigantic rhinoceros and elephant, have long since yielded to his sway. Inanimate nature, too, he has subdued and harnessed to his uses. But, having mastered nature and all its larger beings, it is only to find that a new host of enemies is confronting him which threaten almost to baffle him because of their inferiority and minuteness. When a battle in which physical strength is a factor is waged with the lower orders of nature, man with his intelligence is unquestionably invincible. But when a contest arises between strength and intelligence on the one hand, and minuteness accompanied by an extraordinary reproductive power on the other hand, the problem is a more serious one. Man has not yet won the battle he is waging with the insect world, and almost every year shows us new and more threatening phases in this struggle with insect life for our food plants. It is somewhat humiliating for the being who has conquered his more noble enemies to be baffled by the gypsy moth or the Rocky Mountain locust, or to yield to insects whose strength lies simply in an exceptional power of reproduction. But thus far in human history we must recognize that these battles have not yet all been won.

A foe even yet more dangerous is now coming into view among organisms still lower in nature and still more minute—organisms whose strength, again, lies only in a most extraordinary power of reproduction. Far down below the limits of human vision exists the world of bacteria. So minute are these beings that only high powers of the microscope reveal them, and they had been known for a couple of centuries to exist before there was any suspicion of their relation to our health. Only the last thirty years have disclosed that with this world of microscopic life mankind is waging a constant warfare and one not yet brought to a victorious close. It has

now, however, been abundantly demonstrated that many of our most serious diseases are produced by the invasion into the body of these microscopic hosts, and by their multiplication there. Their numbers are beyond conception, and their powers of reproduction are scarcely credible; so great, indeed, are the latter that in many cases a single individual may produce sixteen million offspring in twenty-four hours. As we look over the history of the world we see that plagues and epidemics have repeatedly swept over the nations, progressing almost unchecked in spite of all attempts to stop them. These so-called "visitations of providence" have been due simply to the extraordinary multiplication and the rapid distribution of some of these microscopic foes of man. The devastation produced by them is almost inconceivable. In the battle that has been carried on, the destruction of human life has been far greater than that produced by man's struggle with any other of the lower orders of nature, greater even than the devastation caused by man's struggle with man. In the history of the world a vast majority of mankind have been killed by bacteria. With this host of minute enemies mankind has ever been giving battle. In the past this conflict has been carried on wholly without man's consciousness. To-day, since we have learned of the existence and habits of these microscopic enemies, we are beginning to direct our intelligence to the conflict, and even among the masses of men who know nothing whatever of their existence the conflict never ends. It is indeed a battle of pigmies with a giant, a battle between superior strength and superior reproductive power, a battle in which great numbers contend against great size, a battle between the very lowest of nature's creatures and the very highest, a battle which must finally result in the extermination of one or the other of the contending forces.

During the thirty years which have been occupied in the study of the germ diseases a great change has come over the notion of scientists in regard to the relation of mankind to these microscopic foes. When it was first recognized that bacteria possess the power of invading the human body, multiplying in it, and there producing wild devastation, it threw open to our imagination an entirely new set of possibilities.

At first it seemed as if man were almost entirely at their mercy, and it was hard to understand why he had not long since been exterminated by the ravages of these microscopic foes. They are everywhere around us, and it seems almost impossible, from *a priori* grounds, that any individual could avoid becoming infected with bacteria. But, evidently, we are not so helpless, after all. Mankind still continues to exist in increasing numbers, and, we fondly believe, with increasing rather than decreasing vigor. The conflict is raging, not only when an individual is actually suffering from disease, but long before any symptoms of the disease have made their appearance. Evidently there must be some factors, in the relation of man and his microscopic foes, which give him power in many cases to meet their attacks and successfully repel them. It is our purpose in the present article to inquire as to the nature of these factors of resistance.

It may not be uninteresting to picture this conflict as that of an army of pigmies attacking a giant in his castle. In an assault upon such a fortified castle the first step must plainly be to bring the attacking army within striking distance of the castle. So, too, must our bacterial foes find means of reaching the individual to be attacked. But bacteria have no powers of locomotion sufficient for this purpose. It is true that some of them have active locomotive organs, and when in liquids can distribute themselves far and wide. Their powers of active motion are, however, confined to liquids. They have no power of motion in air or on the land; and, inasmuch as mankind lives in the air and on the land, these foes have no active means by which they can bring themselves into contact with the individual they are to attack. Hence they must depend upon passive means of distribution, bringing to their aid, unconsciously, various moving objects as means of their own distribution. In most cases the source of the disease bacteria is an individual who is suffering from some special disease. If a man has typhoid fever, or tuberculosis, or diphtheria, or any other of the so-called germ diseases, he becomes at once a source from which countless myriads of these specific micro-organisms are eliminated and from which they may be distributed. But for such distribution the micro-organisms must

depend upon various indirect means. Some of them are brought to the new individual by simple contact, the nursing of a patient by a healthy person furnishing a means by which the bacteria may be directly transferred to the new host. Others, falling on the ground, get swept into a well, a brook, or even into a city reservoir, and thence their distribution to the individuals drinking of the water is simple enough. Others get into the milk can, through various sources of uncleanness on the part of the milk producer, and then are peddled to the neighboring community. Others accidentally come in contact with the fur or hair of animals, and may by them be distributed from one individual to another. Most bacteria, again, are capable of being dried without injury, and after drying they become mixed with dust which may blow to and fro with the winds. The dust of the city is thus a prolific means for the distribution of the hosts of bacteria which are infecting its inhabitants.

By some such means as these is taken the first step in the battle between the micro-organism and the individual. The invading foe has reached the castle wall, and is ready for the direct attack. These microscopic foes, however, find the human organism no unguarded castle, but one surrounded with many protections. The giant has built around himself many a safeguard which in most cases is sufficient to ward off the invading foe. There are bulwarks which must be passed, walls which must be scaled, or in which the attacking army must find breaches, in order to come into actual conflict with the inhabitant. The bacteria have no means of breaking down this wall, and their only hope of entering is by finding some weak place in the fortification. As an outer defense the body is completely covered with skin, and the external layer is nearly a perfect protection against the invasion of microscopic organisms. In rare cases it is possible that these micro-organisms may find their way through this epidermis, either by means of the openings for the sweat glands or through the hair follicles. But such instances are rare. The same may be said, though perhaps with somewhat less emphasis, of the lining of the mouth, the nasal cavities, and the lungs. The mucous membrane which lines these cavities

has also an epidermal covering that is ordinarily sufficient to prevent the passage of the bacteria into the body. If this is whole and healthy the micro-organisms attack it in vain. They may exist in these cavities for a long time, entirely harmless. The mouth, indeed, at all times contains bacteria in abundance, and the disease germs themselves apparently are frequent visitors; but commonly they fail to pass further. But here, again, under exceptional circumstances, some kinds of these invading hosts are perhaps capable of passing through even the uninjured membrane.

Nor are the invaders much more dangerous if they chance to be swallowed, for a similar resistance is found in the stomach and other parts of the alimentary canal. The bacteria which reach the stomach must first run the gantlet of the digestive juices in this cavity. The gastric juice of a healthy individual always contains a certain amount of acid, and many of the invading foes are either killed by a small quantity of this acid, or so weakened by it that they are rendered innocuous. If they do pass through the stomach uninjured they come then into the intestine and there find other digestive fluids and other adverse conditions. Throughout the stomach and intestine, too, they find their entrance into the body checked by a protective mucous membrane similar to that in the mouth and throat. The epithelial covering of the mucous membrane of the intestines, it is true, does not appear to be as thorough a protection against these invading hosts as is the epithelial covering of the skin. It is one of the essential properties of the intestinal walls to absorb material from the alimentary canal, since in this way only does the human body obtain nutriment from its food. If the intestine can thus absorb nutriment there is reason for thinking it may also, to a certain extent, absorb these invading micro-organisms. But in spite of this the absorption is not a ready one, and the invading organisms meet resistance even in the intestines which, although less than that in the mouth, is frequently too great for them to overcome. Our giant is thus living within a castle surrounded by a high protective wall sufficient in most cases to exclude invaders. Many an attack of bacterial foes is rendered fruitless by this wall. Hostile bacteria, though

brought in contact with it, are unable to pass, soon give up the attack, and die from lack of proper conditions for their continued life. We must not forget, however, that there are some species of bacteria which apparently do not need to actually pass this protective wall to produce trouble. The Asiatic cholera germs grow chiefly in the intestine, without penetrating its walls to enter the body. It produces its trouble by secreting in the intestine soluble poisons which, being dissolved in the liquids there, are absorbed through its walls. These foes are thus provided with means of throwing their missiles of destruction through the walls they are themselves unable to pass. But, while there are such instances, most species of injurious bacteria must pass through the outer protections before they can directly injure the body.

But we can readily understand that this protective wall may not always be an impervious one. Various accidents may happen to break it down in one place or another. A cut, a bruise, or an abrasion of the skin which breaks the epithelium, a scratch, a sore in the mouth, or cavities in decayed teeth may expose to attack the more delicate underlying tissues, and thus be large factors in this battle with microscopic hosts. Such breaks frequently constitute a breach in the wall through which the invaders make entrance. We can easily understand, too, how various slight ailments—such as those connected with a so-called “cold” which give rise to inflammation at various places in the lining of the mouth, throat, or lungs—will thus produce points of lessened resistance and assist the invading hosts in finding entrance into the organism. We can readily comprehend, for these reasons, why it is so common for a cold or a cough to turn into consumption. There is no connection between the cold and the consumption, but the cold has produced places of lessened resistance to invasion in the epithelial lining of the throat and the lungs, and here the bacterial foes which are in the mouth, trying to find entrance, may pass into the body. The inflammatory condition produced by the cold has thus broken down the outer line of fortification. It is not, however, a matter of indifference where the invading organism thus finds entrance. Some species of bacteria, it is true, are nearly indifferent in this respect. The most deadly of all human

enemies, the "*tuberculosis bacillus*," apparently is able to thrive almost anywhere in the body. It may attack a gland and produce scrofula; it may attack the kidneys or the joints, producing well-known diseases of those organs; or it may attack the lungs and produce consumption. Here is an organism which can thrive well enough wherever it finds foothold. But the same cannot be said of most of our microscopic foes. Some are capable of living only in certain places. The bacterium which produces the Asiatic cholera apparently can attack the body only through the intestine, for it seems to be a matter of far less danger if these organisms find their way into the blood or into the abdominal cavity. On the other hand, the organisms which produce *tetanus* succeed well enough if they reach the spaces beneath the skin, but gain no foothold if they are taken into the stomach, or if they are injected into the blood. The diphtheria germs appear to be capable of growing only when they succeed in attaching themselves upon certain of the soft, moist surfaces of the body, such as those of the throat or tonsils, or the moist membrane that covers the eyes. If thus each species of attacking foe must find, not only a favorable point for entrance, but also a point in some particular part of the body, the chance that any of the microscopic organisms may get an opportunity of making a successful attack upon the body of a man is somewhat reduced.

But even after the bacteria have succeeded in passing these outer ramparts, the battle is not yet over. On the other hand, it is now that the actual conflict between the powers of the body and these microscopic invaders begins. After they have found entrance into the body the bacteria have arrayed against them strong resisting forces of the human organism, endeavoring to destroy and expel them. At this point, however, we find our comparison of an attack upon a castle a little faulty; success on the part of the invaders is not necessarily a matter of numbers. The bacteria are struggling simply to get a foothold within the body, where they can feed and grow. A few are perhaps entirely sufficient to seize this foothold; for these by multiplication may soon become indefinitely numerous, and shortly be abundant enough to take possession of the whole castle. To protect itself, therefore, the human body

must destroy every individual bacterium or render all incapable of growth. Their marvelous reproductive power gives the bacteria their advantage in the battle. On the other hand, it takes time even for these rapidly multiplying beings to become sufficiently numerous to do injury. There is thus an interval, after the penetration of the castle wall, when the invaders are weak in numbers. During this interval the inhabitant of the castle may hope to expel them. In this endeavor to exterminate the bacteria the resisting powers of the body are engaged. We do not as yet thoroughly understand the forces which the human organism is able to array against these invading foes. Some of its methods of defense, however, are already intelligible to us, and we know enough, at all events, to give us an idea of the intensity of the conflict that is going on and of the powerful forces which the human organism is able to bring against its invading enemies.

Of the thousands of different kinds of bacteria known to scientists to-day the majority of species are utterly unable to grow in the body, even if they should find entrance. Human flesh or human blood will furnish excellent food for them, if the individual be dead; but living human flesh and blood in some way exerts a repressing influence which is utterly fatal to the growth of a vast majority of species. Some few species, however, are not thus destroyed by the hostile agencies of the tissues of the animal, but are capable of growing and multiplying even in the living body. These we call "pathogenic" or "disease" germs, since, after they have thus become numerous, they produce a series of injurious effects in the body which result in disease. The number of species of bacteria, however, which can thus become a menace in the human body is really very small, a score or two only, according to our present knowledge, being capable of multiplying in the body. It is evident from these facts that the conditions existing in the tissues of man are hostile to the growth of most bacteria, and it is doubtless these same influences which are the controlling factors in this struggle between the human individual and all invading bacteria, whether harmless or not.

What are the forces, then, arrayed against these invaders? The essential nature of the battle appears to be a production

of poisons and counter-poisons. There is no question that there are many factors concerned in the matter. The temperature of the body may have its influence, for some of the invading organisms are found to be able to grow only under certain conditions of temperature, and the temperature of the body of man is not appropriate to their life. But the last few years have shown us one factor of primary importance standing forth prominently, ahead of all others. It appears as an undoubted fact that the first steps in repelling these foes are to flood them with certain poisonous products which check their growth. In the blood and lymph of man there are present certain products which have a direct deleterious influence upon the growth of micro-organisms. Of their repressing influence upon bacterial growth we are sure. They have been named "alexins," and they are produced by the living tissue of man, although as to their nature and method of production we are in almost dense ignorance. It is a fact beyond question that such alexins constitute the first method of defense possessed by the body against the invasion of micro-organisms, since they act as antiseptics, and common bacteria can no more grow in the living body tissues than they could in a solution containing other poisons. The great host of species found in water, milk, air, or the food, which live in the mouth, cling to the skin, and are almost omnipresent in nature, though capable of growing readily in ordinary lifeless, organic foods, are at once checked in their growth by the presence of these antiseptic agents which the living tissues pour upon them. They are not, therefore, pathogenic germs, are never able to produce any injury in the body, and are not sources of trouble to human health.

But there are, on the other hand, a few species of bacteria which may be able to retain their lodgment in the body, in spite of this attempt of the individual to get rid of them. These species constitute the pathogenic species, the so-called "disease germs." But how do they overcome the poisons which kill other bacteria? Even these species are attacked with equal vigor after entering the body, and in many a case the resistance of the body by means of its alexins is sufficient to render their invasion harmless. They, as well as the harm-

less forms, find the body poisons injurious to their growth. But the pathogenic species of bacteria are in some way capable of counteracting the action of the poisons thrown upon them. Apparently they are able to overcome the ordinary alexins of the body by reason of a power they possess of producing other products which serve to neutralize the latter, thus annulling their action. These few species of bacteria, when they get into the body, give rise at once to certain products which the bacteriologist has called "lysins." These lysins are as mysterious as the alexins, but they neutralize the effect of the alexins, and thus overcome the resistance that the body offers to bacterial growth. The invaders can now multiply rapidly enough to get a foothold in the body, and perhaps soon produce the abnormal symptoms which we call disease. Pathogenic bacteria, then, differ from the nonpathogenic bacteria primarily in this power of secreting products which can neutralize the ordinary effects of the alexins and thus overcome the resistance of the body.

The first opposition in the actual battle between the body and the invading bacteria is, then, through the agency of these poisonous chemical products which the body is producing at all times. Ordinarily, the human body is victor at once, since the bacteria are unable to grow, soon die, and are eliminated. This is very commonly true, even of the distinctively pathogenic bacteria, since very frequently they are so impeded in their growth as to disappear. In other cases the invading hosts overcome the resistance of the body alexins. But even if this occurs the battle is not yet over, for the individual has another method of defense which is now brought into activity to check the growth of the invading organisms. This second method of resistance is by a series of active cells found in the blood, known as "white blood corpuscles." These corpuscles are minute, active, protoplasmic bodies, present in the blood and lymph of man in great quantities. They are capable of active locomotion, and have the power of taking into their bodies small solid objects with which they come in contact. One of the duties of these corpuscles is thus to engulf minute irritating bodies which may be in the tissues and to carry them away, so acting as scavengers. They very commonly collect

in great numbers in the region of the invading bacteria—which appear to exert a strong attraction for them—and, leaving the blood vessels, they sometimes form a solid phalanx, completely surrounding the invading germs. Their collection at these points of attack may make itself seen externally in the phenomenon we call “inflammation.” There appears to be no question that the corpuscles under these circumstances actually engage in a conflict with the invading pathogenic germs, although there has been many a question and a deal of dispute as to how they carry on this conflict. It has been held by some that they do so by actually swallowing the invading bacteria, digesting them, and thus, of course, destroying them, in exactly the same way that a small animal feeds upon and digests food—a process which has been called “phagocytosis.” If this be true, the contest is between the powers of multiplication of the bacteria and the feeding power of these phagocyte cells. There are, however, many objections to this particular phase of the theory, and it seems to be far more probable that the white blood corpuscles in question do battle with the invading hosts in an entirely different way, and by a method which is again a chemical one. These cells, when they collect in these quantities around the invading hosts, rather appear to secrete from their own bodies certain injurious products which act upon the invading organisms much in the same way as the alexins already mentioned. Such secretions have a decidedly injurious effect upon the multiplying bacteria, rapidly check their growth, and, acting in union with the alexins, may perhaps entirely destroy them.

After the bacteria are thus killed the white blood corpuscles may load themselves with their dead bodies and carry them away. Sometimes they pass back into the blood stream and carry the bacteria to various parts of the body for elimination. Not infrequently many of the white corpuscles die in the contest, and then may accumulate in the form of pus, which makes its way through the skin to be discharged to the surface directly. Thus the white blood corpuscles or phagocytes are like a company of soldiers which form a castle guard. Their duty is to collect at the points of attack and do battle with such invaders as get a foothold within the walls. The battle goes on between

the phagocytes and the invading hosts merrily and vigorously; and if, in the end, the white corpuscles prove too strong for the invaders, the bacteria are gradually all destroyed, and the attack is repelled. The individual may have no untoward symptoms and, perhaps, no consciousness whatever that he has been exposed to an attack of invading hosts of micro-organisms. In other cases the bacteria prove to be too powerful for the phagocytes. They may multiply too rapidly for them, and sometimes the bacterial excretions drive the white corpuscles away. When very vigorous and very deadly bacteria invade the body the secretions produced by them are so powerful that, instead of attracting the white corpuscles to their vicinity, they actually drive them off. Under these circumstances the invading hosts multiply unimpeded and distribute themselves over the body, and disease rapidly follows.

Up to this point the battle between the body and the invading bacteria has been one that is wholly unconscious on the part of the individual. Likely enough he has no knowledge that he has even been exposed to the pathogenic invasion. The transportation of the bacteria, their entrance through some breakdown safeguard, their attempt to overcome the alexins of the body, and the concentration of the white blood corpuscles at the region in question for the purpose of doing battle with them, have all been carried on while the individual had absolutely no knowledge of what was going on. Possibly the last step may have shown itself as a slight inflammation in certain parts of the body, but this is the only external symptom to be seen. But in spite of the fact that the matter is beyond the realm of consciousness, the battle is none the less vigorous. During our life we are all thus fighting our battles with invading bacteria. In a majority of cases the attacking host is driven off by one or another method of defense, but once in a while all means of defense are insufficient. The bacteria which get into the body may neutralize the effect of the alexins, overcome the attack of the white blood corpuscles, and drive them away; and then, securing a strong foothold, they begin to grow and multiply. Then for the first time the individual becomes conscious of the onset of the disease itself.

Where the body alexins come from we can only imagine,

but beyond question they are the result of the activities of the body tissues. The idea that the human body produces poisons is no new one, but their relation to the resistance against disease has only recently been suspected. Some of the body cells, or all of them perhaps, are doubtless engaged in this process of filling the body with these protective compounds. Their production is a result of the body activity. It is evident, therefore, that one's general health will be an extremely important factor in the settling of this battle between the individual and the invading host. Robust health, with a body whose powers are strong, well nourished, and vigorous, will plainly furnish conditions for producing these normal alexins in greatest quantity. One whose bodily activities are weakened by poor nutrition, or by other injurious influences, can offer less resistance to bacterial invaders. A city whose citizens are strong and well nourished is better able to ward off attacks than one where malnutrition and disease have made inroads. It is plain, therefore, that the person in health and vigor will be likely to win his battles with invading bacterial hosts, while one who is not thus vigorous will be defeated in the battle because of the impaired production of these alexins and the lessened resisting power of the white blood corpuscles when they attack the invading hosts. Strength and vigor will surely be primary factors in the struggle. This is exactly in accordance with the experience of the world that vigorous health, good nutrition, and an active condition of the organism are the best possible safeguards against invasion of all kinds.

Here, too, we find an explanation of the occurrence, so commonly realized by physicians, of what are frequently called secondary complications. It is a common thing for an individual to be suffering from the attack of two, or perhaps three, different kinds of micro-organisms at once. Influenza may be followed by pneumonia; scarlet fever may be followed by diphtheria. Complications, or secondary diseases, are frequently caused by the invasion of different kinds of bacteria at the same time, or closely following each other. The second disease has no relation to the first, but follows it simply because the attack of the first micro-organism has weakened the resisting powers of the body.

But the most severe battle between these pigmies and the giant comes later still. In spite of all these means of defense it frequently happens that the invading foe overcomes all resistance, holds its foothold in the body, and begins to multiply rapidly. Growing and multiplying as these bacteria now do, they secrete their own poisonous products in quantity, and these now begin to poison the individual attacked. Manifest signs of the poisoning appear and form the early symptoms of the disease. As the bacteria continue to increase, their poisonous effects become greater and the disease increases in severity. More and more severe becomes the poisoning, until a crisis is reached. The castle is held by the invading foe. But, meantime, a new set of resisting forces is developing in the body to drive out the bacteria which have thus taken possession. Although weakened by the poisoning and suffering from the disease, the body does not yet yield the battle, but somewhat slowly organizes a new attack upon the invaders. For a time the foes have an almost unimpeded course and grow rapidly. But after a little—the length of time varying with the disease—their further increase is checked, their vigor is impaired, and the disease ceases to extend. After this they rapidly diminish in numbers, and finally, unless death meantime results, they are all exterminated or driven out by the recuperated defensive powers.

That the body can thus call into activity another reserve force of resistance is clear enough. The very fact that recovery from a germ disease may take place proves it. Were there not some such reserve power of resistance the invading bacteria would always continue to grow until they produced fatal results from their poisons. Many times, it is true, the fatal result does occur, the resisting power of the body being insufficient to drive out the invaders. But even in these cases the body makes a heroic struggle, and the problem as to which of the two combating forces is the stronger may be long in doubt. Will the final resisting powers of the body drive out the invaders, or will the bacteria prove the more vigorous? This is the question which will decide recovery or death. A heroic resistance is at all events offered, and, as in all close contests, an incident may turn the tide of victory.

To guide these incidents is the physician's chief duty in treating a germ disease. Either the bacteria must be driven out or rendered harmless, or the individual must die. If the battle is won it must be by the powers of the body's resistance. The physician must as a rule use his skill, not in destroying the bacteria, but in stimulating the body to fight its own battle with its foes.

Of the nature of this last means of defense we are still in the dark. In some cases the body produces by its cell activities counter-poisons which neutralize the effect of the bacterial poisons (antitoxins), and, after this, no longer weakened by the poisoning effects of the bacterial growth, it is able to expel the invaders. In some cases the body apparently secretes around the bacteria a sort of inclosing capsule, which prevents their further distribution and holds them in check. But upon this matter, at best, our knowledge is meager. We see the signs of the conflict, we realize its intensity, and we know its results. The future will tell us how the battle is fought, and may thus show how we may intelligently aid these subconscious forces in the winning of victory.

Such, in brief, is the everyday battle of the pigmies and the giant, carried on without our volition, or even our consciousness. The human body is not helpless in the presence of its foes, in spite of their extraordinary power of multiplication. To aid it in carrying on this contest the best assistance we can give is to furnish conditions for health and vigor. Sanitation may enable us to avoid some of the attacks, but, after all, our reliance must be upon our own vital resisting powers. Good nutrition and bodily activity furnish the elements of victory. We must remember that a germ disease is a battle, from the moment when the first bacterium enters the body until the last one is expelled, and if recovery takes place it will be from the power the body has of driving off its foes by its own powers of resistance, and not by driving away the invaders by the use of drugs.



ART. V.—THE CLERICAL LION.

THIS means the lionized clergyman. He is in vogue, and has been for a long time. There is a great variety of his kind—Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, settled and unsettled, surpliced and unfrocked. He is rather unaccountable, usually becoming a lion without intending so to be, as any who purposely aim at this distinction may fall woefully short. We believe in him, for why not the clerical lion? Washington and Lincoln are lionized presidents. Kepler and Newton, Edison and Pasteur, in science; Alexander, Napoleon, and Grant in war—all these rank as lions. Clergymen are as brainy, often more scholarly, and gifted with the power of persuasive speech. As humanity is laimest on the moral and spiritual side, clergyman lions would seem more indispensable than all other types of leonine men. Beecher and Simpson, Storrs and Phillips Brooks, and, before them, Edwards and Whitefield, stand out as samples of the noble race of clergyman lions.

But it should not be imagined that they are such solely on account of any external oddity or idiosyncrasy. They meet a want in the popular mind. Hero worship belongs to us, and, as Carlyle makes plain, is good for mankind. It has greatly toned up the manliness of this and other nations to look at Hobson in Santiago Harbor, and there are millions of such young lions under thirty years of age in this nation. A score of such are afloat as commanders of our battleships, though some of them may now be enjoying an undue share of lionization.

Latitude of nativity and training, if it does not hinder, may help. Idioms of speech and colloquialisms such as would be vulgarity from one "to the manner born," pronunciations never so obsolete are not only tolerated but relished. They smack of quaintness, and even help show off a real clerical lion. There must, however, be genuine strength and courage underneath, or these will only harm. If there be courage, wit, and humor, barbarism will not only be tolerated but relished for a season. The preacher may pose, orate, thrust his hands in his pockets like a political clown on the stump or a pettifogger before a country squire, and even patronize his

audience by talking down to them; such external accidents seem to facilitate lionizing. A better sort of trimming is the foreign brogue. How delicious to our somewhat cloyed taste is a Scotch, Irish, or even British twang, and also the German idiom with its oddity! These trimmings seem to help out.

Aggressiveness, even to rashness, helps. If the lion's paw knocks things about, even indiscriminately, jarring some people and habits, this result should not be deplored; provided the lion be real and knocks out of the way other people and things deserving it his leonine rank is recognized. But it is necessary that his blows fall, not on those far back in the time of the Pharisees, nor far away in Spain, Paris, or China, but on those near at hand. Let him not, however, lose heart, should it ever happen that for this same thing he may be attacked for a cur, and even driven out of town.

The king of the natural forest is long-lived. The clerical lion is rarely so. He sometimes catches the eye of the metropolis; the press helps to bring out his royal proportions, and he may reign for a few years—five, ten, or twenty—but must not abide in the same place too long. New lions will be demanded by the changing fancy. Chicago has had several of them within twenty years past. Let it be granted that the largest and strongest have not always been those most on exhibition, for some royal fellows have not caught the eye of the general public. Usually those lionized have been men of gifts and even genius; generally they have been sincere, able, excellent men; sometimes they have been a little erratic and one-sided, not the safest leaders, and, fortunately, with no vast following. As New York and Chicago vie for expositions, conventions, and commercial supremacy, so do they bid against each other in the commodity of clerical lion. The land has been filled with descriptions of the noble fellows—the color of their eyes, their talons, teeth, fur, and flowing mane, the cost of keep, their favorite fare, and all. And not great cities only, but small ones, and even towns and villages engage in their measure of lionizing. Many a noble minister is obliged to hear and read much of some Rev. Leonine Mighty, whose tracks have been left all about town, or who has just lately arrived and is being pampered by rare cuts tossed to him from the *Local Lionizer*, which

announces, from week to week, the public duty of hearkening for next Sunday's roar from the Rev. Mr. Mighty.

There is temptation to recklessness in order to secure a place in the menagerie and a position in its forefront. Liberalism is good nourishment, if it change not into laxity of views and recklessness of life. Friskiness of conduct may at first be mere playfulness, but if it degenerate into undue frivolity and loose morals it is fatal. Some have aimed at the lion's rank, by this course, whose end reminds one of the famous Lion of Lucerne, by Thorwaldsen, thrust through by the fatal dart, the sick head of the poor beast resting on the lily of France as he dies forsaken and alone.

The lion's part is one difficult to play. A sharp listener once said to the writer: "There must be something weak up there at J Church, where they keep that fellow's roaring so constantly sounding through the *City Trumpet*, and I have not interest enough to go and see about it." We once heard the roar of a whole cageful, one after another, in a *Saturday Strombus*, foretelling what was to be heard on the morrow, and there followed immediately some patent medicine man's notes, in the same conch blast, proclaiming the virtues of tonics and bitters.

Dame Fashion often shows her fancy in this matter; sometimes she puts on her hood and white ruff and goes off to the ecclesiastical exchange, saying: "Our Leo is getting a little brown as to fur; we think it may be his teeth are growing a bit dull, though he is in apparent health. His roar is as vibrant as ever, if not a little more so. In fact, it has increased so as to frighten the children and keep us older folks awake more than usual. We think that what we need is one more nearly the age of the youngsters, whom we regret to see growing careless about our sanctuary. Some of them have been attracted over the way, where, they say, is a young roarer, whose mane is short and thin. Sometimes they like to take a spin on their wheels, or go to see the games at the ball grounds, even on the Sabbath. In fact, it just breaks my heart to see my husband sitting in the library on Sunday, enjoying his cigar and newspaper. Now, what have you, Mr. Ecclesiasticus, to recommend us?"

He: "Like you, they are a little restless at Metropolitanville, and one of them has just been here with the same inquiry. How would you like the Rev. Dr. Able, their present supply? He is scholarly, devout, clean, experienced, and a wise leader with a noble family."

She: "How old is he? If he is over blank years he will never draw our young folks. We must have a cub, not dangerous, but sportive and pretty. Some love of a creature!"

He: "Very well, I think I can recommend what you want, though I assure you that I cannot be held responsible for results. The fact is, this demand is very much the fashion now."

She (going away): "I do hope that Metropolitanville Church has not asked for him, for we at J Street would not be suited by what would please them, we are so superior. But if we are first won't we have our own way with him in salary, slippers and all! And we could furnish him with a love of a wife."

Ecclesiasticus (alone): "What are we coming to? Just as our men reach their zenith, and even before, there is a demand for veal instead of steak. When the army has needed leaders trained veterans have been ready for command. Formerly the Duke of Blenheim and Von Moltke, seasoned sons of Mars, led the armies of Europe. Our navy has swept the Spanish fleets from the seas, commanded by those whose heads are gray. Our President and his cabinet went through the war over thirty years ago. Men of like years head the great universities. Leaders of letters and commerce are in their golden prime. Madame Grundy would sweep us all aside for a pet cub. When this same lady is seriously ill she must have the best trained lions of Æsculapius. If financial ruin overhangs her husband's business two or three tawny old fellows from the legal den must be had, even if all Gotham is searched for them. Inexperience is called to leadership only in the momentous concerns of religion."

It may not be straining our metaphor to inquire whether many a clerical lion would stand the test if sent down to a position of obscurity—or, rather, up to it—where Sheldon in his graphic story sent his pulpit orators and even bishops. A

mighty one may walk boldly and majestically, if well fed and housed, where Madame Grundy fondles and admires; where there are silken robes, crocheted slippers, and electric lights; where applause rings and *prima donna* notes blend with the *basso profundo*. But where the meal barrel is empty and the rusty coat must be turned to last another year, where filth and moral vileness prevail, where squalor reigns and despair broods, where such wards as that in which Jane Addams works are bought or beaten into submission by blear-eyed aldermen, "even where Satan's seat is"—if, there, his heart and carriage be that of a lion, he shows that he is fit for any place, even to face the fiercest foes of society in deadly combat.

Lion-hunting is great sport, but it takes a great man to enjoy it, for it is expensive. The carvings on the ruins of Nineveh illustrate this. If hirelings did take part it was as trained hunters to snare the beast, but it took the royal purse to pay for the sport. Amos, the prophet, being a shepherd, knew the animal's habits, and significantly asks, "Will a lion roar in the forest when he hath no prey?" So, when Gotham wants a lion from her western rival, how they tempt the beast by proffers of prey, larger and larger, sufficient to make the whole menagerie roar with envy!

The woods are full of lions who do little roaring. The kingly beast of nature is, for the most part, quiet; he approaches silently, crouching unobserved; but it is in this quiet way that he finds his richest game. Let the fact be written down that there are a hundred thousand clergymen in this western world who are, for the most part, quiet, but who have a courage which never flinches. We have seen hundreds of them all over the plains of the once "great American desert," who, when hungry and poorly fed, would not retreat from brazen skies and parched fields.

To come out a little from the cover of our metaphor, it is no very alluring thing to contemplate the prospect of being a "second" or "third class" minister. The great majority, however, face it and never flinch. There he goes, modest, pure, sincere, manly, preaching faithfully, giving himself to his people, patient under their complaints, sympathetic in their sorrows, tolerant of their prejudices, disregarding censure,

grateful for any appreciation, taking few or no vacations, since his income, with the hard toils of his wife and the needs of his children for education, will not permit such luxuries. He would read widely, but can ill afford books and magazines; he would travel and see the world, but must wait for the opportunity till he sees the "land of far distances." He goes from "White Chapel" to "Smith's School House," from "Mineral" to "Dugout;" or he may be the only pastor "Jim Town" can afford. The years pass on; his time has come. He has preached his last sermon; the news of his ended work comes on the wings of gossip, or some friend whispers it. Perhaps his wife has seen it; some break, it may be, in physical or mental machinery has announced it. The harness must be put off and he turned out to die. At last, in his coffin, his face wears the conqueror's expression. His spiritual children are in all the land; whole communities have been saved through his life; the colleges have been fuller through those he found out and passed up to them. The professions are blest in his spiritual children. Mission fields are reproducing harvests of his sowing. His wife lingers on this side of the river, or is on the other, awaiting him. His own sons have come to honor as ministers, artisans, merchants, physicians, teachers, lawyers, builders, soldiers, sailors, or statesmen—all servants of their King; his daughters are womanly. As the household bear away the body of their father they thank God that he was a third class minister of the word, having possibly as many sons in the Gospel, as many spiritual descendants in every rank of life, as any metropolitan lion who ever roared. He was molded in his character after the nature of Him who is at once the Lion and the Lamb before the throne of God, who broke the seals of truth to a benighted world.

Isaac Brook

ART. VI.—THE PREREQUISITES OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY.

SOCIOLOGY is one of the latter-day sciences. It is a branch of general philosophy, and more particularly deals with the phenomena of human society. It is a most comprehensive and complex science. Astronomy, which is concerned with the heavenly bodies, chemistry, which deals with the constituents of the earth, and geology, which studies the construction of the earth's surface, are all simple sciences, not placing any special impediment in the way of comprehension. But sociology, which studies man and his social relations, offers great obstacles; the facts it has to consider are many and varied; and the chief of its difficulties, at least from a materialistic standpoint, lies in the fact that man is not subject to law in the sense that a star is, or a mountain, or even an animal.

And, for this latter reason, sociology can never be one of the strict sciences, for it is a characteristic of a strict science like acoustics or chemistry that there is no room for the play of a force so incalculable as is the human mind. The thinkers, therefore, who endeavor to make sociology as much a strict science as even biology succeed in the attempt only by reducing to a vanishing minimum the free nature of man. Continuous physical causation can have no place in sociology, rightly understood.

Up to quite recently political economy, rightly named the "dismal science," was the only sociological study of man we possessed; but to-day numbers of thinkers are engaged in collecting and collating the facts of human life—in building up a warmer, truer, and, we trust, more Christian conception of man, as he stands touching at ten thousand points the increasingly complex life of society. And this new and developing science is sociology. It is a field where the Christian thinker ought to be much in evidence. Apparently, however, the foundations of the science are being laid by men of other schools. We cannot without ridicule speak of a Christian chemistry, for the simple reason that atoms and molecules are of fixed property and incapable of any interplay or of any

result not already provided for in their essential natures. But man is a molecule in course of development, possessing, it is true, certain inalienable characteristics, yet capable of such infinite modification as to make possible countless modes of society. And the Christian form of society will result from the Christian modification of man.

Between man as he is and man as he ought to be there is an immense difference. Christianity, it should be observed, is not concerned primarily with man as he is; it regards him in the light of his possibilities. And what are mere possibilities for the race as a whole have become actualities for a smaller portion of it. To reconstruct society on the basis of man as he was, or in general at the present is, gives the lie to our aspirations and to the coming of the kingdom of God upon the earth. We cannot accept as true any system looking to the development of society which ignores the forces proceeding from the cross of Christ. Sociology, then, from this standpoint will differ from other conceptions of the science in this, that its subject-matter, man, is viewed as ideal rather than actual. Far from recognizing man as but a link in the eternal chain of causation, we infuse into him a power not himself, and with the modified man lay the foundation of a lasting and righteous society. The greatest stress must be laid on psychic factors, and among these factors the enlightened conscience will hold a prominent place. Not static, but dynamic and tremendously ethical, is the conception we are suggesting.

It may be thought that to construct a science on what ought to be, rather than upon actual phenomena, is an extremely hazardous undertaking. So it would be in any domain outside the sphere of human activity. But what is man? In the answer to this question will be found the gist of the whole matter. It has been remarked by Schmidt, in his *Doctrine of Descent*, that it might almost be named as the characteristic of the species man that his mental development covers such an exceedingly wide range. And what are the sociologists of materialistic bias doing to-day? Not studying man as he is, more than man as they see him climbing up through long and weary stages to the light of to-day. Indeed, the soci-

ology which claims on evolutionary grounds the title of a strict science has no message for the morrow, and has won for itself few if any principles which would not justify anarchy as the goal of human society. A fading flower is it, of which history is the stem and archæology the root.

Sociology, which term we owe to Compté, is concerned with social phenomena and their forces. It may not on that account, however, ignore the activities of the individual, for that would be equivalent to saying that chemistry is the study of compounds, overlooking the fact that a knowledge of the properties of the elements must come first. Sociology is not analogous to organic chemistry, which is a study of the carbon compounds, but to chemistry as a whole, ranging from the properties of the simplest element to those of the most complex substance. To this it may be replied that specific sciences deal with man, the individual; that, thus, psychology systematizes the phenomena of mind, and physiology the functions and activities of the body; and that there is apparently no room for a sociological conception of man considered as a unit. But a moment's consideration will show that a portion of the phenomena embraced in these sciences are more directly related to his social life, and that he possesses, in addition, many peculiarities which transcend the ordinary method of these sciences.

Man, the genus, belongs more exclusively to psycho-physiological science; man, the species, belongs more properly to sociology. This distinction, however, will be apprehended with greater force when we look at man built up into society. Nevertheless, we insist that scientifically the individual is the true basis of sociology, while, for our part, we require that it shall be the individual idealized in the light of our most holy faith. From this standpoint the whole matter may be put thus: sociology is the science of the variable elements in man, and when these elements are raised to their highest and finest power we have the efficient forces of Christian sociology. If, then, we inquire as to the causes of the difference between French society and English, between the collective life of Peking and that of Philadelphia, we shall not find the causes, strictly speaking, to be either psychological or physio-

logical, but sociological. Psycho-physiological analysis would disclose to us merely bodies of men mentally built on the same general plan; the properties, therefore, which differentiate the men so considerably from each other, and which become so apparent when they come together in the formation of society, are sociological in character.

Thus, in addition to the activities and functions of the common nature of man which supply the phenomena for psycho-physiological investigation, we have other factors to take into consideration, such as indeed hold within themselves the potentialities of an immense range of social organizations. We might make the lower sciences cover the ground of these variable and multitudinous phenomena, just as Comte made biology cover the facts of sociology. This he was able to do by calling psychology "transcendental biology." By calling sociology "transcendental psychology" we might refuse to hand over to the highest science the individual traits which allow of the possibility and determine the character of any given social organization, and by retaining them within the lower generalization we might gain a delusive completeness, at the expense, however, of truth. The lower we descend the scale of human life the more completely it would appear, does the psycho-physiological method correspond with the totality of human existence; the higher we ascend the greater need for a larger method. And it is further to be observed that it is in the interests of the lower science that we withdraw the variable sociological elements antagonistic, as such elements must always be, to the notion of a strict science.

The idea we are endeavoring to convey regarding the nature of the relation between the genus man and man the species is clearly suggested in the phenomena of the strawberry plant. Says Huxley :

Everybody is familiar with the way in which the suckers of the strawberry plant behave. A thin cylinder of living tissue keeps on growing at its free end until it attains a considerable length. At successive intervals it develops buds, which develop into strawberry plants, and these become independent by the death of the parts of the sucker which connect them. The rest of the sucker, however, may go on living and growing indefinitely, and, circumstances remaining favorable, there is no reason why it should ever die.

Keeping up the figure, and with all reasonable qualifications, we may say that upon the "sucker" humanity the various societies of men have their origin and reach their development. The underlying and never-dying life in its nature belongs to the domain of psychophysiology; but sociology embraces the forces which result in the modification of the common life, having to do with the factors which have led to a Chinese bud here and an American bud there.

In looking round, then, for our sociological factors we do not wish to intimate that they will differ absolutely from other phenomena of human life. In many cases the difference will be one of color, direction, temper. Thus, love as an attribute of the genus man will be psychological; but love as manifested in the habits and customs of various societies will be sociological. This universal attribute of man, as we know, plays a most prominent part in his collective life. Taking love, then, as one of the social forces—and, so far as it may be allied with the sexual instinct, confining it to the domain of psycho-physiology—it is impossible not to see that in a body of men in which it has been tempered by the example of Christ and in a body of men in which it has been colored by Mohammed very different results must accrue, making far-reaching modifications of habit, custom, institution, and language. The difference between a Christian father and a heathen father is sociological in character, and Christian at that. And the causes of sociological modification, as we see it in its higher reaches, are not evolutionary, but historical, not an unfolding so much as a clothing upon. The men who with arduous labor collect the multitudinous *data* respecting the social institution which we call marriage, and who crown their painstaking work with the title "the evolution of marriage," cannot surely themselves, whatever may be said of their readers, be under the delusion that they have accounted for the Christian institution. There could have been no Christian marriage unless human nature had undergone conscious modification by the teaching and power of Jesus Christ. Referring to our illustration of the strawberry plant, the early and wild products came about by natural processes, but the luscious fruit we enjoy is the outcome of intelligent modifica-

tion of the primal life. The human institution, too, may have had its natural beginning, but, if we know how to produce the finest fruit, this shall be the basis of our further working. The dark underprocesses we would like to know, but have no intention of acting upon them.

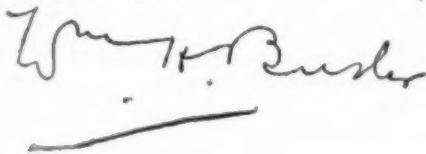
To bring to a point, then, much of the preceding, let us say that, finding man, the unit of the science, to be so variable a factor, of a practically unknown potentiality of development and characterized by an element inscrutable and incalculable, we cannot do less than deny to sociology the title of a strict science. We are sorry to find ourselves with no sympathy whatever for the attempt to make the coming science merely the highest expression of cosmic order. In the Romanes lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," in which may be found Huxley's maturest thought, the position taken is virtually a repudiation of the principle by which writers not a few are endeavoring to construct the science of society. Huxley frees man from the tyrannous chain of natural causation, and places him self-centered and supreme amid the cosmic forces. He says:

Social progress means the checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process. . . . The cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends. The imitation of it by man is inconsistent with the first principles of ethics. . . . Let us understand once for all that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it.

These words come from a man whose thought habitually emphasized the cosmic process. As there cannot be a science of sociology in the sense that there can be a science of the stars, of the trees, or of the elements, we advance to the further position that it is this very fact which makes possible and reasonable a Christian sociology.

Another day

Dawns on the race of men; another world;
New heavens and a new earth.



Wm. H. Burder

ART. VII.—THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD—LUKE XVI, 1-31.

THE parable of the unjust steward has been regarded as the *crux interpretum*. The historical or the logical connection is not such as to aid materially in arriving at a correct exegesis. The interpretations usually given make it teach the lesson of a wise and prudent use of this world's goods. The steward, however wanting in fidelity and care, showed great prudence in the use he made of present opportunities as a means of providing for the future. Such interpretations have never satisfied our mind. Is a master likely so heartily to commend a man who has compounded his dishonesty? At the moment when he is bringing a culprit to justice and threatening to dismiss him from his service is he likely to be turned from his purpose by a new and a 'shrewder trick, by which he is wronged more than ever? Were the parables of Jesus anywhere else so untrue to nature and to fact? Moreover, we cannot concede that Jesus, so fertile in parable and in illustration, was led into even a semiapproval of such deeds, in advising good men to be thus instructed by the example of the wicked. Though the parable is one of acknowledged difficulty, we venture another explanation.

Let us note the following facts: (1) Through this whole period of his ministry Jesus is ruthlessly exposing the fallacious principles and the shams of the Pharisees; (2) The three sections of chapter xvi have one thought running through them; (3) The parable of the unjust steward made the Pharisees scoff at him, called out a stern denunciation of their hypocrisy, and was followed by the parable of Dives and Lazarus; (4) Jesus makes very frequent use of irony and sarcasm, especially in dealing with the scribes and Pharisees. (Compare Luke xv, 7; xviii, 9-14; vii, 35, and the story of the Gergesene demoniac.)

With these points in view let us examine the story. A rich man had a steward who wasted his goods. He called him to judgment. The steward, long accustomed to such deeds, knew of no escape but to go deeper in; so he compounded his

dishonesty against his master, in the hope of making friends of the kindly treated debtors whose bills he reduced. The master discovered the added fraud. With bitterest irony Jesus says: "The Lord commended that unjust steward, did he? No. The sons of this generation, in worldly things, are wiser than that. No man commends such a steward. Yet you Pharisees act as if you thought God would do just such a thing, as if he were less just and shrewd than a good master. Will he continue in his kingdom men who have wasted his intrusted treasure of opportunity and privilege and are now compounding the fault by traditions and refinings which are mere travesties of the truth, men who are lauding principles merely calculated to increase their goods and their friends in this world?" Then Christ adds with bitter sarcasm, "I say unto you, go on making friends in that way; use this mammon of unrighteousness; when it shall fail such friends will receive you into eternal tabernacles." They know in their innermost soul the folly of believing that such principles are eternal, that such friends would be of any service to them in eternity. When they quail under the rebuke of the ironical picture he appeals to their slumbering sense of rational justice by saying, "He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much; and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much."

The underlying thought in verses 11 to 13 is that they must not deceive themselves by supposing that religion and business can be divorced. If they are not true, just, upright, and faithful to the real principles of religion in handling "unrighteous mammon" (ironical), how can they hope to have the true riches? Faithfulness in handling another's and faithfulness in handling one's own are synonymous for the true disciple. This is the direct implication of "Love thy neighbor as thyself," which was a part of their own law. There is no such thing as serving two masters, no possibility of one code for the Church and another for the marts of trade, no sacred and secular in conflict with each other. If there were, a man must choose one and hate the other. In the very nature of things he cannot serve God and mammon. His business deal is the index of his religious sincerity, and it is laughable to think of friends

made on unrighteous principles receiving a man into eternal felicity, or of ill-gotten gain becoming permanently valuable to him. How natural, then, that the Pharisees, "who were lovers of money," should scoff at him (v. 14). But he continues in the same strain (v. 15-18), saying: "You may justify such a course in the sight of men, wicked like yourselves, but God measures character by the controlling motives of the heart. You cannot be a dishonest trader and a true subject of the kingdom. Exalt these things among men, yet they still remain abomination in the sight of God. There are no two forces—God and mammon—as some vainly suppose. If you are God's, you know no mammon in the world. All is managed on the eternal principle of the kingdom—love."

The remaining observations of Christ fall naturally into the thread of this exposition. We see no reason for the position taken by Gardiner, in his *Harmony*, that these verses stand isolated here, without any reference to the circumstances under which they were severally spoken, and that hence their true chronological position must be determined by Matthew; nor can we agree with Wright, in assigning them to another division and to another cycle of our Lord's teaching. He may have uttered the same or similar sentiments on other occasions, but we have no doubt that they served to probe to the core the festering sore of Phariseeism on this occasion. Jesus proceeds: "The law and the prophets were preached unto John; since then the kingdom of God is preached, and men, overanxious to have the long-expected appear, are manifesting impatience and untimely zeal to have it come in its fullness, wholly ignorant of the fact that it will not supplant one jot or one tittle of the law." It comes, in other words, according to an ordered progress, and cannot be forced into manifestation. It is the enthronement of righteous principles, born of love to God and love to men, which were the two great commandments of the law. These must have right of way in the heart of every true subject of God's kingdom. Such characters as these mammon worshippers cannot, therefore, have any part in it for time or for eternity. They are making void the very law itself by their traditions and their false views of its import. He then takes a specific illustration. Adultery remains adultery, though

legalized, and a man never can relieve himself of his responsibility for the union by the plea that the woman was separated from her husband before he married her. The Lord cannot commend any such subterfuges any more than the master could commend that steward in his double dealing. The whole conversation is a merciless exposure of the hollow pretensions of the Pharisees and a plea for the absolute sincerity and the strict conformity to truth which are the very essence of discipleship.

The parable of Dives and Lazarus (vs. 19-31), which immediately follows, and which we have no doubt was spoken on the same occasion, points the moral. Its main lessons are :

1. There is a future world, and in it a separation of the good and the bad.

2. These principles, now so ardently held, or so triflingly treated, eventually lead men to places separated by a great and an impassable gulf.

3. The children of mammon have only regret, remorse, and shame in the ultimate outcome of their cherished methods. Their friends can neither help them nor be helped by them. Note the striking application to the hopes of the unjust steward in the parable. He continued to defraud his master, in the hope of making friends to help him in his extremity. The parable also warrants our interpretation of Jesus's own application.

4. The remedy lies, not in resurrected prophets or messengers, not in signs and physical miracles, both of which the Pharisees were continually demanding, but in the faithful following of the little light which they had. If they would but do the will of God as laid down in the law, following the truth as enunciated by Jesus, they would know of the doctrine. The principles underlying each were eternal. They were, moreover, parallel with those implanted in their very souls, and were revealed in that truth, which, though given in many parts and in many places, has an inherent unity that never changes. These Pharisees were trifling with these principles, until the very light which was in them was becoming darkness. They were now so blind that they could think of God as less wise, shrewd, and just than an ordinary business man dealing with a dishonest employee.

5. The Pharisees were lovers of money, but Jesus intimates that in the last accounting the poor beggar may be better off than the man whose riches were the only good he ever knew. It is not a denunciation of wealth, but of those who sacrifice principle for wealth, and has its direct application to the audience before the Lord, as shown above. Recurring to the parable of the unjust steward, it shows the eternal condition of the man who tries to continue in his position by ever-increasing fraud, and who strives to add to his friends by ever-increasing wickedness. There are felicities which money cannot buy, and soul states more to be dreaded than poverty.

The following inferences concerning Lazarus would seem to be warranted: (1) He was a beggar through misfortune, and not from choice. (2) He did not murmur against God's distribution of wealth, nor the rich man's use of it. (3) He did not exult over the change of relations between himself and Dives, after angels had carried him to the fields Elysian. We think, however, that it is not the purpose of this last parable to give information concerning the unseen world, but simply to enforce the teachings of the former parable, and to make plain the general principle that bliss and misery after death are determined by conduct previous to death; so that

Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Thomas Nicholson.

ART. VIII.—BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIAN ART.

CHRISTIAN art, like Christ himself, was of humble birth. Born in the catacombs of Rome, where martyrs were buried and the persecuted took refuge, it is a significant fact in the history of early Christianity that its art is expressive of gladness. There is no sign of mourning or resentment, and no token of vengeance, but all breathes charity and benevolence.

We find that primitive Christians shrank from the idea of a picture of Christ and looked on art with no friendly eye. The Jews felt it forbidden by the second commandment, and be it remembered that multitudes of the early Christians were converted from Judaism. The natural longing of mankind, however, for the visible representation of One whom they revered and adored gradually overcame this prejudice, though for four centuries after the ascension it was regarded as an act of irreverence, if not of actual profanity, to paint Christ in his purely human aspect.

The first modest ventures at artistic expression appear on the walls of a chamber in the catacombs, in symbolic figures. One standing in this narrow chamber may perhaps be reminded of some dumb child like Helen Kellar, who by a few lines or figures reveals all the depths and heights of her little life. So the early Christians, denied the expression of their new precious faith both from fear of persecution and their early training, found expression of it in a few simple lines which a child might easily execute, but which to-day reveal the life of that time better than the most eloquent orator or gifted historian. Commonest among the symbols is the fish, representing various Christian ideas such as baptism, and alluding to the miraculous draught of fishes, when Christ had said, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." It also represents the Church under the figure of the dragnet, full of fish both good and bad. Doubtless, also, it has this significance, that the Greek word "fish" is formed by the initial letters of the sentence, "Jesus, Christ, Son of God, Saviour." Another common symbol of Christ is naturally the vine: "I am the vine, ye are the

branches." It is indicative, too, of the joyous and happy character of the Christian faith.

In the next development of art we find Christ represented indirectly by pagan analogies. This was accounted for by the fact that they themselves had been pagans and were unaccustomed to any other decoration. They rejoiced to infuse these pagan figures with a new spirit. No heathen symbol better accorded with their tone of mind than that which represented the youthful Orpheus taming the wild animals with his lyre. That beautiful and attractive figure, subduing the savage passion of the animals and drawing all to listen to him, appeared to the Christians a most fit emblem of Christ as the king of love and peace, as the law of life and the harmony of the world. In times of persecution there was a distinct advantage in the use of symbols which were full of divine significance to the Christians, while they did not arouse the hatred and fury of the heathen. Thus, the stories of Cupid and Psyche were chosen as an emblem of God's love for the soul. Christian art went a step farther when it represented Christ by Old Testament figures such as that of Jonah, typifying the resurrection, and that of Daniel in the lions' den and the three children in the furnace, setting forth the same fact. This last must have been full of consolation to those who had seen their brethren wrapped in the hideous pitchy tunic and burning as living torches in the gardens of Nero. Moses striking the rock suggested Christ the fountain of living water; the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham suggested the sacrifice of Christ.

The next advance in art represented Christ by New Testament allusions, and of these the simplest and most cherished specimens are those which represent Christ as the Good Shepherd. This touching figure seems to have inspired the simple Christian painters with delightful skill. Dean Stanley says:

It answers the question, What was the popular religion of the first Christians? It was, in one word, the religion of the Good Shepherd. The kindness, the courage, the love, the beauty, the grace of the Good Shepherd was to them, if we may so speak, Prayer Book and Articles, Creed and Canons, all in one. They looked on that figure and it conveyed to them all they wanted. As ages passed on the Good Shepherd faded from the mind of the Christian world, and other emblems of the Christian faith have taken his place. Instead of the gracious and gentle pas-

tor there came the omnipotent Judge, or the crucified Sufferer, or the infant in his mother's arms, or the Master in his parting supper, or the figures of innumerable saints and angels. But the Good Shepherd represents to us the joyful, cheerful side of Christianity.

The popular conception of Christ in the early Church was of the strong and joyous youth, of eternal growth and immortal grace. So we find the Good Shepherd represented as boyish and beardless. Sometimes the Shepherd stands between a sheep and a goat, who listen to him with bowed heads. Sometimes he has his hand on his cheek, in a gesture of sorrow, as he sets forth to recover his lost and wandering sheep. But most often he is carrying the recovered sheep upon his shoulders. From the earliest days it has been noticed as an interesting circumstance that he often carries a kid on his shoulders, and not a lamb, the kid indicating the large divine compassion. This inspired what is said to be the most Christian of Matthew Arnold's poems:

"He saves the sheep, the goats he does not save."

So apace the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,
The infant Church! Of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

And then she smiled; and in the catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid

Her head 'mid ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew—
And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

The scruple against portraying the Lord seems now to have passed away, and he is depicted as majestic, triumphant, beautiful, and youthful. During the first four hundred years there is probably no representation of Christ as bearded or as a worn and weary sufferer. But, near the close of the fourth century, the beardless face gave way to one with a beard and of an older aspect. The idea that the appearance of Jesus was plain or even repellant was one that the growing spirit of asceticism in the Church eagerly adopted. Art is history. It represents the life of the people, it mirrors the age. And, during the centuries when Christians practiced fastings and

penances, lived in monasteries, and crucified the flesh, we find them painting Christ as a suffering Saviour.

No picture of Christ which can be regarded as purely naturalistic is to be found before the *Renaissance*. The Church was slow to accept the views of St. John of Damascus, who argued :

Since Christ took upon him the form of a servant, and put on the fashion of a body, therefore represent him in picture. Paint his humiliation, his nativity, his baptism, his transfiguration, his agonies which ransomed us, the miracles which, though wrought by his fleshly ministry, proved his divine power and nature, his sepulture, his resurrection, his ascension, paint all these in colors, as well as in speech and in books.

Still, many of the early Christians looked with suspicion on all art, and this feeling was as strong among the learned as the poor.

It is related that in the year 326 the Empress Constantia, sister of Constantine, wrote to Eusebius of Cæsarea to ask if he would send her a likeness of Christ. The answer of the great historian was almost indignant. It was as follows :

And since you have asked about some supposed likeness or other of Christ, what and what kind of Christ is there? Do you mean the true, unchangeable likeness which bears his impress ; or that which, for our sakes, he took up when he put around him the fashion and form of a slave? Such images are forbidden by the second commandment. They are not to be found in the churches, and are forbidden among Christians alone.

It is said that he entirely dissuaded the empress from desiring to possess anything of the kind. He said, " If great value is to be attached to the image of our Saviour, what better painter could we have than the Word of God himself ? "

It is absolutely certain that the world and the Church have now lost forever all vestige of trustworthy traditions concerning the physiognomy of Jesus ; but, if the face reflects the invisible soul, Jesus must have been the most beautiful among the sons of men. We find in neither the gospels nor the epistles one word respecting the appearance of his form or face, and yet every detail points to the certainty that there was something majestic and winning in the personal presence of Jesus. It is recorded of him, in his boyhood, that he " increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and

man ;" and we reason that an ugly and marred human being could not readily have kindled that tender love and enthusiasm and confidence in young children which was so often inspired by Jesus. The early painters never forgot the true lesson which they learned from Savonarola, that "creatures are beautiful in proportion as they approximate to the beauty of their Creator, and that perfection of bodily form is relative to beauty of intellect."

The earliest pictures of Christ are youthful and beautiful; in the "Acts of the Martyrs," where visions of Christ are recorded, he is always described as young. Later we find him depicted as a full-grown man, noble and dignified. This was followed by the age which represented Jesus as aged, worn, and weary, the painter evidently having in mind the prophecy of Isaiah, "His visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men," and also the words of the prophet, "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."

The youthful Christ is the divine Christ, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever;" the bearded and worn Christ is the human sufferer. As the Christian Church passed out of the darkness of the Middle Ages so its art passed out of the ascetic suffering stage into the sunlight of such immortal pictures as have been later given us by Raphael, Angelo, and Hofmann.

M. B. Myers

ART. IX.—AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM AND EXPANSION.

"THE isles shall wait for his law," sang Isaiah. "America is the world's evangelist," said Senator Davis, of the Peace Commission.

When Captain Gridley of the good ship *Olympia* fired that first gun at Cavite, by permission and order of the great admiral on May 1, 1898, it was heard round the world and became a revelation and a prophecy. When Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet and cut the cable to Hong Kong, there was placed upon the shoulders of our American republic a new burden of responsibility, and there was opened up before it a wide door of opportunity to give the blessings of a modern form of government and Anglo-Saxon civilization to islands hitherto considered to be at the ends of the earth. The distant echo of Dewey's guns was a prophecy that under God, and baptized by the divine Spirit, we are equal to the responsibility of this great providential opening. Let us take counsel of our hopes rather than our fears, believing that the genius and virtue of our American Christianity are adequate to the emergency. Dr. John Henry Barrows in a personal note says: "Those who have courageous hearts and the Christian spirit of missions, and the spirit of a world-wide evangelism, see God's hand and hear God's voice in recent events."

Our subject is two fold, namely, first, the opportunity and responsibility of direct evangelism in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and, second, that which is perhaps of even greater importance, the indirect influence which our American Protestant Christianity should have upon our colonial governmental policy.

Until some manifest providence shall dictate otherwise we can do no better than to stand firmly against the antiexpansion Bourbon enemies of human progress, and with President McKinley, who is the Abraham Lincoln of the new emancipation. Bear in mind that every argument which is used against expansion has been used over and over again for the past half century against foreign missions in general. In

holding the Philippines our government is dealing with a condition, not a theory. America could have done one of several things: permit the Philippines to go back to the brutal reign of Spain, or dispose of them to some other nation, or hand them over to Aguinaldo, the rash and self-appointed upstart leader of the rebellion, or do as President McKinley insisted—hold them as a sacred trust. If there had been no insurrection the policy of self-government under Aguinaldo might have been considered after the peace treaty had been signed. But as soon as arms were taken up against their deliverers such a possibility disappeared, and the senseless, ungrateful, foolhardy attack made upon the United States forces became proof positive of Aguinaldo's unfitness for government. The President spoke wisely and justly when he said: "It is not a good time for the liberator to submit important questions concerning liberty and government to the liberated while they are engaged in shooting down their rescuers." Then the insurgents are Malays, made up of Tagals in the north and Visayas in the south, between which sections there is no bond of union, while both factions combined do not represent more than one half of the population of the archipelago. The remaining tribes, many of them barbarous, have no political affinity with the Malays. From a Christian point of view the United States could not afford, in the interests of humanity, "to break up a Spanish hell and leave a Malay hell in its place." Says our President again, "The Philippines, like Cuba and Porto Rico, were intrusted into our hands by the providence of God. In the name of human progress and civilization we are committed to this trust. It is a trust we have not sought; it is a trust from which we will not flinch." He continues like a sage and a prophet, "The generation upon which these great problems are forced cannot avoid the responsibility of honestly striving for their solution." We are under obligations to the whole world to see that a stable government be established.

Although the task is not an easy one America has no alternative. Some may honestly believe that our nation is utterly incapacitated for such an undertaking, but the very same objection was raised when Louisiana was purchased by Thomas

Jefferson, by what the antiexpansionists at that time called an unconstitutional act. It was said that the natural boundary of our Republic was the Mississippi River. Why should we cumber ourselves with the burden of Texas and California? Why construct the Union Pacific Railway? Later, the natural boundary of the nation was said to be the Missouri River, and it was declared that a republic should not be too expansive. In reply it was asked, "Is the Goddess of Liberty restrained by water courses? Is she governed by geographical limits? Does she belong on the one side or the other side of a river or an ocean?" We may be thankful to God, when we remember the results which have followed, that the antiexpansionist did not prevail in those days.

The opponents of expansion point to unsolved problems already on our hands which indicate incapacity in us. They dwell on the dangers threatening from the large foreign immigration from Poland, Italy, Ireland, and other European countries. It is true that much of the offscouring of the Old World has come to our shores, but it has been uplifted and not degraded here, and it is assimilated with amazing rapidity. We are pointed to the deplorable and menacing condition of the race problem in the South. But American civilization has done wonders for the negro. The institution of slavery was foisted upon us by the British colonial policy. The spirit of American Christianity which has broken the fetters from millions of slaves, will, by the power of education, developed manhood, and genuine religion, wipe out in due time all that is oppressive and unjust in the color line. Mr. Booker T. Washington understands this and knows that there will be no color line in the realm of intellect and character. Again it is said that our management of the American Indian clearly proves our incapacity to deal with alien peoples. It must be admitted that there are facts which make our relations with the red man a seeming failure. But the Indian is scarcely susceptible of the highest civilization, or he would have been amalgamated after the manner of other strains of blood, without a war of extermination. History records that races which have refused to till the soil have always given way before agricultural peoples. It is not likely that any new-found peoples will take that atti-

tude. We are encouraged to find that native Cubans under the leadership of General Wood, earning fifty dollars, immediately go out upon the little farms to cultivate the soil, while others take their places at manual toil. It is hoped that the island peoples will be willing to do more than fish and hunt for a living. Doubtless our method with the Indian has been faulty. We have tried to care for him instead of teaching him to care for himself. In trying to help the Indians we have treated them as if they were a race which remained in perpetual childhood. To succeed in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, we must inspire self-help and the spirit of self-government, and while protecting the inhabitants of those islands from foreign oppression and internal strife we must teach them the invaluable lesson of self-reliance. We must adopt an educational method which will train individuals to the habit of self-dependence. We must raise up self-governing peoples. The United States has promised to do this in the Philippines, through Mr. McKinley's latest commission to those islands. The method of paternalism is a miserable one as a colonial policy.

The opponents of expansion affirm that we will become oppressive and unjust, and that these new possessions will drag us down rather than we be able to lift them up. Lord Gray's reply to Mr. Morley, the antiexpansionist, the Senator Hoar of the British Parliament, is significant. He says: "I cannot believe that our civilization is so tender that virtue runs in danger of being deteriorated in the attempt to govern uncivilized races. If the character of a great nation runs in danger of being deteriorated it is by taking too narrow a view of obligation and in losing confidence in its own power to be just." If no power of justice abides in our land, as well withdraw at once from the parliament of man and the federation of the world. Why should certain American newspapers echo the doleful strains of journals in Continental Europe, which naturally magnify our difficulties in the East? Better take our keynote from the *London Times* when it says: "Englishmen would never entertain a doubt of their capacity to reduce the Philippines to order in their own time, and they will just as little question the capacity of the Americans." What Christian

civilization has done among the cannibals of the Sandwich Islands and Hawaii can be done in the West Indies and the Philippines. As Belle M. Brain has shown in a recent book, the Hawaiian Islands were peopled, less than one hundred years ago, by a race of superstitious and degraded savages. They lived in rude grass huts, with no idea of civilization whatever. They were strangers to modesty and chastity. There were no marriage rites. The relation of the sexes was thoroughly depraved and bestial. They were simply naked savages. Infanticide was a common practice. One third of the children who might chance to be fretful were murdered or buried alive. They were base idolaters. Cannibalism was not unknown. The population decayed from 400,000 to 150,000, and if the missionaries had not come as the enemies of vice and crime and friends of human life the population would have become extinct. A United States senator from California on his way home recently said in Chicago: "The Filipinos are nothing but a lot of Malay pirates, and we don't want them in our political family. I am of the opinion that we made a great mistake in holding them." From a pagan, selfish point of view, that position may be well taken; but from a Christian, altruistic point of view, it is bad doctrine. What has been done in the redemption of Hawaii—where Sanford P. Dole, the son of a missionary, proclaimed a republic on July 4, 1894, and on the 12th of last August the Hawaiian flag was lowered and the Stars and Stripes floated over the executive building—may be done in the Philippines, in Cuba, and in Porto Rico.

We must remember that the people who dwell in the emancipated islands of the sea are not all barbarians. At least three thousand men in Cuba between twenty-five and fifty, have been graduated from the best colleges in the United States, and thirty-five college graduates, all of whom had degrees from European institutions, helped to make up a recent Philippine congress. We are, to be sure, confronted with the sad and startling fact that in the Philippines, where Spain made its first invasion in 1517, eighty-eight per cent of the rural population are illiterate, cannot read and write, while seventy-five per cent of the population in Manila, the most

enlightened part, are illiterate, and can neither read nor write ; and on the whole Mr. Kipling has reason to exhort us,

To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild
Your new-caught, sullen peoples
Half devil, and half child.

The inhabitants of the Philippines as a rule are indolent, easy-going, lacking in ambition, averse to more toil than is necessary to supply their immediate wants. They do not provide for the future. The Filipino does not mind lying. He is a stranger to honesty, makes promises easily and breaks them just as easily, incurs debts without probability of paying, has no gratitude or sense of duty toward his fellow-men. We are not surprised that the American soldier often felt that liberty for such people was dearly purchased at the risk of his own health or life. It seems a dark picture after nearly four hundred years' effort on the part of Spanish Catholicism, and yet the picture is not nearly so black as that which St. Paul paints in writing to the Corinthians : " Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God ? Be not deceived ; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you : but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

The success of our governmental policy in the islands of the sea will depend upon our faithfulness to Gospel principles in grappling with the moral and spiritual problems of sin and salvation. The task is not an easy one and will test our patience. We cannot finish it in a hundred days' war against barbarism, superstition and ignorance. We must take up the white man's burden,

In patience to abide
By open speech and simple
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Everything will depend upon the spirit in which we occupy the East. We must not go as corrupt politicians have gone

among the American Indians. The *London Times* advises us to go in the spirit of patience, not to be in a hurry for results, not to attempt an elaborate government in all parts of the islands at once, but to hold the strategic centers. No wonder that the Filipinos have deep-rooted prejudices against all government when their only experience is that of dealing with "apathetic Spanish officials," "haughty and arrogant Spanish soldiers," "intolerant and greedy priests." The Filipinos in Manila already see the mistake which they have made in firing upon the American flag. They were misled by their advisers, who said that the American government intended to make them slaves. This ill advice finds its echo on our own shores. The President's special commission has offered home rule to the Philippines. If the rebel leaders had been imprisoned and a few distinguished lips in America had been sealed in silence we would not have the sad deluge of blood in these days.

The opportunity and responsibility of American Protestantism is to insist that we go in the spirit of unselfishness, not as Pizarro went to Peru, or as Cortez went to Mexico in search of gold, but as St. Paul went to the Gentiles, in search of souls. If we go in the Pauline spirit we shall be crowned with Pauline success. "To attempt to govern Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines for our own betterment, to utilize them for our own trade, to exploit them for our own advantage, to restrict their traffic, determine their revenue, or regulate their navigation laws, not by considering what will enhance their wealth and conduce to their civilization, but by considering what will make them profitable to us, would be to repeat the crime of Spain after three centuries of misrule had proved it to be a blunder." "If there shall be any robbing of the Philippines in the future by any government representative, every preacher and Christian worker should protest loudly in the name of righteousness." The Philippines must not be looked upon as a plantation which America may work for all it is worth. If we go in a Christlike spirit the people will soon take knowledge of us and learn to love the truly Christian as thoroughly as they have learned to hate and despise those who have robbed them. With patience, wisdom, firmness, and justice as factors in the governmental policy of the Philippines, together with

good men to represent our civilization in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the archipelago, success may be anticipated. American Protestantism should see to it that such men as General Wood and Colonel Roosevelt should represent our nation in the islands. We need men who will take hold without greed, without cowardice, but with hopeful courage, to solve the problem of the East; men who will say with Roosevelt, "If any of those islands is not fit for self-government then we must govern it until it is fit." No human being can foretell just how much governing we will have to do. Even an American-born citizen is not allowed to share in governing until he is twenty-one years of age. One thing is certain. It would be international immorality to tear down one government without building up another in its place. To say that we are not able to do this is to play the baby act in a national comedy, and make ourselves the laughingstock of the world, and we ought to apologize to the human race for raising such a dust to no purpose.

The fact to be urged upon the attention of American Protestantism is that Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines present a field white unto the harvest for direct evangelism. The missionary secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church have reminded us that now is the time in this transitional period to give the million inhabitants of Porto Rico our Protestant Christianity. There is no longer an established State Church. The priests and monks do not receive their "sweldo," or wages from the government. It is well said that our own Church cannot do otherwise than go at once to Porto Rico with the Gospel, and thus do its part to give that people the best and highest ideals of Christian citizenship. The General Missionary Committee at its last session made a contingent appropriation of \$5,000 to Porto Rico, and since then our Missionary Board has sent out an appeal for \$20,000, in special contributions for opening work and providing accommodations at Ponce and San Juan. Should there not be a spontaneous outpouring of consecrated funds for the special purpose of doing God's work in America's latest great field of opportunity? Some of our wealthy citizens, especially in New York City, risked their lives in a war for humanity. Will

not the men of wealth invest their dollars in reaping the golden fruitage of victory? There is no more serious sin in the decalogue of transgression than the sin against opportunity. The rich young man turned away in sorrow from Christ because he had much possession. What shall be said of a rich and powerful nation—rich in history, rich in literature, rich in arts and science, rich in the heritage of evangelical religion—if it shall turn its back upon this great open door? We cannot expect the blessing of God upon ourselves unless we are willing to do his will in saving others. The Spanish Roman Catholic Church has been in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines for hundreds of years. Nevertheless, or consequently, illiteracy and barbarism prevail. Roman Catholics themselves acknowledge the fact. Their friendly criticism is more convincing than the opinion of enemies. Rev. Father Sherman has called the island of Porto Rico a Catholic country without religion. Mr. Foreman, a devout Catholic, has borne testimony against the integrity and character of the money-grabbing priests and friars whom he accuses of flagrantly announcing raffles from their pulpits. With few exceptions the friars are ignorant, brutish, and licentious.

The most serious problem in the future of the Philippines is to correct the abuses which natives and Spanish alike have had to suffer at the hands of those who represented the Church. It may be said in general that American Protestantism at work in these fields would goad Roman Catholicism to a higher standard. Let American Protestantism establish schools in the islands, and then Roman Catholic schools will spring up everywhere. Are we ready, are we equal to the responsibility, not only to preach the Gospel, but to live the Gospel in the islands of the sea? The great obstacle to the progress of missions in the Orient, and the nut which the wily heathen will most frequently ask the Christian preacher to crack, is the discrepancy which he discovers between the ideals of Christian teaching and the reality of Christian living. Heathen visitors to the World's Fair said, "Americans teach so and so in their published books, but they live thus and so." The time has come for us to take Christian civilization seriously. Better be hermits than missionaries who are false to

the truth of God. But we are not to be hermits. We have come out of ourselves. We stand in the eyes of the world, and

By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

The supreme opportunity is upon us. We can do for the moral and spiritual health of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines what General Wood has done for the physical sanitation of Santiago, changing it from a yellow fever pest-hole into a healthful and habitable city.

"America *is* the evangelist of the world." England is said to have lost her manufacturing supremacy, probably never again to regain it. It has gone over to America, which, as Mr. Gladstone said, has passed the older nations "at a canter." We have more miles of railroad than all Europe, and almost double the European mileage of telegraph system. Josiah Strong says, "Such a country, with its resources fully developed, such a race, thrice fitted to prepare the way for the full coming of the kingdom, must, under God, control the world's future." Mrs. Jane Robinson has reminded us that politically the influence of the United States is constantly enlarging. It is but a little over a century since our wise fathers framed our Constitution, and yet Bancroft, the great historian, told us in one of his latest studies that there is not a written constitution in Europe that has not been framed since ours, and, to a greater or less extent, modeled upon it. To us have these countries looked for the form of government that is consistent with the largest possible civil liberty. Are not we the "heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time?" Yes, if we are true to our heaven-appointed mission, and if in the fear of God, we enter the open door of our splendid opportunity. How shall it all be accomplished? The way to expel the darkness is to turn on the light. "The entrance of thy word giveth light."

John P. Brushingham

ART. X.—KRISHNA AND CHRIST.

For the student of religions there can be no more interesting and important question than this: Is there any historical connection between the story of Krishna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, the second person of the Hindu triad, and the life and teachings of Christ? And do the similarities found in their lives and teachings show that anything has been borrowed by one from the other?

That there are many striking and remarkable similarities and apparent agreements has been frequently pointed out by numerous oriental scholars. And these similarities undoubtedly have been found both in their lives and teachings. Among such resemblances noticeable in their lives are the following: The similarity in the sound of the names Krishna and Christ, the flight into Egypt from the wrath of Herod, and the flight to Gokhula from the wrath of Kansa; the massacre of the innocents by both Herod and Kansa; the miraculously born forerunners, John and Balaráma; the songs of the angelic hosts and the worship of both Christ and Krishna by the shepherds; the prominence given to the childhood of both Christ and Krishna in St. Matthew's gospel and in the Vishnu *Purána*; the kinship of Christ and Krishna with kings; the assumption of divinity and the exhibition of miraculous powers by both Christ and Krishna. Weber, Lorinser, Wilson, Muir, Sir William Jones, and many others,* have pointed out at great length many such striking similarities in the respective sacred narratives.

Corresponding likenesses may be found among the doctrines and teachings of the two cults. Only to name a few of these, there may be noted the primary idea underlying both religions as that of a beneficent deity becoming incarnate in order to save the world (Prithwí, κόσμος) from oppression and to restore the practice of true religion; the personal assumption of divinity and of equality with the Supreme; the requirement of personal devotion and attachment on the part of the disciple; the emphasis placed upon the doctrine of devotion and faith

* For a summary vide Maurice, *History of Hindústán*, II, 222, 223.

(*Bhakti* and *πίστις*) in the "*Bhagavad Gita*" and in the gospels; and the promise of untold blessings to the faithful in both the cults. "The '*Gita*,'" says Professor Bhandarkár, "enjoins moral purity and the contemplation of God; but in addition it teaches man to love God and not himself; to live for him and not for himself, and to place unlimited faith in him." In like manner Baines remarks: "The idea of a religion for all, and not for certain classes only, which Buddhism first realized, was taken up by the *bhakti* school, and its method of salvation was open to all."* In the promulgation of the doctrines of faith and devotion, of divine unity and spirituality, of the possibility of man's union and fellowship with the Supreme, and in that altruistic breadth and liberality not to be found in the other sacred books, the "*Gita*" reminds one of St. John's gospel.

Admitting these similarities in life and doctrine, the questions naturally arise, How can they be accounted for? Whence came they? Have they a common source? Or, did the gospels borrow from the Krishna literature, or did the literature borrow from the gospels? Or are these similarities purely imaginary, or, at best, accidental coincidences on events and doctrines, which have occurred spontaneously and independently to both classes of writers living in far separated lands and observing widely differing religions? Some oriental scholars, who, like Telang, think that the "*Bhagavad Gita*" was written before the Christian era, and who, like Elphinstone, Bábú Dharendra Nath Pal, and others, advocate the high antiquity of Krishna, have suggested that Christianity may have borrowed some things from Krishnaism—just as Essenism, for instance, may have borrowed from Persian sources†—and that oriental philosophy and the doctrine of manifestations and the life of Krishna may have had their influence in the production of the gospels. But, aside from other considerations, there is this insuperable difficulty to the acceptance of this theory, namely, that competent scholarship has proved that both the "*Gita*" and the leading *Purānas* belong to a date subsequent to the Christian era.

* *The Evolution of Religious Thought in Modern India*, p. 53.

† Edersheim, *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, vol. I, p. 881.

Lorinser thinks that the "*Gita*" was written about four hundred years after Christ; Davies, between two hundred and fifty and three hundred after; and the late Sir Monier Williams assigns it to the second or third century. The consensus of opinion among those competent to judge is that the Krishna legends in their present form were mostly written after the gospels, and some of them even as late as the tenth century after Christ. In that case the theory ceases to be tenable. Moreover, the story of Christ can naturally be accounted for within its own environments. His birth, life, Messiahship, teachings, and doctrines are all in keeping with, and an outcome of, Hebrew thought, and were for many centuries the subjects of a constant stream of prophecies. So that it is unnecessary to turn to the East to account for the similarities which appear to exist between the two religions.*

The other view, that the Krishna story may have borrowed something from Christianity, has much more in its favor. If the Krishna legends are mostly later than the gospels it is possible that some things may have been incorporated from them. The historic connection has been sought for by many oriental scholars, and various theories have been advanced to account for such connection. Sir William Jones's view † was that spurious gospels were early brought to India, and that the more extravagant parts were accepted by the Pandits and introduced into the Krishna story. This theory has been favored by various scholars,‡ that the apocryphal writing *Evangelium Infante*, circulated very early on the Malabar coast, was the chief source from which the Hindus borrowed for the life of their hero. Others, perhaps with more show of probability, advocate the theory that the apostle, St. Thomas, brought with him into India the gospel of Matthew, and from that the Vaishnavas borrowed, especially for the early life of Krishna. There is, in fact, an extant tradition to the effect that when relics of St. Thomas were discovered a copy of St. Matthew's gospel was discovered among them. Furthermore, there is no doubt that the Church has had a continuous existence in southern India from the very earliest

* Kellogg, *The Light of Asia and the Light of the World*, p. 163.

† *As. Res.* i, 274.

‡ See Maurice, *History of Hindustan*, II, 218.

apostolic times to the present;* and there is evidence to show that the *Harovansa*, which is possibly as old as any of the Puranic writings, was written by some one unfamiliar with the geography of the country around Mathura, the Krishna holy land, and who describes at length the Punjal, an exclusively southern festival, so that it is possible to establish an historical connection between the two stories.

Another theory advanced to account for the historic connection supposed to exist between Christianity and Krishnaism is that in the early Christian centuries learned Brahmans traveled in Christian lands and brought back a distorted knowledge of Christianity, interpolating it into the Krishna literature. Professor Weber suggests this in his *Indische Studien*,† saying, that at the beginning of the Christian era Brahmans may have gone to Asia Minor and, on their return, may have made use of Christian truth they learned there, or of Christian narratives which they brought back with them, to fabricate the story of their deified hero, Krishna. It is also said that the leading doctrines of the "*Gita*"—such as the doctrine of *bhakti* (devotion), made up of *shraddhā* (faith), *upāsānā* (contemplation), *stūti* (praise), and *prārthanā* (prayer)—of the manifestation of the Supreme and fellowship with his disciples, were brought by Nārada from Siveta-dwīpa, a place unidentified, but which may be interpreted as the "white man's land," and, in that case, might be the same as Christian Europe.‡ As the Pentateuch and the Talmud had their influence upon the Koran, so the earlier Christian narratives may have had their influence upon the minds of Indian pandits who, in their perversions of the authentic records, adopted as their hero, not Christ, but Krishna.

But the argument is not conclusive. It may be possible that there is an historical connection between the two religions, and Krishnaism may, possibly, have borrowed something from Christianity. Yet it seems much more natural, and, under all the circumstances, more probable, that each system grew up without having any important bearing or influence upon the other. The growth of such a religion as Krishnaism

* Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.* v, 10; Neander i, 113.

† I, 400.

‡ Growse, *Mathura Memoirs*, p. 68.

out of the antecedent pantheistic doctrines of the Brahmans, and in obedience to the longing of the human heart for a greater union with the divine, is as natural as the evolution of Christianity from the more primitive religion of the Hebrews. Besides, as Hardwick points out,* the incarnation of Vishnu, as found in Krishna, is docetic merely, and rather seems to be than is; for, according to the then held view of matter, there could be no true union of the human and divine, nor could they permanently coexist. Nor were the blessings brought by Krishna real and abiding, for, as is written in one of the *Purānas*, "The day that Krishna shall depart from the earth will be the first of the Kali age."†

The similarity between Krishna and Christ is confined entirely to the sound, and can have no force in proving an historical connection between the two religions, for the words belong to different languages and have distinct meanings.‡ Concerning the similarity between the child lives of Krishna and Christ, Growse has well said :

Hindu pictures of the infant Krishna in the arms of his foster-mother Jasōda, with a glory encircling the heads of both mother and child and a background of oriental scenery, might often pass for Indian representations of Christ and the Madonna. Professor Weber has written at great length to argue a connection between them. But few scenes, as remarked by Dr. Rajendra Lāla Mitra, could be more natural or indigenuous in any country than that of a woman nursing a child, and in delineating it in one country it is all but utterly impossible to design something which would not occur to other artists in other parts of the world. The relation of original and copy, in such case, can be inferred only from details, the technical treatment, general arrangement, and style of execution; and in these respects there is no similarity between the Hindu painting and the Byzantine Madonna quoted by Professor Weber.§

Nor should it appear strange that among the great ethnic religions, or in comparing them with the one universal religion, there should be found a few things similar in form, at least, if not in inner meaning. For, does it not illustrate the fact that the heart of man ever longs after the Eternal, and that God hath "made of one every nation of men for to dwell on all the

* *Christ and Other Masters*, p. 205.

† The *Vishnu Purāna*.

‡ Krishna = "Black." χριστός, *Kristós*, = "Anointed."

§ *Mathura Memoirs*, p. 67.

face of the earth?" In discussing the similarities found in Krishnaism and Christianity, Baines, after mentioning Weber and Lorinser's suggestions as to an historic connection between the two religions, concludes: "I must confess that neither of these theories seems at all probable, and that it ought not to be difficult to believe that the perfect gifts of *πίστις* and *ἀγάπη* came to the Hindu heart straight from the Father of Lights."* There are some teachings, indeed, corresponding in language, if not in thought, with those of the gospels, to be found in sacred books much older than the New Testament, as, for instance, many noble passages in the *Rig-Veda* and in the Buddhist writings. Moreover, it is much easier to show an apparent similarity of ethical thought and teaching among the different religions than it is to prove any historic connection between them. In fact, in some cases, as in the narratives of the temptation of the Christ and of the Buddha, as related in St. Matthew's gospel and in the *Lalita Vistāra*, there could be no historical connection.†

In conclusion, therefore, it may be safely affirmed that Christianity owes nothing to the Krishna cult, and while the Krishna story may possibly have borrowed something from the Gospel narrative, yet it is much more probable, since there are many heart longings and moral aphorisms and ethical truths which are the heritage of the race and may find a place in all religions, that the two religions grew up independently, without either directly influencing the other.

Undue emphasis should not be put upon these apparent similarities to the neglect of the radical and irreconcilable differences between the two systems. While the Krishna cult, in its higher and more philosophical form, at least, contains some noble sentiments and breathes a devout religiousness; and while, in a measure, it voices the universal and unquenchable longing of the human soul after personal and intimate fellowship and communion with the Divine (Parm Atman); and while it teaches the possibility of, and necessity for the incarnation of a divine Deliverer (Avatar) to save the earth from ruin—yet, as a system, it embodies many inconsistencies

* *Evolution of Religious Thought*, p. 50.

† Kuenen, *National Religions and Universal Religions*, pp. 362, 363; *Sacred Books of the East*, xi, pp. 165, 166.

and contradictions, is based upon unsound philosophy and untenable ethics, does not rightfully apprehend the nature of God, of the universe, and of man, and does not unfold the highest wisdom nor point out for the race the *summum bonum*. Moreover, as Bishop Caldwell has shown :

It nowhere exhibits any sense of the evil of sin considered as a violation of law, as defiling the conscience, and as counteracting the ends for which man was created. It makes no provision for the reestablishment of the authority of the divine Lawgiver by the expiation of sin in such a manner as to render forgiveness compatible with justice. It teaches nothing and knows nothing respecting the forgiveness of sins.*

Above all, the Puranic account of the life of the hero, as taught and believed at the present day, the influence of his popular worship upon his votaries, and the example of his devotees and priests all tend to sensualize and degrade, rather than spiritualize and elevate, man.

For these reasons one must confess, with M. Cousin :

Before this kind of theism, at once terrible and chimerical and represented in extravagant and gigantic symbols, human nature must have trembled and denied itself. Art, in its powerless attempt to represent being in itself, necessarily rose without limit to colossal and irregular creations. God being all, and man nothing, a formidable theocracy pressed upon humanity, taking from it all liberty, all movement, all practical interest, and consequently all morality.†

With what unspeakable comfort, then, does one turn away from Krishna and his cult to believe with Leckey :

It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world a character which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love ; has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, temperaments, and conditions ; has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice ; and has exercised so deep an influence that the simple record of three years of active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the discussions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists.‡

* Quoted in *Krishna Described*, p. 47, S. P. C. K. Press, Madras.

† Quoted by Murray Mitchell, in *Hinduism Past and Present*, pp. 80, 81.

‡ *History of European Morals*.

J. E. Scott.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his essay on Thomas Gray, wrote : "If Gray, like Burns, had been just thirty years old when the French revolution broke out, he would have shown, probably, productiveness and animation in plenty. Coming when he did, and endowed as he was, he was a man born out of date, a man whose spiritual flowering was impossible. The same thing is to be said of his great contemporary, Butler, the author of the *Analogy*. In the sphere of religion which touches that of poetry Butler was impelled by the endowment of his nature to strive for a profound and adequate conception of religious things, which was not pursued by his contemporaries, and which at that time, and in that atmosphere of mind, was not fully attainable. Hence, in Butler, too, a dissatisfaction, a weariness, as in Gray; 'great labor and weariness, great disappointment, pain, and even vexation of mind.' A sort of spiritual east wind was at that time blowing; neither Butler nor Gray could flower. They *never spoke out*." But Gladstone considers Arnold not a competent critic of Bishop Butler.

METHODIST LEAVEN IN ROMAN CATHOLIC MEAL.

NOT alone in Roman Catholic meal is the Methodist leaven. It is in that of all religious denominations. None are altogether destitute of it. The "Americanism" of the late Isaac Thomas Hecker is a useful but imperfect specimen of the Methodist leaven of which the Roman Catholic meal will present distinct traces for many days. This Americanism is not an evanescent phenomenon, but an abiding reality. Its trend is to freedom, progress, and felicity. In Roman Catholicism it finds no affinity, but rather impatient or sullen repulsion.

Hecker's parents were of German blood and birth—his father indifferent to the claims of all the Churches—his mother "a life-long Methodist," and a very superior example of the *hausmutter*; dignified and generous, pleasant, witty, and full of humanities. To all the older members of the Jane Street

Methodist Episcopal Church in New York her memory is precious. In the best elements of personality Isaac Hecker was a duplicate of his revered and godly mother. In early manhood he touchingly expressed the truth when he wrote: "The good that I have, under God, I am conscious that I am greatly indebted to thee for. At times I feel that it is thou acting in me, and that there is nothing that can ever separate us." Yet she could not and would not embrace Romanism; nor could anything wean her from the simplicity and joyousness of her form of "Christianity in earnest." In later life her distinguished son loved to talk of his deep attachment to her, of his youthful freedom from excessive drinking, sensual impurity, profanity, lying, and dishonesty. He longed to understand "the mysteries of God and man, and their mutual relations." Personal responsibility for what one is and does, the right and duty of enjoying the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the witness of the Spirit, direct and indirect, to the facts of divine filiation and approval, and the necessity of intensely loyal cooperation with God, were specimens of the Methodist leaven that he conveyed into the Roman Catholic meal. "He never knew a merely arbitrary master." The first political doctrines he heard and discussed were kindred to those of St. Simon, or of the Social Democracy, "the object being the amelioration of the condition of the more numerous classes of society in the speediest manner." To thinkers of this class the Christ was the "big Democrat, and the Gospel was the true Democratic platform."

In these callow days the singularly thoughtful youth was a theosophic dreamer, a communicant with spirits, whose inward anxieties culminated in prolonged fits of nervous depression, and in the concomitant exhaustion which so frequently baffles the medical skill called in to its relief. These experiences tended to prepare his tired soul for the sacrifice of mental independence and even of moral freedom. If the oblation were not complete it was because the prevenient grace of God and the qualities fostered by Methodist associations intervened.

In 1843 Hecker joined the community at Brook Farm, Mass., and wrote, "I know that I have passed from death unto life, received the 'light, love, and life God is always giving,'" and became more and more a mystic of profoundly pious, but also at times of scarcely intelligible type. In his troublesome perplexity and restless desire his attention was called

by writings like the *Oxford Tracts* to the spectacular unity and uniformity, discipline and order of the Roman Catholic Church. Universal brotherhood seemed to be its distinguishing mark—its religion binding all things, natural and supernatural, together. Whether things were as they appeared to be he does not seem to have inquired. He was like Luther before he had seen the real Rome—the head of Medusa was hidden by the masque of Minerva. Nevertheless, it was with candor that he said: "The Catholic Church alone seems to satisfy my wants, my faith, life, soul." Surrender to it was abject, and resultant doubts were inevitable. "These may be baseless fabrics," he wrote, "chimeras dire, or what you please. I may be laboring under a delusion."

The month of August in the same year saw the young man once more at his home in New York, with more knowledge than when he left it, but with little or nothing more of sound wisdom. For nine months or more he had subsisted on a very simple diet of grains, fruit, nuts, and unleavened bread, with only pure water to drink, being persuaded that "a gross feeder will never be a central thinker." The doctrine of Christian perfection, scientifically expounded by the Methodist Episcopal Church, at one time drew him powerfully toward its communion. He went to the Rev. Dr. Morris D'C. Crawford, and said: "I have read in the Bible 'If thou wouldest be perfect, go and sell all that thou hast;' now, that is the kind of Christian I want to be." The answer is reported to have been; "Well, young man, you must not carry things too far. You are too enthusiastic. Christ does not require that of us in the nineteenth century." After further conversation Dr. Crawford is said to have "told him to give up such ideas and study for the ministry." Methodism has lost more than one man of uncommon genius through lack of trained ability to show that all who worship God "in spirit and in truth" (John iv, 23, 24); who seek to know the Lord's will in order that they may do it (1 John ii, 20, 27; iii, 1-3); who reverently fear the Lord and keep his commandments, are accepted with him (Acts x, 34, 35); infallibly guided and guarded against fatal error, and constitute portions of that one Church of God whose members are "distinct as the billows, but one as the sea." The Church has one Lord, one faith, one baptism; but diversities of form as numerous as those of the flora which fill the earth with varied beauty, fragrance, and

fruitage. Romanism is narrow, and suffocating to freedom of spirit.

Hecker received the Catechism of the Council of Trent as containing an adequate exposition of the entire system of doctrine and morals known to revealed religion, was baptized by Bishop McCloskey on August 1, 1844, and used the language of ardent Mariolatry on the following day. The rapturous joy of absolution was followed by emotional dryness and desolation, by nervous shocks, addresses to his guardian angel, intimate fellowship with glorified saints, and complete abandonment to what he believed to be the divine will. In company with Clarence A. Walworth, an Episcopalian, and James A. McMaster, a Presbyterian pervert, he sailed to Belgium with the resolve that all his future should be identified with the worship and service of God in the Roman Catholic Church. In preparation for this he submitted to constant mortifications, to wash and clean dirty stairways, to endure whipping twice a week, and to observe all religious or monkish rules. Despite all such training he maintained fearless independence of thought, as McMaster did of action. The first became a member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, the second a bellicose editor of the religious press.

In January, 1851, he returned to America as a missionary to preach penance and the conversion of sinful Catholics to a good life. With work akin to this he had been familiar in attendance upon Methodist evangelism. Sorrow for sin, loathing of sin, trust in God's promises, assurance of pardon through faith in Christ, joy of salvation, and fellowship with the Holy Spirit, together with contempt of wrong and devotion to the right, were the results he sought to work out. He made an unusually popular preacher and effective moral instructor. Honest and earnest, he also used the press to compass his objects. *Questions of the Soul* and *Aspirations of Nature* were literary compositions designed to facilitate his undertaking. This prospered so that the erection of a house which should be the center of the work for English-speaking subjects became a necessity. Hecker was deputed in August, 1857, to lay the scheme before the General or Rector Major at Rome. Arriving there on the 26th he was expelled from the Congregation on the 29th for violation of his vows of obedience and poverty. This expulsion, however, was ignored and practically nullified by the pontiff. On the 6th of March, 1858, the American band of five missionary fathers

were dispensed from their vows as Redemptorists, and left at entire liberty to act in future as God in his providence should point out the way. In July of the same year four of the five were organized as a community styled the Missionary Priests of St. Paul the Apostle—a title since popularized into Paulists. A system of rules and an appropriate costume were also devised, and received the pope's approval. Ground was purchased on Ninth Avenue and Fiftieth Street for suitable community buildings, including convent and church, which were duly erected. In this and in other churches the Paulist fathers, reinforced by two additional recruits from the Protestant Episcopal Church, officiated as revivalists. All, and particularly Hecker, were "absolutely individualized," lovers of civil and political freedom, and adapted methods of work to the peculiarities of their fields of labor. They were intensely spiritual, markedly ethical, and outspokenly moral to an extent that would not be offensive to their superiors, who knew that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and deported themselves accordingly. Thus the Methodist leaven, pure and impure, was introduced into the popular Roman Catholic meal.

Yet Hecker was very fallible, and never more so than when he affirmed to Pius IX, "Your decision, Most Holy Father, is God's decision; and, whatever it may be, willingly and humbly will I submit to it." Notwithstanding all his sincerity in protestations of unquestioning obedience, his principles of private judgment and utter submission to the unerring guidance of the Holy Spirit were certain to bring him, sooner or later, into official disfavor. Rome is a stern mistress. "The external authority of the Church," said Hecker, "without a proper understanding of the nature and work of the Holy Spirit in the soul, would render the practice of religion formal, obedience servile, and the Church sterile." And he was right. History is full of startling and terrible examples in his adopted section of the Christian Church. He was right also in his contention that what he called the natural virtues of honesty, temperance, truthfulness, kindness, courage, and manliness were and are essential to holiness and to communion with God. He was no less right in his tolerance. "Don't try to get anybody to agree with you," was one of his advices; and for the reason that "No two noses are alike, much less souls. God never repeats." "It is never to be forgotten that one man can never be a guide to another, except as leading

him to his only divine Guide." This is Methodistic, but not Romanistic.

Men like Isaac Hecker always bring important things to pass. The Paulist spirit and energy have wrought out beneficent results. Their antagonism to the baleful liquor traffic in all its forms has been and is helpful to social reformers, to morals, cleanliness, and order. The religion—Christian, not papal—taught by them, does "elevate man far above his highest natural force into union with the Deity—intimate, conscious, political." Hecker courted controversy, delighted in it, and gratulated himself on success in conducting it. His *Apostolate of the Press* wrought mightily in the diffusion of his ideas. The *Catholic World*, which he started in 1865, and the *Young Catholic*, begun in 1870, brought many of the best and ablest minds on both sides the Atlantic into contact with inquiring minds on this.

This militant priest, whatever the seeming, was not a prime favorite at the Vatican. True, in 1869 he stated to a friend that Pius IX had written him "the tallest kind of a letter, indorsing every good work in which I am engaged," and giving them his blessing. This was all the more remarkable because many of the ideas and teachings thus patronized are manifestly incompatible with the pretensions and practices of the papacy to which the *Syllabus Errorum* and the *Vatican Decrees* were about to impart the finishing touches. Rome might smile upon, but none the less thoughtfully would she smite the insuppressible reformer. To her he would be simply impudent and punishable for the unasked-for advice he sent to the pope. "Tell the holy father," said he to a bishop on his way to Rome, "that there are three things which will greatly advance religion: *First*, to place the whole Church in a missionary attitude—make the Propaganda the right arm of the Church. *Second*, Choose the cardinals from the Catholics of all nations, so that they shall be a senate representing all Christendom. *Third*, Make full use of modern appliances and methods for transacting the business of the holy see." Whatever Pio Nono may have thought of this gratuitous counsel there are signs unerring that many of the papal court thought that the ex-baker and founder of a new order had better attend to his own peculiar business, in which Romish statesmanship was not embraced.

Terrible spiritual sufferings, not unrelieved by divine grace, characterized the last years of Isaac Thomas Hecker. He died

December 22, 1880, crowned by Catholic enthusiasts in France as "the prophet of the future—the one who has blazed the way to the best progress in religious matters."

The real animus of the papacy toward Hecker's "Americanism" waited patiently for expression until the publication of the official letter of Pope Leo XIII to Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, on January 22, 1899. The pontiff avows his great good will to the American people, and his greater love to the Roman Catholic Church among them. His letter "is intended to suppress certain contentions which have arisen lately among you to the detriment of the peace of many souls. The origin of these contentions, he says, is in the *Life of Isaac Thomas Hecker*, in which are voiced "certain opinions concerning the way of leading a Christian life;" such as the harmonizing of teachings with the spirit of the age, some concessions to new opinions not only in regard to views of living, but to doctrines which belong to the deposit of the faith. The falsity of these ideas is apparent in the light of the principle that no Church interpretation of the sacred dogmas is ever to be departed from under pretense of a deeper comprehension of them.

The Roman Catholic bishops of the province of New York are less guarded and more explicit than the pope in condemnation of this "Americanism." In their address to him they say, "The bishops receive and accept such letter [that of Leo XIII to Cardinal Gibbons] word for word, sentence for sentence, and in the sense intended by the holy father, which is no other than the sense of the universal Church of all ages. Henceforth we will regard these questions as settled. Thanks to his holiness, the hybrid theories to which the name of Americanism has been given, died almost at their birth." In the avowal of these sentiments the Paulist Fathers have distinctly concurred.

The Methodist leaven in the Roman Catholic meal is still working with singular liveliness, quickening and sanctifying faithful souls in the New and in the Old World; is embodying itself in future Luthers, Calvins, Tyndales, and Wesleys. Of these the Abbé Victor Charbonnel is a brilliant example. The dogma of papal infallibility has not suppressed free inquiry. Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Ireland and Keane are reputedly friends to the exercise of the right of private judgment. Roman Catholicism sent delegates to the Parliament of Religions in Chicago to aid in the "social utilization of faiths." Their

religious ideal seems to have been Father Hecker, of whom Charbonnel said in *The Outlook* of March, 1899, "He remained a Protestant by his homage to his own conscience, and a mystic by his faith in an interior Spirit. No doubt his Methodist descent and his early intercourse with the most mystical Methodist societies permitted these two states of mind and soul to seem quite natural to him." "In the ranks of [French] Americanism are the imposing figures of men of action, intellectual and moral authority, vigor, enthusiasm, and youth." The same remark is more or less true of American Roman Catholics. To Cardinal Satolli, well and not too favorably known in the United States, "Americanism" is "that baneful plague whose contagion is spreading over both worlds." This is sincere acknowledgment of a free spiritual movement that may produce another separation from the Roman Catholic Church.

TREES AND MEN.

A TREE is somewhat more than potential lumber. Human interest in it is not merely commercial. The relation between it and man is an obscure and fascinating mystery. Can any wise man make even a beginning toward explaining the relation between a pine tree and a soul? Yet the one speaks to and affects the other. Make it into a violin, and, in the hands of Paganini or Ole Bull, a cry comes out of it which is little short of human, thrilling spirit as well as nerves with inevitable emotion. Although the spell cast by trees evades analysis, no one can regard it as a fiction of the fancy of a few mooning, hysterical hyper-aesthetics. It belongs among universals and perennials, and casts its subtle witchery wherever leafy branches cast their shade. It was because of the appeal which they make to universal man that Rousseau, the French artist, liked to paint trees, and said, "The tree which rustles is for me a grand history; if I speak with its language, I shall have spoken the language of all times." A drop of Druid blood shows in most men's veins. Browning was not indulging in poetic pretense but testifying on the witness stand when he wrote in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Savior of Society,"

Many a thrill
Of kinship I confess to with the powers
Called nature; animate, inanimate,
In parts or in the whole, there's something there

Manlike, that, somehow, meets the man in me.
My pulse goes altogether with the heart
O' the Persian, that old Xerxes, when he stayed
His march to conquest of the world, a day
I' the desert, for the sake of one superb
Plane tree which queened it there in solitude.

In that last line there is the sense of something regal in a gigantic tree, the sense which made it impossible for Dr. O. W. Holmes, who had a lifelong enthusiasm for great trees and carried a measuring tape for taking the girth of the biggest he could find, to pass a certain grand old oak at Beverly, Mass., without a bow and a genuflection, and which made him say to Mr. Morse, on whose land it stood, "Ah, John, you think you own that tree, but you don't; it owns you!" This ascendancy is as mild and beneficent as it is lordly. Ineffably grateful to man and beast is the benign shade of verdurous summer branches. Thereunder dumb cattle love to huddle, and man, primeval or end-of-this-century, seeks instinctively the selfsame shelter for his rest or his work. Kipling writes, "Under the Deodars;" Dr. Cuyler, "Under the Catalpa;" Mrs. Clafin, "Under the Old Elms," and Arlo Bates, "Under the Beech Tree." Mary Russell Mitford said, in a friendly letter, "I am writing under a beautiful acacia tree with as many snowy tassels as leaves. It is waving its world of fragrance over my head, gratifying that love of sweet smells which in me amounts almost to a passion." The author of *Ben Hur*, telling how he wrote it, says: "The greater part of my work was done at home, my favorite writing place being in the garden beneath an old beech tree. I have a peculiar affection for that tree. Often, when its thick foliage has protected me with its cooling shadow, it has been the only witness of my mental struggles. The soft twittering of birds in its branches and the hum of bees near by helped to make the spot sweet and dear."

The cordial trees everywhere extend a sympathetic invitation to take refuge with them, as do the wild goats with the high hills and the conies with the rocks. Russell Lowell advises that every man should sometimes retreat into the heart of the woods and closet himself in a rustling privacy of leaves, where one may find a peaceful pleasure and respite from nagging necessities, throwing the pack of pestering plagues which pursue him off his scent by taking to the many-scented woods. Escape

from din and glare into their shady quietness pacifies irritated nerves and promotes a Christian temper. "Their tempered light is like a perpetual morning before sunrise, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of those places creep on us. The communicative trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles." Even a casual thought of foliage and shade can bring through the imagination a momentary relief in an oppressive situation. We felt grateful to the literary artist who reported the Borden murder trial for the *New York Tribune* when he suddenly took us for a moment out of that grewsome New Bedford courthouse—a veritable chamber of horrors with its hideous exhibit of broken skulls and blood-stained hatchets, amid which a woman sat on trial for parricide and matricide—and showed us in a few picture sentences the lovely June world outside, the green lawn, and the overbending elms among whose breeze-moved branches, he said, "the leaves paid little visits, and fluttered, and kissed, and ran away."

The Bethsaida blind man who, midway in his healing, said to Jesus, "I see men as trees walking," suggests that trees and men are not so unlike each other as are some other things. Aggressive and domineering doctrines have been built up on smaller scriptural foundation than is here given by Mark for insisting that some subtle resemblance must exist between trees and men. In some of their needs and habits they are observed to be not totally dissimilar. It is not preposterously fantastical to say that the tree is a breathing creature, not drawing the air into internal lungs, but spreading its leaf-lungs abroad upon the air in order that the fluid circulating through a million veins from rootlets to topmost twig-tips may be vitalized by exposure to chemical atmospheric action; a bibulous creature, boring for water and sending its thirsty roots abroad in all directions to get a drink; a sensitive, expressive, and responsive creature, whispering, sighing, murmuring, shivering, writhing, gesticulating with its limbs, and bleeding when it is hurt—not so utterly unhuman as to be unable to appropriate part of Shylock's plea by which he proved a Jew to be human. Some vaguely felt resemblance is intimated also by the fact that many literatures make trees emblematical of men, from the Old Testament likening the man who delights in the law of the Lord to a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth fruit in his

season, and declaring that the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree and grow like a cedar in Lebanon, down to John Muir, the geologist and botanist of the Yosemite, when he figured the lofty mind of the Sage of Concord with the hyperbole, "Emerson is the sequoia of the human race."

At times one suspects a sort of semihuman difference of disposition among trees. Some behave sociably and others with reserve. Some gather in groups or fraternize in forests, interlocking friendly arms as if fond of fellowship and converse; as Henley says,

Each to the other bending, beckoning, signing,
As in some monstrous market-place
They pass the news, these Gossips of the Prime,
In that old speech their forefathers
Learned upon the lawns of Eden, ere they heard
The troubled voice of Eve
Naming the wondering folk of Paradise.

Others like to stand apart as if possessed of dainty and exclusive instincts, no gossips, but given to pensive meditation. Of those that cultivate reserve and independence the elm is first. Sometimes it seems to say, "Let me have an occasion all to myself; give me entire possession of a field and see me fill it." And, behold, that one tree suffices to decorate the field from center to outer edge as far as rising and setting suns can throw its shadow west and east; and it proves itself not to have been overbold by adequately filling its large sphere with native dignity and Delsartean grace, drooping its delicate limbs in gentle curves, and moving with cultured ease. Always an elm can be depended on to appear with credit, to dress itself with taste and with an individuality of style which looks like real artistic genius. Who has not seen a single elm, standing tall and lithe with a feminine slenderness, adorned in all its height, with foliaged trunk as well as leafy limbs, robed like a lady to its very feet, suffice to occupy and completely furnish a whole wide deep-green, thicket-margined meadow in elm-graced New England? Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in *Elsie Venner*, "Nobody knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms. That tree comes nearer to having a soul than any other vegetable creature among us." Many a village owns the tranquil lordship of one supreme tree to which all visitors are expected to make pilgrimage and pay reverent court; and the

pride of many a rural neighborhood centers in one gigantic elm, which, like the old cathedral builders, has levied contributions on every side for a century to rear its huge temple, spreading its wide-arching branches in a span of a hundred feet, as if ambitious, like Michael Angelo, to hang the Pantheon in air. The manifest presidency of a single tree made George William Curtis write, one New England afternoon:

A stately elm is the archbishop of this green diocese. In full canonicals he stands sublime. His flowing robes fill the blithe air with sacred grace. The light west wind and watery south are his fresh young deacons, his ecclesiastical *aides-de-camp*. He rules his landscape round; and I—this penitent old Easy Chair—attend devoutly when I hear the eloquent rustling of his voice, as the neighbors of Saint George Herbert, of Bemerton, used to stop their plows in the furrow and bow with uncovered head while the sound of his chapel bell tinkled in the air.

The close affinity of men with trees is accented in certain moods and in individuals to whom the society of dispassionate, undisputatious, amiable, affable trees seems preferable to the very different company of human kind. It was said of that shy recluse, Lord De Tabley, "He has two intimate friends; one he has not seen for five years, the other not for six;" while Tennyson said to Edmund Gosse, "De Tabley is a Faunus; he is a woodland creature." Claude, the painter, the "supreme tree-master," associated so intimately with trees that William Blake's friend, Samuel Palmer, fancied "Claude's mother must have been a dryad." Of Thoreau, Emerson said, "As for taking his arm, I would as soon think of taking the arm of an elm tree." One day the hermit of Walden Pond excused himself from a visitor because he must go to keep an engagement with a tree; and he confessed to being so much in love with a certain scrub oak that it would be improper for him to wed a human mate. Even sane and normal men frequently betray fondness for their foliaged fellow-creatures. When a friend, strolling with Bishop Wiley in a Wisconsin forest, pointed to a noble tree and asked, "Did you ever see more majesty on land or sea?" the bishop answered, "No, and I confess to you that the trees talk to me and that I understand them," and went on talking, reports the friend, in a way which would have made a Druid's heart dance for joy or have lured a dryad to call him "brother." Mrs. Browning, writing of the deep pine forests of Vallombrosa, says they "have such a strange dialect in the silence they speak

with." Dr. Henry M. Field, convalescing at Stockbridge, under trees his own hands had planted thirty years before, soberly wrote:

In this summer of illness they have been next to the dear household within in the way of companionship. Strong men, who are full of lusty life, pushing forward on the world's highway, know not how sweet a thing it is to have such companions and comforters. We have come into a perfect understanding and silent communion. Those trees know me; they know when I am in a silent mood, and they keep very still, hardly a leaf stirring; and when they begin to move, it is very gently, as if it were only to fan away the care that sits upon the troubled brow. Am I weary and downcast, one glance upward gives a new turn to my thoughts, as the waving treetops catch the burden from the spirit, and toss it into vacancy, where it is seen and felt no more.

Father Taylor was seen one day on arriving at Eastham camp ground to go up to a tree and put his arms around it, saying, as if some sacred association touched his memory in a tender place, "My dear old friend, how do you do?" At one of her homes Elizabeth Barrett loved a great lime tree on the lawn which "seemed to have come on purpose from the woods to bring the house a message." In C. P. Cranch's London lodgings a friend fresh from Boston told J. R. Lowell of having dined a fortnight before in Lowell's Elmwood house with Ole Bull and wife, who were occupying it during its owner's absence in England, and spoke of having looked over the books in Lowell's library there, when Lowell broke in, "I care more for my trees than my books. Can you tell me how they are feeling? I'm sure they miss me. They seem to droop when I go away, and I know they brighten when I go back to them and shake hands with their lower branches." "Yes," responded the visitor, sympathetically; "they forgive you for being human and are not above associating with you." Literature contains few more felicitous figures of speech than Lowell's attempt to express the comfort one may have in the fidelity of a lifelong friend: "A friendship counting forty years is the finest kind of shade tree I know of." When the statue of Horace Greeley was unveiled in Greeley Square, New York City, his daughter placed on its bronze brow a wreath of oak leaves from trees near his old home, with these words attached: "The woods of Chappaqua send greeting to the one who loved them." He was, to be sure, like Gladstone, a feller of trees, but neither of them destroyed valuable ones. At Hawarden the case of each tree was tried judicially with the family as jury. Sometimes visitors

were made judges, and the fate of one aged oak was decided by John Ruskin, who once wrote, "No man can be far wrong in temper of mind or way of life who really loves trees." A Georgia poet sings thus of the fellowship of men with trees :

A tree is one of nature's words, a word of peace to man,
A word that tells of central strength from whence all things began,
A word to preach tranquillity to all our restless clan.

Ah, bare must be the shadeless ways, and bleak the path must be,
Of him who, having open eyes, has never learned to see,
And so has never learned to love the beauty of a tree.

'Tis well for man to mix with men, to drive his stubborn quest
In harbored cities where the ships come from the East and West,
To fare forth where the tumult roars, and scorn the name of rest.

But he is wise who, 'mid what noise his winding way may be,
Still keeps a heart that holds a nook of calm serenity,
And an inviolate virgin soul that still can love a tree.

Who loves a tree he loves the life that springs in star and clod,
He loves the love that gilds the clouds, and greens the April sod ;
He loves the Wide Beneficence. His soul takes hold on God.

The writer of this essay confesses to a clandestine friendship with one tree since boyhood. It is a great wide oak in a field near Andalusia station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, shaped like an inverted bushel basket, its lowest branches close to and level with the ground. With it we have had a bowing acquaintance all our manhood years. We look out of the car window for it whenever we pass that way, and it always nods and waves its hands—if there is wind enough.

At times and in a way trees have been teachers of mankind. By rooted abiding in their appointed places they admonish vagabonds and inculcate stability. Vagrant Louis Stevenson hints at advantages forfeited by the gypsily inclined : "He who can sit squarest on a three-legged stool, he it is who has the wealth and the glory." As by continuity of growth in a fixed place, the tree gains height, girth, and celebrity, so a man by becoming, through honorable years, an old resident, adds to whatever other standing he may have a peculiar prestige. Sidney Lanier wrote of the Cedarcroft chestnut on Bayard Taylor's place :

The worth and sum of all his centuries
Suffused his mighty shadow on the grass.

The steadfastness, uprightness, and aspiration seen in trees is recently acknowledged by one who hangs his votive song upon its boughs and cries to the strong tree :

Give me to clasp this earth with feeding roots like thine,
To mount yon heaven with such star-aspiring head ;
Fill full with sap and bud this shrunken life of mine.

Man may well emulate that instant and invariable responsiveness to celestial influences which is observed by Shakespeare when he remarks that it is useless to "Forbid the mountain pines to wag their high tops, and to make a noise, when they are fretted with the gusts of heaven." Suppose the apostles had been irresponsive to the "rushing mighty wind" of Pentecost ! As the first temples of primitive worship and parliament houses of early Gauls and Teutons and Celts, trees taught men how to build. Where did old architects get their ideas for cathedral columns and arches but from arched and columned forest aisles ? At Woolthorpe in Lincolnshire an aged apple tree was cut down in 1820, to preserve its wood from decay because it had once made a pupil of a young man who lay at its feet, and had taught him one of God's great secrets. A hundred and fifty years previous this tree, seeing young Isaac Newton, aged only twenty-three, whose mother lived in a house near by, lying on the ground beneath, dropped an apple to the sod for him to notice. The apple struck the earth and stopped, but kept on falling in his mind until he made a discovery which included the dropping apple and the solar system and the sidereal heavens and the immense universe. Such lesson could a tree teach to an apt pupil, though so wide an inference from so small a phenomenon none but a studious, well-prepared, and expert mind could make. St. Bernard said to his pupils, "You will find something greater in the woods than in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters. The mountains drop sweetness and you will suck oil from the flinty rocks." He declared that the oaks and beeches of Clairvaux had been his best teachers in theology, and that what he had learned to understand from Scripture had been taught him chiefly by the woods and fields:

Good is an orchard, the Saint saith,
To meditate on life and death,
With a cool well, a hive of bees,
A hermit's grot below the trees.

Good is an orchard ; very good,
Though one should wear no monkish hood ;
Right good, when spring awakes her flute,
And good in yellowing time of fruit.
Very good in the grass to lie
And see the network 'gainst the sky,
A living lace of blue and green,
And boughs that let the gold between.
The bees are types of souls that dwell
With honey in a quiet cell ;
The ripe fruit figures goldenly
The soul's perfection in God's eye.
Prayer and praise in a country home,
Honey and fruit ; a man might come
Fed on such meats to walk abroad,
And in his orchard talk with God.

Amid the many marvels and splendors of the world few surpass the entrancing spectacle which the Great Artist sometimes makes of a single tree, and literature and life are full of the exquisite response of the human spirit to such spectacles. Dorothy Wordsworth's journal pictures one:

As we went along we were stopped at once, at a distance of, perhaps, fifty yards from our favorite birch tree. It was yielding to a gust of wind, with all its tender twigs ; the sun shone upon it, and it glanced in the wind like a flying sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water.

Emily Dickinson wrote Colonel Higginson, "I think you would like the chestnut tree I passed in my walk. It hit my notice suddenly and I thought the skies were in bloom." Does any ecstasy of earthly vision exceed the rapture of seeing a perfect apple tree in perfect blossom, a bouquet fit for the new bridal of the sun and earth ? In Greenwood does any marble monument begin to match the white slopes of the dogwood in mid-May ? But the apotheosis of trees is named October, whose splendor beggars language. Celia Thaxter, enraptured with the gorgeous autumnal pageant among New England mountains, wrote:

Oh, the trees ! fires and flames ; incandescence was the only word I could think of. Burning coals the maples were, and where the frost had touched some of the tops they were like white ashes ; I expected to see smoke rising. Then the gold and topaz and amber flaring up into the blue of the clear sky, and the garnets and rubies ! It was magnificent. Maples bigger than I ever dreamed they could grow, in such ranks, looking as if they had had such a good time all their

lives, with nothing on earth to disturb them, and plenty of room to grow and attain to the fullest perfection. Enough to do you good it was to see them!"

That the sensitive imagination of poets should be enamored of such a living wonder as the tree was from the first and forever inevitable. Witness of this is borne in English as in earlier languages. Old Chaucer wove the woodland in his measures; Spencer sent his heavenly maid moving amid the forests; Milton tuned his deep diapason to the groves, and owned that cathedral organs give forth no music grander than that which sounds when a forest of pines awakes at midnight to chant a solemn psalm of praise; tall oaks awed Keats into calling them "those green-robed senators of mighty woods;" Wordsworth wandered pensive in leafy shade, and rounded an oak at Rydal Mount into a sonnet; Tennyson confided his secret of love to the talking oak of Sumner-chase; and out of meditation in Dulwich woods Browning brought his limpid-souled little Pippa to sing her sweet saving songs forever in the startled ear of the world's wickedness.

Very early in the life of our race the tree struck deep root in the reverences and superstitions of men. Towering aloft between man and the sky, its strength and grace, its stir and animation, its beauty and beneficence charmed him to admire and often subdued him to worship. In many a place and time it has stood associated with the sacred and the superhuman. Indications of tree worship are found among relics of prehistoric forest races as well as in the rites of later and even modern polytheistic idolatries. The earliest superstition vaguely conceived of the tree as itself a wonderful living being; then thought advanced to the conception of a tree spirit, like the Greek dryads or tree nymphs, confined within or near the tree, and possessing power to command rain or to cause fertility in plants or animals; the next advance of imagination was to a tree god who was able to quit the tree or who presided over many trees. An effect of such superstition is seen in the fact that the heathen emperor Julian professed himself unable to give assent to the Christian religion because he could not conceive how one supreme God could govern the world without a corps of lesser intermediate deities such as were supposed to dwell in trees or fountains, rivers, oceans, or planets. Recent archæological research into pre-Homeric times shows that with the Greeks, as with the Northern Europeans, the groves were the first temples.

It is thought by some Greek scholars that the word *ναός* (temple) originally meant a tree trunk. The Ephesian Artemis had her earliest habitation in the bole of an elm, and Zeus was present in the Dodonean oak. Before the time of walled temples superstition separated some attractive spot of ground, most likely on an elevation giving extended vision or around a crystal spring affording sweet refreshment, consecrated it as holy ground and surrounded it with sacred trees which must not be harmed by anyone nor touched by hands irreverent or unclean. Homer described a well built by Ithacus, Neritos, and Polycetor, round which was a grove of sacred poplars set circlewise, while beside the flowing fountain in the center was an altar on which weary and thirsty wayfarers, refreshed by the shade and the cool water, deposited an offering. Similar superstitions among early Gauls and Britons explain the Druidic rites performed in forest depths. Even in our own day the last vanishing trace of such beliefs is seen in the obsolescent Maypole usages. The Maypole of the Teutons was a sort of totem which protected villagers from harm and brought numerous blessings. Matthew Arnold, in that most perfect of all his poems, "The Scholar Gipsy," writes of

Maidens who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May.

The children dancing round the Maypole do not know that their play is a survival from long-ago tree worship whose devotees danced around the tree in the direction of the sun's course. Thus was worshiped the sacred olive of Athenæ at Athens, and, in Rome as well as Greece, the laurel, sacred to Apollo, the ivy dedicated to Dionysus, youngest of gods; thus also the palm in Assyria, and in India, even to this day, the fig tree, especially the peepul fig or Bo tree (*ficus religiosa*), reverence for which extended also through Africa, Australia, Sumatra, and Java. The sacred Bo tree in the grounds of the moldy old Buddhist temple at Kandy is said to have been worshiped for twenty-two centuries. In the ancient folklore of Palestine the olive tree was holy as giving food in fruit and light in oil; and whoever cut one down could expect no peace of mind thereafter.

In India trees are connected with marriage rites and burials. The Orîons of Bengal revere the tamarind and bury their dead under its branches; and in the same country the plantain tree

is clothed as a woman and worshiped. In the Punjab marriage with a tree is not uncommon. The number three being regarded as unlucky, if a man, not content with two wives, wishes to marry another, he will first be formally married to a tree so that his new wife may be his fourth and not his third. (This well illustrates the mental imbecility and the conscious and transparent make-believe of heathen religions). Likewise women who for any reason wish to have the name of being married, but are not sought by any man, have themselves married with due ceremony to a tree. In Japan pictures of the holy pine with its double stem, are presented to every bride and groom on their wedding day.

The importance of the tree in the mind of universal man is mirrored in the tree *Igdrasil*, the mighty ash, which, in Scandinavian mythology, upheld the universe; but it is natural that the tree should be, as in fact it is, most esteemed in hot countries, and central in their superstitions. A traveler reports that in Herzegovina the direct rays of the sun are so malefic and intolerable that a saint might feel tempted to sell his soul for the cool shade of a leafy tree, in a frenzy like that of the rich man in torment pleading for a drop of water, and that in so naked, rocky, and scorched a country the inhabitants might be forgiven for performing pious ceremonies in gratitude to an oak tree a thousand years old and fifty-two feet in girth which stands near the village of Rankovia.

Our own Bible, which is an oriental book, is full of trees. At its opening in Genesis stand "the tree of life in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil;" and at its close in Revelation "the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God;" while in all the space between are trees almost innumerable—the burning bush from which God's angel appeared unto Moses, the oak of the diviners at Shechem, the palm tree under which Deborah prophesied, the oak of Ophrah where an angel appeared to Gideon, the tree which caught up Absalom, the mulberry trees whose rustling tops signaled to David that the Lord had gone before him to the battle. On the fervid pages of Wesley's Journal trees shake their glittering bravery of fluttering leaves and cast a blessed shade. Riding along he notes the green-shaded vale which makes the river bank an arbor for miles on miles, the almost perpendicular hills with tall oaks standing rank above rank from the bottom to

the very top, the beautiful thick trees which, with their benificent broad boughs, protected him and his little congregation from the hot June sun when he preached at noon near a farmhouse in Westmoreland, and when, as he records, "a little bird perched in one of them and sung without intermission from the beginning of the service unto the end." Such beauteous earthly things our great apostolic evangelist takes note of while he calls sinners to repentance and invites human souls to shelter under the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

The sacredest thoughts we Christians can have about trees belong to the life of Him "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." In 1853 Arthur Penrhyn Stanley wrote from Jerusalem:

I have now been inside the garden of Gethsemane, and cease to wonder at the emotion it inspires. It is not the situation. It is those aged olives, the more striking from their total unlikeness to all the others. They could not have seen the agony. No! But they have seen the tears of generations of pilgrims, and more than anything else in or about Jerusalem, except the everlasting hills themselves, they carry you back to that night of superhuman anguish. Of all the trees that I ever saw or shall see they are the most venerable.

Next to the calm unimpassioned narratives of the evangelists the one thing fittest to be read in Gethsemane or repeated in a sermon on the Agony in the Garden, is Sidney Lanier's "Ballad of Trees and the Master," which by its tender and devout simplicity stands alone in uncanonical literature and must unavoidably conclude this essay:

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

THE ARENA.

"nescience of GOD."

AN article, by Dr. M. S. Terry, on this subject in the January issue, displays its author's well-known clearness of thought and expression. He deprecates the "tendency among Arminian Methodist theologians to look with favor upon the idea that the foreknowledge of God may be limited." This tendency is likely, nevertheless, to intensify and widen, for Dr. Terry's reasons why it should not are far from conclusive, though they admirably summarize the best stock arguments in favor of his view.

1. He says that omniscience is "the knowledge of all things." This is no more true than that omnipotence is the power to do all things. It is the power to do all doable things; and so omniscience is the knowledge of all knowable things.

2. God's failure to foreknow a contingent future event is not the result of choice on his part, but of the necessities of the situation; for an event, contingent on a free choice not yet made, is apparently unknowable.

3. Dr. Terry says that God's nescience of contingent events would seem to involve the acquisition of knowledge on the part of God when they occur. We reply that God now knows all the choices which can be made; and therefore the one which finally is made, being already familiar to him, cannot increase his knowledge. It simply becomes a fact, instead of a possibility. If this does increase his knowledge, it is an increase similar to that he receives when he knows an event has taken place which he knew would take place; he never knew before that it had taken place; this, therefore, is new knowledge. Such new knowledge has been pouring in upon him from the beginning, and does not invalidate his omniscience.

Dr. Terry attacks Dr. L. D. McCabe's proposition that "divine nescience of future contingencies is a necessity," and says:

1. "This is not a self-evident proposition," that is, it is not mathematically self-evident like the assertion that two and two equal four. But many great thinkers have affirmed it to be logically self-evident. Bishop E. O. Haven declared himself unable to conceive the contrary. Bishop Wiley said virtually the same. Dr. Jonathan Edwards and Chalmers and all the leading Calvinistic writers admit the impossibility of infallible foreknowledge of contingent events; while Watson, Whedon, and most Arminian theologians confess that the existence of such foreknowledge is an "insoluble mystery."

2. If Dr. McCabe's proposition is true, says Dr. Terry, God "cannot be omniscient." But he can be, if omniscience is the knowledge of all knowable things and a contingent event is unknowable, for as soon as it becomes knowable he knows it.

3. The proposition, says Dr. Terry, "must needs apply to all God's future free volitions." Certainly, and we have abundant evidence that it does. "And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth . . . And the Lord said, I will destroy man" (Gen. vi, 6, 7). Did the Lord intend to destroy man when he created him? Such a supposition is incredible.

4. This brilliant exegete questions "the competency of any finite mind to affirm" God's nescience of contingent events. Why then does Dr. Terry affirm God's prescience of contingent events? It requires no more mental competency to make the first affirmation than to make the second.

5. "The proposition assumes a notion of what time must be with God," declares the doctor. But, if we have no notion of that, there is no basis for either argument or theology. Dr. Clarke was evidently mistaken when he said that with God past, present, and future are one "eternal now;" and John Wesley when he said, "God does not know one thing before another, or one thing after another." To say that God did not know that the battle of Waterloo was being fought, and did not know afterward that it had been fought, sounds irrational. An "eternal now" is to us unthinkable. The weight of both evidence and common sense favors the idea that "time is an objective reality." Professor Bowne says: "Change is real, and change cannot be conceived without succession. In this sense the world process is in time, . . . and God himself is in time, so far as the process is concerned; . . . this involves sequence in both action and knowledge."

Dr. Terry also declares that Professor McCabe's arguments are not convincing, and says:

1. If future contingencies are nonentities so are future necessities. This is not self-evident, for while a future necessary event is a fact a future contingent event is only a possibility, and may never exist.

2. He also avers that God's responsibility for existing evil is not relieved by nescience of contingent events. But that is not the way we judge men. One who foreknows that his child will inherit dipsomania or insanity or leprosy has no right to become a father. It is different if he sees that his child will have an equal chance with others. If we can say that God foreknew on general principles that free agency, with uncertainty, would be better than mere automation, we can say that he is good, though evil exists. But if God could foreknow that any particular soul would suffer eternally it would be diabolical for him to create that soul.

3. If, says Dr. Terry, "Knowledge of contingent events impeaches God's sincerity in exhortations and warnings," then "omniscience unfits the Eternal for the creation and government of the moral universe." This is not very conclusive, and not at all self-evident; it looks like a *non sequitur*.

In closing our writer quotes and indorses Dr. D. D. Whedon, who says, "The real difficulty . . . is to conceive how God came by his

foreknowledge." If he had added, "of contingent events," all would respond, "Yes, such foreknowledge is too wonderful for us!" But foreknowledge of events that are planned and predetermined is not difficult to conceive. Omniscience could easily grasp an infinitude of such events. Human intelligence does not stumble over such an idea. It is generally believed that the whole universe of matter is under God's absolute sway. He foreknows eclipses and cataclysms and earthquakes. He probably rules, also, in a general way, over our race. Quite likely there have been "men of destiny," such as Moses and David and Paul and perhaps Cyrus and Washington and Lincoln. It may be that no one is absolutely and always a free agent, for "the wrath of man shall praise him." Nevertheless, as Arminians we affirm that, down in the depths of his soul, each man is free to choose good or evil. How God can foreknow what a free choice will be is indeed an "insoluble mystery." A contingent event being, according to Webster, dependent on something "unknown," we cannot comprehend how it is possible for it to be known; being dependent upon something "undetermined," how can it be predetermined? And "not being certain to occur," how can it be foreknown as certain to occur? A thing cannot be unknown and foreknown, undetermined and predetermined, uncertain and certain at one and the same time. Why should we cling to a theory which involves such glaring contradictions?

Dr. Whedon made a brave and very brilliant attempt to render belief in the foreknowledge of contingent events plausible. The chief corner stone of the logical edifice he rears is the following sentence, "It is certain that there will be a one particular course of future events, and no other." This sounds truer than it is. Marvelous thinker though he was, Dr. Whedon begs the question when, in referring to contingent events, he says "there will be a one;" he should only say, "There may be either one of several." To particularize is to select, and the one who alone can select is supposedly not yet born. If God selects for him then it is God, not man, who chooses. The grotesqueness of the edifice reared indicates the awryness of its chief corner stone. It consists of an imaginary "record, perfectly accurate, of all futurities." Concerning this record Dr. Whedon says, "It is absolutely impossible that it should not be true," and then adds, "It is perfectly possible that the events it contains should not take place." In other words, the same thing is at one and the same time both possible and impossible.

See also the pitiful situation in which it places both man and God. Here is a prospective free agent whom God from all eternity has known would be lost. He at last appears on the scene, and reads Dr. Whedon's account of the "record," and finds that all he will say or do or even think has been eternally foreknown and certain. His final fate is recorded, and is inevitable. It makes no difference to the poor victim whether his fate is a necessity or a certainty, as the result is the same. What motive has he for trying to do this instead of that, or that instead

of the other, so long as the "record" is made and he knows it is "impossible that it should err!" To render the situation increasingly painful God approaches this reprobate and, with crucifying anguish, cries, "Turn ye, turn ye . . . for why will ye die." Who can blame the man for retorting, "Lord, thou knewest I would before thou created me, and thy exhortation is insincere." Who would not draw a veil over the doctrine which necessitated a situation so distressing?

Milburn, N. J.

J. S. BRECKINRIDGE.

WESLEY'S MAGGOTS.

NOR entomological specimens, but a curious little book—five and three fourth inches by three and one half inches, with one hundred and ninety pages, beautifully bound in whole calf and gold, doubtless the original binding—is before us as we write. It is an exceedingly rare specimen of seventeenth-century literature, the date being 1685. It is peculiarly interesting to us because it is the first book published by Samuel, the father of John and Charles Wesley, at that time the coming rector of Epworth and Wroot. The author was then in his twenty-third year, and had been at Oxford University about a year. The register of Exeter College says his "Deposit of Caution Money" was made September 26, 1684. Born in Dorchester, in Dorset, at the close of 1662, there he lived until March, 8, 1678, when he removed to London to continue his education which had been so well begun in the Free School in Dorchester, of which Mr. Henry Dolling was the head master from 1664 to 1675. To him his former pupil dedicates this, his first published book.

The Epistle Dedicatory occupies two and a quarter pages, and is headed, "To the Honoured Mr. H. D., Headmaster of the Free School in D—, in the county in D—." Then follows "The Epistle to the Reader," occupying nine pages. In this, after playful references to the bookseller, Mr. Wesley claims originality for the book, saying, "All here are my own pure Maggots, the natural Issue of my Brain-pan, bred and born there, and only there." He anticipates sharp criticism, pleads his youth, and offers to add a beard to his face if some one will furnish it "and be at the charge of grafting it on." The frontispiece has an anonymous portrait of the author. He looks like a boy of about fourteen years, but with a face much older. The poet's wreath is on his brow, and on it, in the middle of his forehead, is a good-sized maggot in the act of biting. He is standing at a table on which rests a manuscript and an open book in which he is writing. Underneath the picture is written:

"In 's own defence the Author writes
Because while this foul Maggot bites
He nere can rest in quiet
Which makes him make soe sad a face
Heed beg your worship or your grace
Unsiht unseen to buy it."

On the title-page opposite is:

"Maggots:

Or,

Poems

On

Several

Subjects,

Never before Handled.

By a Schollar.

London,

Printed for John Dunton, at the sign of the Black Raven, at the corner of Princes street, near the Royal Exchange. 1685."

The seventeenth page preceding the one hundred and fifty-two pages of *Maggots* advertises "Books lately published by J. Dunton." Of the poems we will give only the titles as they appear in the volume. There are thirty-three, three of which are dialogues, as follows: "On a Maggot;" "On two Souldiers killing one another for a Groat;" "The Argument;" "A Tame Snake left in a Box of Bran, was devoured by Mice after a great Battle. Written An. Dom. 1681;" "A Pindaricque, On the Grunting of a Hog;" "To my Gingerbread Mistress;" "On the Bear-Faced Lady;" "An Anacreontique on a Pair of Breeches;" "A Tobacco Pipe;" "On a Cow's Tail;" "The Lyar;" "On a Hat broke at Cudgels;" "A Covetous old Fellow having taken occasion to hang himself a little; another comes in, in the nick, and cuts him down, but instead of thanking him for his life, he accuses him for spoiling the rope;" "On a Supper of Stinking Ducks;" "To the Laud and Praise of a Shock Bitch; An Elegy On the untimely and much lamented Death of Poor Spot, as loving a Bitch as ever went upon two legs, who departed this life, An. 1684;" "A Box made like an Egg, was between Jest and Earnest, between Stolen and Borrow'd; but at last, (see the Honesty!) After a year's Possession, restor'd with this in the Belly on't;" "The Beggar and Poet;" "*Plures aluit Aristoteles Quam Alexander*;" "A King turn'd Thresher;" "On a Discourteous Damsel that call'd the Right Worshipful Author—(an't please ye!) Sawcy Puppy;" "On a Cheese;" "*Pinguis & ingrata permeretur Caseus (Urbi Virg.)*" "A Pastoral;" "A Full and True Account of a Journey with its Appurtenances;" "The Leather Bottle. (a) Out of Lucian's true History, Part the First." Then follows in prose, "An Elegant Letter, with a copy of fine Verses by a London Wit, in answer to a Lampoon. An Answer to the Joyner's smart Letter." Then follow in verse, "I Dialogue, Between a Thatcher and a Gardner, for Precedency, on occasion of a Pot of Ale with this Inscription; Detur Digniozi;" "The Second Dialogue, Between the Herring and Whale;" "The Third Dialogue, Between Utensil and Frying—Pan." Six short poems close the book, namely, "Against a Kiss;" "A Pindaric; On a certain Nose;" "In

Praise of Horns;" "Advice to Monsieur Ragoo, who had his choice either to be Hang'd or Married;" "On a Pretended scholar that would have had some Verses he had stolen from another book inserted into the Maggots." The title of the last is, "A Pindaric Poem On Three Skips of a Louse." Each poem is followed by explanatory notes—concerning the classical and local references in the poem. Some of these are amusing, and with the poems give an idea of the close of the seventeenth century and of the young man of the period. Some higher critics would find it difficult to harmonize *Maggots* with the author's heroic poem on the "Life of Christ," or with his four-volumed *History of the Bible in Verse*, or with hymns 157 and 215 in our *Hymnal*.

The book sold for a shilling. Its sale largely helped Mr. Wesley through college. It probably brought him more money than any other of his many writings. Perhaps there are not a dozen copies now in existence. In all our searches this is the only copy we have yet seen. As Samuel Wesley's first book it is valuable. It is probably the oldest bit of Wesley literature, if not the very first Wesley book. His lampoons while at the Grammar School, Veal's Academy in Stepney, and Morton's Academy in Newington Street, London, were short-lived. His last teacher, Mr. Morton, came to America, preached in Charleston, Mass., and became vice president of Harvard College. He died in 1697. His academy was the principal dissenting academy in England. Wesley, his pupil, wrote lampoons against its rival, Doolittle's.

Samuel Wesley's first publisher was a strange character. He was only three years older than Wesley, and at twenty-six was a London publisher. He married Elizabeth Annesly; his friend Wesley was at the wedding, and presented the happy couple an epithalamium. Did Samuel first meet Susannah at this wedding? Certainly, six years later he married her, and became Dunton's brother-in-law. The editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, of London, took the present writer to the house where the Annesly family lived. Dunton became financially embarrassed, and came to America for a year. Returning to London he disguised himself, and sometimes wore woman's clothes to escape his creditors. He fled to Holland, Flanders, and Germany, returning to London in 1688. Then his affairs turned. He printed six hundred books, all but seven proving successful. A fortune was left him, but at thirty years of age he was bereaved of his wife. He took a new wife within a year. He soon left her, became financially embarrassed again, and died in obscurity two years before Wesley, whom he first loved and then hated. Bishop Hurst has some of his rare publications. Dunton projected six hundred distinct treatises, all to be written by himself. He drew his own portrait, saying he is "of middle stature, hair black and curled, eyes quick and full of spirit, lips red and soft, face though not so beautiful as some, yet rendered amiable by a cheerful sprightly air, body slender and well proportioned, spirit pious and devout, temper sweet, hard to be displeased, has great skill in poetry. His soul," he

says, "was tender and compassionate, and his modesty more than usually great." He finishes his description with, "I must sincerely say I have all the good qualities that are necessary to render me an accomplished gentleman." Such was Samuel Wesley's first publisher and brother-in-law, whose name appears on the title-page of *Maggots*. This exceedingly rare volume is one of the many invaluable in the Wesley collection of R. T. Miller, of Cincinnati, O. W. H. MEREDITH.

"nescience of God."

THE critique which appears under this caption in the May-June *Review* seems to call for a few additional observations:

1. Is it, or is it not, a self-evident proposition that absolute perfection is incompatible with notable imperfection? If God is ever acquiring new knowledge it must be that his knowledge is notably imperfect. But partial or imperfect knowledge is not omniscience. How God came by his omniscience is only another way of asking how God is God. Any finite telescope—or microscope—which presumes to find "constellations of truth" in such an inquiry is more than likely to prove itself a delusive looking-glass.

2. We are asked how God can be omnipotent if he cannot increase his own knowledge. May we not as well answer, in turn, Is it the province of God's omnipotence to augment his omniscience? Then must one attribute of Deity be conceived as the creator of another attribute. One may query how closely this way of thinking verges on the pantheism of Schelling, who taught that the divine nature is a sort of primordial abyss of potencies coming to the knowledge and self-consciousness in acts of creation and in the personality of man; or how far it appropriates the pantheism of Hegel, who conceived God as an eternal process of becoming, having no independent self-consciousness apart from that of man. We do not believe that God is such a thinker.

3. The absolute knowledge implied in omniscience doubtless "fore-knows all the possibilities and possible contingencies" of future events, but cannot be guilty of the absurdity of knowing "a thing as a thing which is not a thing," or of knowing "a thing to be in existence which is not." It does not follow, however, that God cannot have cognizance of an event and all its conditions, contingencies, and issues, and foreknow it as an event certain to be, before it actually come to pass. God foreknew the crucifixion of Jesus, along with all the possibilities and contingencies of the free responsible acts of the lawless men who brought that event to pass, and could therefore have received no new knowledge to augment his omniscience after the event became a fixed fact.

4. We are further told that "a house that has always stood has never been built." This we take to be a self-evident proposition. Accordingly we conceive that God has always existed as God, and could therefore never have been built, formed, created, or brought into being and

self-conscious personality. Scandalous as it may seem to any thinker we are bold to affirm that the God whom we worship cannot grow in grace, or in wisdom, or in power. What he is now he always has been and always will be. "By faith we understand that the ages have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen has not been made out of things which do appear." Our reason compels the conviction that the omnipotence which could make all that is now seen must have also been associated with omniscience to know the entire future of the creation before it all appears in time. But, that God did not and could not know beforehand every event which would in its own time come to pass and fill the ages, is certainly not a self-evident proposition.

Evanston, Ill.

M. S. TERRY.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

In the "Arena" department for January Walter T. Green states that God is an unalterable law and is not influenced by the prayers of his creatures. Yet the Scripture seems to teach the contrary. The fourteenth verse of the thirty-second chapter of Exodus reads thus, "And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people." These words show clearly that God was influenced by the prayer of Moses. The twentieth chapter of 2 Kings tells us that Hezekiah was sick unto death, and that Isaiah said to him, "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." Hezekiah prayed to God for his life and wept sore. Whereupon the Lord said to Isaiah, before he had gone out into the middle court, "Tell Hezekiah the captain of my people, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold I will heal thee." Thus was God influenced by the prayer of Hezekiah. In the parable of the importunate friend at midnight, contained in the eleventh chapter of Luke, are the words, "Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth." In the parable of the importunate widow, contained in the eighteenth chapter of Luke, are the words, "Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." In both these parables Jesus teaches that God is influenced by the prayers of his creatures. In the fifth chapter of James are the words: "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." The apostle James plainly teaches here that God is influenced by the prayers of his creatures.

In conclusion, I affirm that, if God is an unalterable law, he is unalterable in his purpose to be influenced by the prayers of his creatures, and that he is especially influenced by the fervent prayers of the righteous.

Stockham, Neb.

W. K. WILLIAMS.

CAN THE "MODE OF BAPTISM" CONTINUE A MOOTED QUESTION?

IN these latter days, when we are hastening on to new facts, conditions, and developments, it is doubtless true that a larger acquaintance with the archaeology of the early Church will scatter many of our preconceived notions. This being true, what may be said of *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* as having a bearing on important doctrinal differences among religious denominations?

The majority of critics now seem to concede the genuineness of the writing and that the document dates from the first quarter of the second century A. D. In this little book it is revealed to us that the apostles were quite liberal as to the "mode of baptism." Immersion is plainly set forth as desirable, but, where circumstances do not permit of it, other "modes" are allowable. Now, if in the second century, and within twenty-five years of the death of John, liberty was allowed as to "mode," does it become the nineteenth-century Christian to fall out with his neighbor by alleging that only one mode is biblical? Shall the Church of the twentieth century show narrowness on a point regarding which the Apostolic Church was liberal-minded?

It seems to the writer, therefore, that, as urging catholicity and helping to allay sectarianism, the real importance of the *Teaching* has not even yet been appreciated as it should be; and that, together with other similar documents, the *Didache* will help to lead us unto a faith which impels sister denominations to join hands.

A. V. BARBS.

Paloma, Ill.

DOES GOD SUFFER?

IN the January number of the *Review* the Rev. F. B. Stockdale writes a very interesting article on the above subject. I do not question the doctrine taught in said article. The author seems, however, driven to unnecessary straits to prove his position. He says: "We hold it to be true that the Divine cannot impart what he does not possess; also, that what he possesses is held as attribute of his nature." From this he very logically concludes that, since man has the capacity of suffering, so has God: and he does not hesitate to conclude, also, that, as man has the ability to sin, so has God. But Mr. Stockdale has no fears whatever that God will sin, though he has the ability.

This is very good and very well. We make no objection, so far. But, take the following in the same argument, And what about it? The author says: "We believe the capacity to suffer is universal, because it is the profoundest trait in the divine nature. If some grant the ability, but deny the experience, we say no part of the divine nature can be inactive." Now, if, as taught by this argument, the ability to sin is a part of the divine nature, and no part of that nature can be inactive, then God must be a great sinner. Of course, the brother does not mean to teach this horrible doctrine; nevertheless his logic surely does teach it.

Humboldt, Ill.

J. JAY DUGAN.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB.**THE GOSPEL OF THE MINISTER'S VACATION.**

AT first view it may seem strange to speak of the minister's vacation as a Gospel, and yet there is a sense in which our Saviour himself taught this truth to his disciples. In the sixth chapter of Mark we are told that he "called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two; and gave them power over unclean spirits." He further commanded them that they "should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse." Then follows the martyrdom of John. After he had been laid in the tomb Jesus gathered the apostles unto him and said, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." It has been noticed that "the twelve, who are generally called 'disciples,' are here given the name which describes their official work instead of their discipleship, and that the occasion—the only one in which the name is used in Mark—is one in which they were returning from that apostolic work."

This direction to rest given by Jesus to the disciples is suggestive of the topic at the head of this paper. First, the apostles were weary, for we are told that they reported to Jesus "both what they had done, and what they had taught." And this condition of the apostles may fitly be applied to the preacher's service to-day. His life is a toilsome one. Much physical labor is involved in the performance of the duties of the pastoral office; so many families are to be visited, and so many interests are to be looked after. The modern minister is a kind of executive officer, with a multitude of things on hand that are toilsome to the flesh. When to the performance of these duties there are added the exacting labors of the Sabbath, involving the preparation of two sermons each week, and the intellectual toil cognate thereto, in keeping abreast of the thought of the age—there results great intellectual weariness. Perhaps the minister's spiritual neglect of himself, growing out of his care for others, makes him at times an exceedingly weary man. There is, therefore, need of a rest.

We may notice, further, the Saviour's invitation, in view of these conditions. "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." In other words, "Take a vacation." Where the desert place was has been much discussed. Swete says: "The rendezvous was, therefore, close to the lake, probably near Capernaum. The boat took an easterly course, and they landed perhaps a little south of Bethsaida, on the edge of the plain now known as 'el-Batihah,' a part of the old lake basin . . . sown two or three times during the year . . . and grazed by the buffalo herds . . . in its northwestern part . . . covered with ruins." Perhaps we have never thought of the apostles' vacation, but

it is clear that at the suggestion of Christ they did have a short one. The relief of a weary body is often the best thing for people who have weariness of soul. When one is tired out physically he cannot see clearly and appreciate fully many of the most important and delicate interests. So the apostles went out into a desert place to rest. This applies in an equal sense to the minister of to-day. The call is equally to them: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place." It is presumed that the Saviour meant, "Change your environment, surround yourselves with new associations." No doubt they had been preaching in the cities where the masses of the people were gathered. The best place for them to rest was in a desert place, amid green fields and mountains and by rivers, where they could look upon nature in all its beauty. It is presumed this means that, if a minister lives in the country, it would be rest for him to go to the town or to the seashore where something is going on, and that in the change of scene there will come a change of thought and a recuperation of body and soul.

But the vacation suggested by the Saviour was not a long one, "Rest a while." Rest only after work, the vacation only to last until one has recuperated. It does not say how many days and weeks. The need is different in different persons. Some people seem to imagine that they are to rest all the time, but the suggestion of Christ to the apostles was not this. Each one should adapt his vacation to his particular needs.

Nor did Christ leave his apostles to go to their rest alone. He was with them. He said, "Come ye," and the subsequent history shows that he was still the center of their company, even while they were taking a respite from their more public labors. The minister in his vacation must never forget to take Christ with him. Christ is always with and in his people, but they must aim in their leisure to have him with them as a conscious presence. There is danger lest, when off duty in places of recreation, ministers, as well as people, forget that their walk and "conversation" should be such as "becometh the Gospel of Christ." The church at home has sometimes been put to shame by the thoughtless conduct of its representatives abroad.

It is further to be noticed that even in this vacation the apostles were not free from the obligations of their position. It seems in this case that "they departed into a desert place by ship privately." But the people saw them go, and "many knew him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto him." So well known was Jesus that he could not escape from the crowd, and though he and his disciples had gone into a desert place even there the people followed them. And, even there, Jesus did not regard himself or his apostles as relieved from the obligation to do good. When he saw the multitude he had compassion on them, "because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and he began to teach them many things." In order to provide for the wants of the crowd in a desert place he further performed the notable miracle of feeding about five thousand with five

barley loaves and two fishes. That they were in the country, and in a desert place, is evident from the fact that he commanded them all to "sit down by companies upon the green grass." It is also a remarkable fact that the Saviour, who, out of his abundant power, could provide by a miracle for five thousand, saw to it that nothing was wasted. For it is said that "they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes." In this resting place, even in the munificence of his own divine power, his disciples recognized the economies of life. His miracles of helpfulness were not wasteful, but wise and thoughtful of the assistance of those in need. So the minister's vacation of to-day is to be a time of rest; but he should never forget that opportunities for doing good are all around him, in the city and in the desert.

It is clear from this passage that there is a Gospel of vacation. When the minister, after months of labor and anxiety in his arduous calling, lays aside his work for a little season and rests, he is in harmony with the teachings of the Master, and when he returns recuperated physically, mentally, and spiritually for his work, he may indeed feel that he has enjoyed the benefits of the Gospel of vacation.

PHARAOH, AN INSTRUMENT OF GOD'S MERCY.—ROM. IX

IN the Version of King James this passage reads: "For the Scripture saith unto Pharaoh, Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might show my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth." The Revised Version differs slightly from this as follows, "For this very purpose did I raise thee up, that I might show in thee my power, and that my name might be published abroad in all the earth." This is a verse concerning which much discussion has arisen. By some it has been understood that God called Pharaoh "into existence" (Beza), in order to exhibit his wrath toward Pharaoh and thus make Pharaoh an example of God's dealings with the impenitent. Something similar to this in its general bearing is the interpretation of Augustine, "I have stirred thee up to resist"—as if God had purposely instigated Pharaoh to disobey his commands, in order thereby to show his power in his punishment. These interpretations do not seem to be borne out by the context or by the study of the passages as found in the Old Testament Scripture. The Hebrew is found in the Hiphil, and means simply "to cause to stand," "for this purpose have I caused thee to stand." In close harmony with this is the Septuagint rendering, "For this cause thou hast been preserved." Calvin is not out of harmony with this general view, who renders it substantially, "I have brought thee forward and laid this part upon thee." Neither the Hebrew nor the Septuagint of the Old Testament passage justifies the interpretation, "I have called thee into existence." It is better to follow the Hebrew in general, "For this reason have I maintained thee in thy position;" or the Septuagint, "Thou hast been preserved."

"That I might show my power in thee" has been rendered "that I might make thee see my power." This is followed by a coordinate clause, "that my name might be declared throughout all the earth." The purpose, then, for which Pharaoh was raised was to make God's power known and his name sacred wherever this incident in the history of Pharaoh, especially in connection with its application in the Epistle to the Romans, is proclaimed. Pharaoh had resisted the successive plagues, which were intended to bring him to repentance for his persecution of God's people. With every resistance Pharaoh is said to have hardened his heart more and more, until finally the last plague led to his permission to allow the children of Israel to go. Afterward he again became obdurate and pursued God's people until he was overthrown in the midst of the sea. Thus, wherever the story has been told, it has been a demonstration of God's power and a proclamation of God's name. The whole history of the plagues in Egypt is a history of supernatural manifestations which are afterward affirmed in this quotation of Paul in the Epistle to the Romans. It shows God ruling in the affairs of men, but ruling also in the spirit of benevolence. The accompanying verse affirms his mercy, and not his wrath, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." Pharaoh was not called into being in order that he might be punished for a disobedience which he could not help, but he was maintained in his position that thereby this manifestation of God might be more widely diffused and more generally proclaimed among men. The whole conception of the passage is of divine mercy, rather than of wrath.

DISCRIMINATION IN THE USE OF CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

THE age is a literary one. The articles produced every year would fill volumes. Christian literature is specially abundant, and its influence is amazing. That line of thinking, either in science or art, in theology or philosophy, which dominates the choicest literature, dominates the mind of the young. Perhaps we do not appreciate at its full the influence of the great publishing houses, and especially that of the foremost magazines and papers, on the thought of the age. Just here lies a point of danger. The publishers of literary productions of all kinds, whether Christian or non-Christian, are anxious to increase the financial results which proceed from their business. Hence, they study the tastes of the people, and produce that which they think will be acceptable to the largest body of their readers. The modern biblical criticism, or if one prefers to call it, the literary criticism which is now in vogue, derives its prominence in part from the fact that it is constantly promulgated in the literature of the country, especially in encyclopedias and periodicals. Thus, wherever one turns for information, he is likely to fall in with the critical method and ideas which are most likely to meet with favor from the greatest number of readers. Hence the school of thought in theology

or criticism which dominates the choicest literature of the country will exert a lasting impression upon contemporary ideas.

Every cause that would reach the best results for itself must do so by providing for its students a suitable literature. Modern destructive criticism would surely have perished at its birth but for the hold it got on the thought of the period through its literary productions. Professor Green, in his *Introduction to the Old Testament*, remarks concerning the eighteenth century, quoting from Alexander: "The Bible now began to be studied and expounded as a classic, with reference merely to the laws of taste. Upon this principle the great work of Eichhorn was constructed, the first complete introduction to the books of the Old Testament, the influence of which has been incalculably great in giving an infidel character to modern German exegesis." Referring to the question of exegesis, the influence of DeWette and Meyer has been very marked in spreading one kind of exegesis, while that of Hodge and Ellicott has been effective in influencing thought in a different direction.

It is important that ministers read the best books. They have not time for inferior productions, so many of which proceed from the press. The best literature cannot be irreverent. It is not wise to read books, however elegant in diction or scholarly in expression, that treat sacred things without a due appreciation of their importance. No such writer can have an adequate comprehension of the great problems with which the minister has to deal, and hence the reading of his works will be a waste of time. Nor can one read with advantage books that are onesided only, even if not unfair. On all great subjects there must be differences of opinion among the most trained minds. It is only superficial people who attend to one side of the subject exclusively. All great Christian problems of to-day should have a fair hearing.

This is true of the great biblical problems which agitate the minds of so many thoughtful ministers and people. The presumption, however, for the Christian minister must be in favor of that which is handed down by the scholars and thinkers and devout men of the past. It can only be set aside in his thinking by arguments that are absolutely convincing. And this is one of the dangers of a part of our modern literature on these subjects. This presumes that the new view is necessarily the right view, and does not give adequate attention to those who in the centuries past have reached conclusions which are now regarded as traditional. It must always be remembered that a tradition may have had at its beginning a genuine historical basis. The new literature must not displace the old, and both should receive fair and honest consideration by the thoughtful minister of the Gospel. It is not well to follow any human master exclusively. Lexicographers are not infallible. Students often turn to a lexicon to ascertain what is the precise meaning of a word, and do not always remember that if the word represents a controverted matter a lexicographer may be unconsciously biased by his preconceived opinions, even when intending to be most fair.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

THE BOOK OF DANIEL AND THE MONUMENTS.

THE Protestant world will, during the present month, devote special attention to the book of Daniel. No less than four of the lessons selected by the International Sunday School committee are taken from the first part of this book. The more thoughtful teachers and older scholars will necessarily consider its authorship, authenticity, age, aim, and character. The conclusions at which they arrive will very largely depend upon the helps used in the preparation of the lesson. This is fortunate, for the vagaries and the deductions of the so-called historical critics have not as a rule yet found their way into the literature of our Sunday schools.

Till comparatively recent times this remarkable book was all but universally regarded as the work of Daniel, who was carried to Babylon about 607 B. C., and who continued to live there till about 538 or 536 B. C. To-day, however, there are critics who deny the very existence of Daniel; and many more, though accepting the historical character of the man who is made to play so important a part in the narrative, yet maintain that the narratives themselves are in no way historical, but are rather religious stories, mostly legendary, written, not by Daniel nor even by any of his contemporaries, but rather by some "unknown moralist of the Maccabean age"—say about 167 B. C.—to encourage the faithful Jews who maintained their faith under the dreadful persecutions of Antiochus Epiphanes.

Whatever may be the real arguments at present against the Danielic authorship of the book, the time was when the rationalistic critics rejected its historical character chiefly on account of the prevalence in it of the miraculous and prophetic. This could not have been otherwise, for it was a canon of their criticism that no book of the Bible could be historical which presupposed so much of the supernatural element. In the course of time many Christian scholars have accepted the conclusions of the destructive critics while professedly rejecting their rationalistic premises. This is the occasion of so much unrest in the biblical criticism of our day. If the book of Daniel is nothing but a pretty religious story, without any historical basis, it makes no difference where, when, or by whom it was written, for no one needs to tax his faith or credulity to believe in the miraculous deliverance from the lions' den and the fiery furnace, or in the minute details of prophecy that are given in the book. If, however, it was written about 538 or even 500 B. C. by an eyewitness, it would be certainly difficult for those who believe in the miraculous and prophetic elements, whether in the Old or New Testament, to deny the reality of the events which are

therein enumerated. Let it be granted, on the other hand, that the Book of Daniel was written three or four hundred years after the close of the captivity, and sufficient time would have elapsed for the growth of the most ridiculous and exaggerated stories. Smooth it over as we may, the destructive biblical critics have a decided passion for depressing the dates of the books.

We are told by Professor E. L. Curtis, the latest writer on Daniel, that "the ancient Jewish opinion and the prevailing Christian one, until recent times, has been generally abandoned, and the book in its present form must be assigned to the age of Antiochus Epiphanes (B. C. 175-163)." The learned professor, after discussing the matter at some length, evidently feels the inconclusiveness of his arguments and says: "The great difficulty, of course, in assigning the Book of Daniel to the late date is the fact that caps. 7-12 are represented as revelations of the future given to Daniel during the exile. But this difficulty vanishes the moment one considers how prevailing in Old Testament and among Jewish writers was the custom of representing present messages as given in the past to ancient worthies. Thus, the law of Deuteronomy is given as though spoken to Moses in the land of Moab, and the legislation of P as though revealed to Moses in the wilderness." This observation of Professor Curtis seems like reasoning in a circle, and will not satisfy the very large majority of American Christians who still believe in the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch.

Arguments against the supernatural elements in the book are now crowded to the background, and, naturally so, for to the destructive critic they are puerile, unworthy of notice. Much stress is therefore laid upon the language of Daniel. The critics point out some Persian and Greek words, and see in them a positive proof of a late date. Though Driver finds fifteen Persian words, it may be a question whether more than nine of these are surely Persian. Now, several of them are nouns denoting titles or offices, as "satrap," "counselor," "judge," "lawyer," "president." There certainly could be nothing improbable that a man like Daniel, brought up at the court and acquainted with court language, should use some unusual foreign words. Yet few Persian terms could have well found their way into Babylon during the lifetime of Daniel. As to the Greek words, there are only three of these—all names of musical instruments—to which objections have been made. The occurrence of these three words does not establish a late date for the book. History and archæology sufficiently prove that there was much intercourse between the Euphrates valley, all parts of Asia Minor, and even Greece, to say nothing of Egypt, centuries before the age of Daniel. Sargon (722 B. C.)—as had other monarchs before him—made captures in many places where the Greek language was spoken. "He led off prisoners, and received tributes from Cyprus, Ionia, Lydia, and Cilicia, which were Greek lands."

Too much is also made of the Aramaic portion of the book, as well as

of the character of the Hebrew. Indeed, the critics themselves are in no manner of agreement on the question of language. Even as radical a critic as Professor Cheyne says: "From the Hebrew of the Book of Daniel no important inference as to its date can be drawn. It is true, Aramaisms abound, but this feature is common to all the later books of the Old Testament. Nor, in spite of the assertions of controversial writers on both sides, can any argument be based on the fact (strange as it seems) that the Book of Daniel is written in two languages or dialects."

The four principal characters, aside from the Hebrews, mentioned in the book are Nebuchadnezzar (more correctly Nebuchadrezzar), Cyrus, Belshazzar, and Darius the Mede. The first two are well known to Babylonian history. There are a very large number of tablets, bricks, and other monuments on which they are mentioned and glorified. So our critics have little to say regarding the rôle played by these two in our book. Wherefore we shall pass them by. Not so with Belshazzar and Darius. Indeed, in the first part of our century it was quite usual for the destructive critic to read out both these persons from the pages of history. Strangely enough, there are biblical critics who are ready to deny the historicity of any character, unless supported by evidence other than that offered in the Hebrew Scriptures. And if, perchance, some tablet or cylinder is discovered in the ruins of any ancient temple or palace which in any way disagrees with the Bible, then the latter is always at fault, and must be rejected. And yet, was it any more impossible for a Babylonian, Egyptian, or Persian scribe to have made a mistake than for a Hebrew writer?

Both Darius and Belshazzar are styled "kings," in Daniel. Neither Berosus, the Greek writers, nor yet the cuneiform inscriptions recognize them as such. This is especially true of Darius. Bold, however, is the man who will argue too much from the silence of the monuments. They have not spoken their last word. Indeed, only a small portion of the mounds supposed to contain them have been explored, and, besides, a very large proportion of the monuments already discovered yet remain undeciphered.

The custom of changing names is a very ancient one, as is attested in the case of Joseph in Egypt. That it was common in the time of Daniel is also clear. Something of the kind may have been the case with Darius. Indeed, Josephus tells us that he was known to the Greeks by another name (*Ant.* x, 11, 4). Both the Book of Daniel and the monuments agree that Babylon was not captured by Cyrus himself, but by another, namely, by Darius, according to Daniel, and by Ugbaru (Gobryas) according to the monuments, where we read: "On the 16th of Tammuz (June) Ugbaru, governor of Gutium [part of Kurdistan] and the troops of Cyrus, entered Babylon without fighting." Mr. Pinches, of the British Museum, maintains that Gobryas and Darius may be identical, and that during the absence of Cyrus he was practically the viceroy.

Several things seem to corroborate this view. In Daniel v, 31, we read that "Darius the Mede *received* the kingdom, not "*took*," as in the Authorized Version. This expression, as commentators point out, describes a delegation of authority rather than an inherited succession or capture. It is again stated in Daniel that Darius was sixty-two years old when Belshazzar was slain. This agrees with a remark in Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, where we read that Gobryas "was a man in years." If Darius had been a mythical character why should the author of Daniel have told us that he was just sixty-two years old, or why should he state his family connection and nationality?

There was also a remarkable silence maintained by the Greek and Babylonian writers in regard to Belshazzar. Neither Herodotus nor Berosus mentions him. For that reason he also has been condemned to the realm of myth. The discoveries of Sir H. Rawlinson and others have rescued him from oblivion. Four cylinders found in 1854 at the temple of the moon god, at Mugheir (Ur of the Chaldees), have forever silenced those who had no place for Belshazzar. The cylinder bearing a lengthy inscription of Nabonidus, too long to be reproduced in full, says among other things the following: "I am Nabonidus, king of Babylon, maintainer of the temples of Bit-Saggil and Bit-gida, worshiper of the great gods. . . ." "Set the fear of thy great godhead in the heart of Belshazzar, my firstborn son, my own offspring; and let him not commit sin, in order that he may enjoy the fullness of life." There is another inscription by the same king, much longer than the one just mentioned, but which, at the very point where Belshazzar is named, is so mutilated that nothing but the following remains, "Belshazzar my firstborn son . . . lengthen his days, let him not commit sin." The name of Belshazzar is also found on a large number of business tablets on which he is styled "the son of the king." One such refers to his leasing a house, another to the purchase of some wool, while a third is a note for money borrowed, secured by mortgage on the growing crops in the field. These are dated 551, 545, and 544 B. C. respectively. On the so-called "Annalistic Tablet of Cyrus," first published by Pinches in 1880, we find frequent references to Belshazzar. Though the tablet is mainly concerned with the life of Nabonidus and his final overthrow by Cyrus, Belshazzar is represented as playing a most important part. We shall only quote the following: "In the seventh year (B. C. 548) the king, Nabonidus, was in the city of Tema [also spelled Teva, near Babylon]. The king's son, the great men, and his troops were in Accad [northern Babylon]." Both father and son continue to occupy the same positions during the ninth, tenth, and the eleventh year. What happened between the eleventh and the seventeenth is not known; the imperfect condition of the inscription affords no intelligence. In the seventeenth year of Nabonidus, however, which is also the last of his reign, the conditions change. Cyrus invades northern Babylonia. The king and crown prince exchange places, the former takes command of the

army in Accad, and the latter is sent to defend the capital and to administer affairs in the absence of his father. Cyrus first takes Sippara. Nabonidus flees southward, but is taken prisoner. One of Cyrus's generals, Gobryas, is dispatched against the capital, which is captured without much, if any, opposition.

The ease with which Babylon was taken by the Persians is explained by the inscription, which may be regarded as Cyrus's proclamation. From the document it becomes evident that Nabonidus, who, it must be remembered, was a usurper, had met considerable opposition both from the nobles and priests of Babylon. Nabonidus had not only forced himself upon the people, but had also attempted some radical changes in the religious affairs of the country. He had transferred the images of the gods from various temples to Babylon. This very naturally outraged the feelings of many influential priests. These points are brought out very clearly in several of the inscriptions. Take the following from what may be called "Cyrus's proclamation:" "I restored the gods who dwelt within them to their places. And I founded for them a seat that should be long-enduring; all their people I collected, and I restored their habitations. And the gods of Sumer and Accad, whom Nabonidus, to the anger of (Merodach) the lord of the gods, had brought into Babylon, I settled peacefully, by the command of Merodach the great lord, in their sanctuaries, in seats which their hearts desired." This policy of Cyrus to restore nations, gods, and sacred vessels is fully confirmed by the biblical account as to his treatment of the Jews.

But, to return to Belshazzar. His existence will never be doubted again. Neither can there be any valid objection to his being styled "king," in the Book of Daniel. For, as Rawlinson, in speaking of Nabonidus, says: "He had associated with him in the government his son, Belshazzar, or Bel-shar-uzur, the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar. . . . In his father's absence Belshazzar took the direction of affairs within the city." And there was one excellent reason why Nabonidus should have associated his son with him as coregent. It is the same old story over again. It was the politician trying to please the people. He, himself, having usurped the throne, and having married the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, would hasten to strengthen his dynasty by having a real descendant of the old, royal Babylonian line on the Babylonian throne. History has often repeated itself in this regard.

We see, therefore, that there is nothing strange that the writer of Daniel should have designated both Darius and Belshazzar as kings. If the emperors of Rome, centuries later, could appoint kings outside of Rome, as in the case of Herod—or indeed, to come nearer our own times, we might mention Napoleon—it is not at all surprising that Cyrus, perhaps from state policy, should have made his Median general, Gobryas, that is, Darius, ruler over Babylon, or, indeed, that both Darius and Belshazzar, who were *de facto* kings, should have been styled such in common parlance.

MISSIONARY REVIEW.**INCREASED HEATHEN POPULATION.**

A STATEMENT with an argument based on it concerning the alleged increase of the heathen population of the globe, which has been current for a few years past, is worthy a passing word. It has been commonly claimed that the increase of the non-Christian populations of the world within the past century so far exceeds the accessions of Christianity among them that there are many millions more non-Christians now in pagan and Moslem lands than at the commencement of the nineteenth century when the modern missionary movement took its rise.

There are several facts to be considered in reaching any conclusion about this claim. The motive of the writers, generally, who elaborate the argument places the argument itself in a suspected category. They, for the most part, aim to support in this way the theory that the world is not to be brought to Christ in the present dispensation—only a limited number being converted—and that the present dispensation requires only the proclamation of the Gospel as a witness among all nations, when the divine scheme will be changed.

We have no disposition here to argue the question as to the limitation on the Gospel, in the present effort at evangelization. Many devout Christians hold the view mentioned, and their zeal seems thereby greatly quickened to spread the knowledge of Christ. Our present purpose is only to say that the theory is liable to prejudice their view as to statistics, and hence warrants the challenge of their estimate regarding the pagan and Moslem populations of the world.

Let us consider a few statements needing attention. It is not easy to establish the fact of the increase of heathen populations in Africa. There are no statistics of a hundred years ago that can be at all relied on for the population of the continent at large, nor are there any now which are more than guesses. It is more than probable that causes have been operative which have greatly reduced the population of overwhelmingly large parts of the "Hinterland," the slave-raiding alone having practically depopulated large areas of the continent. The vast population of China is known to have been greatly reduced over large sections, as by the Taiping rebellion, and the constant trend of investigation is to lower the estimated figures for the country as a whole. These two sections, Asia and Africa, may be safely set down as containing one half of the unchristianized population of the race, and it is impossible to prove that there has been a numerical advance in their populations. Turning to India, it may be conceded that statistics appear to show a considerable increase in that country within a score of years; but even this claim is not established. The far greater accuracy of the last

British census would seem to show an advance on the preceding ten years; but the inaccuracy of the previous census must be reckoned with, before the contrast can be assured, and the extension of the latest tables so as to include geographical segments not embraced in previous counts must also be remembered. It must therefore be manifest that no reliable argument can be constructed on so precarious a premise.

On the other hand, it is well known that the conditions of life in Christian countries greatly accelerate the numerical growth of population, so that the ratios are constantly shifting in favor of these nations. They are severally doubling every twenty-five or fifty years, while even the census of India on its face shows that its population would not double in a hundred years. Thus, the increase of Christians who do the work of evangelizing, is out of all proportion to the increase of heathen, and there certainly is a growth in zeal for evangelization.

Furthermore, the penetration of Christian civilization and thought tends to change the character of the several systems of heathendom. If there are more Brahmans, there follows a weakened Brahmanism; if there are more Buddhists, there results less Buddhism. The intelligent Moslems in certain parts of the world recognize that they cannot hold their own without acquiring the learning and adopting some of the features of Christian civilization. The late Sayud Ahmad, who founded a Moslem college in India to teach Western learning, was only one of a multitude now coming to see that if they trust to strictly Moslem methods they must all be distanced in the race. The undermining of Hinduism has already awakened the suggestion that there may any day come an avalanche, carrying off whole mountain sides of the community and resulting in a great land-slide of heathenism.

If the extension of Christian governments over uncivilized people goes on it will tend to an increase of the population of the present heathen nations, and there may be, a half century hence, far more multitudes to reach than there are now. There is little prospect that the population of the world will decrease. But there is a moral certainty that the ratio of Christians will be greater, by the increase from birth-rate alone. A vast religious preparation has been accomplished for acquainting the people with the Christian religion, through the efforts of the Churches in the century just closed. The providence which has made the Christian nations politically dominant, which has thrown the wealth of the world into their coffers, and which has made them the teachers of other nations through the discoveries of modern science, now places the Christian Church in such a position of influence that there may be a greatly accelerated movement in the near future—even a great national turning to the Christian religion.

Thus, if it were true, as some have made bold to assert, that there are two hundred and fifty millions more non-Christians in the world than there were a century ago—a statement which we again say is not susceptible of being established—the new conditions for reaching them

would antagonize the claim that the world cannot be brought to Christ under the present dispensation, because it is not in the divine plan.

It is not proposed in these observations to say that the divine economy may not suddenly be changed and a new dispensation be inaugurated, but only to affirm that the argument based on the mere fact of the greater aggregate of heathen as compared with a century ago affords no support for the theory of the impossibility of the conversion of the world in the existing dispensation. All the factors necessary to be considered in this argument cannot be stated.

THE CONGO RAILROAD AND INTERIOR MISSION WORK IN AFRICA.

ALL the Christian world should be interested in the completion of the Congo Railroad, as it bears on the question of the evangelization of interior Africa. The river Congo is navigable for ocean steamers of twenty-five feet draught only for one hundred miles from its mouth, or, to Matadi. For two hundred miles above that point navigation is interrupted by cataracts, which, like a series of locks in a canal, let the water down from the great plain along which they have poured for an unbroken thousand miles, though there are some spaces between these cataracts which can be traversed by small boats and steam launches. It has hitherto been necessary to unload ocean steamers at Matadi and transport goods for the interior on men's heads to Stanley Pool, where the cataract system begins. During the past year the railroad has been completed between Stanley Pool and Matadi, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. From Stanley Pool the river is navigable for a straight thousand miles to Stanley Falls; and the great affluents of the Congo within this distance furnish another four thousand miles of water highway on which ply, at present, some fifty steamers. Beyond the point at which the steamers meet with obstructions on this great water highway are eight thousand more miles of water paths over which small steamers may go until boats and canoes must be used.

Any thoughtful person can see at a glance that these highways for trade are also available for the evangelization of the people. Last fall or winter a representative of the Church of England Missionary Society stationed at Uganda, in East Central Africa, returning to England chose the way of the Congo to reach the sea, and surprised the missionaries of the Upper Congo by happening in to spend the night with them. This has stirred a fresh desire to complete the "chain of missions" from "salt sea to salt sea." In fact, only two more stations are now necessary to complete the links of the chain, though the distances between the stations are very considerable. Krapf, the early missionary to East Africa, charged the Christian world to establish a "chain of missions across Africa." He left it, he said, as "a legacy" to all branches of the Christian Church. Bishop Taylor attempted the line from St. Paul de Loanda to the Upper Congo as a short cut for the chain. The open-

ing of the Congo Railway, however, makes the shortest way to be the passage up the great river. Vast difficulties had to be overcome to make the link of two hundred and fifty miles referred to around the cataracts. That having been completed, the forward movement into the interior of West and Central Africa must be greatly facilitated, and, if the government will subsidize the railway to aid in cheapening freights, there is no reason why the opportunity does not imply greater responsibility to advance on the interior of the "Dark Continent."

The retention of the Congo Free State in the hands of the king of Belgium is seemingly very important to the successful occupancy of the region by the Protestant missions. If he has been bankrupted, as is hinted, and there must be a redistribution of territory among the European nations, and if France should fall heir to the north bank of the Congo River, there would be a limitation of the prospective privilege of doing thoroughly evangelical work, not only because of the leaning of France to Romanism, but because she would probably do as she has done elsewhere in Africa, require the exclusive use of the French language in all schools.

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE FOR CHINA.

ELEVEN years ago a society was formed in China with a view of reaching the mandarins, the learned class of the empire, and others who in the providence of God are the leaders of one fourth of the human race. The effort has served to spread knowledge as to Christian countries and the foundations on which their prosperity rests. There is a spirit of inquiry unprecedented in this slowly-moving country, and great eagerness for information in regard to Western religion and civilization. The land is astir, and the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Literature has helped to bring about this state of things. The recently deposed emperor sent for books to the number of one hundred and twenty-nine, of which eighty-nine were publications of this society. One of the members of the Reform Society petitioned Li Hung Chang to memorialize the throne to make the *Review of the Times*, published by this agency, the organ of the government, and to have ten thousand copies printed monthly. This, of course, did not avail, but the Reform Society did print a paper called *Chinese Progress*, which attained a circulation of ten thousand, with branches in Hunan and Macao. This was one of the results of the attempt to stir the people through literary channels, though the paper was entirely independent of the Chinese Literature Society. When the Hunan people began to study the cause of China's defeat by Japan the Chancellor of Education advised the gentry to study the publications of this society, and they changed from a province the most violently antagonistic against Christianity and foreigners to one of the most friendly. All this emphasizes afresh the importance of literature as one of the agencies for the advance of the kingdom of Christ among such literary nations as China, India, and Persia.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK.

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

Paul Schwartzkopff. By several recent publications this writer has brought himself into prominence as a believer in the doctrine that Jesus Christ was not only not omniscient but that he erred in several instances. He affirms that these errors are the outgrowth of his human, as distinguished from his divine, nature, and that they do not affect his work as Saviour and Redeemer because they pertain in no case to the essentials of Christianity. He rejects the notion that Jesus was naturally omniscient, but voluntarily chose to desist from using this attribute. He holds that these errors in no way contradict the facts of Christ's sinlessness and deity. Some of Schwartzkopff's critics have tried to make it appear that since the matters in which Jesus is supposed to have erred were beliefs which he held in common with his times they cannot be regarded as evidence of errancy on the part of Christ. They argue that it is impossible to determine whether anyone is in error, except by referring his opinions to the existing state of knowledge, and that it is not proper to speak of the errors of those who lived in a past age and who held opinions which we now reject, but that we must simply regard their state of knowledge as less advanced than ours. If this were true, then Jesus could be held as errant only in case he misunderstood the teachings of his times. If he understood them, on the other hand, he would have to be regarded as inerrant. We have no disposition to defend his inerrancy on unreliable grounds. This, we think, these critics of Schwartzkopff have done. Take a special example of alleged error, for illustration. Schwartzkopff says that Jesus erred in taking the story of Jonah for real history. Now, if it should be assumed for the sake of argument that it is not real history, the fact that the people of Christ's time held it to be such does not relieve Jesus of the charge of error, if he believed as they believed. The truth, on that supposition, was on one side, and Jesus and his contemporaries were on the other. If to err is to miss the truth he and they must be held to have erred. It does not relieve his case to say that he could not have gone beyond his age. That would be only to say that Jesus was capable of error, which is what Schwartzkopff asserts. On the other hand, if to err is merely to misunderstand the beliefs of one's times, one might err by erroneously understanding one's times to teach what later ages will see to be exact truth. The whole subject of the infinity of Christ's knowledge needs study and elucidation.

Carl Clemen. Should he live to complete a work which he has undertaken, entitled *Die Christliche Lehre von der Sünde* (The Christian Doctrine of Sin), Göttingen, Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht, 1897, and should

the doctrinal, historical, and dogmatic parts be equal in value to the first part, which sets forth the biblical doctrine ("Die biblische Lehre") of sin, he will do for our generation a work that will earn the thanks of all future students of theology. It is not so much in the conclusions reached by Clemen as in his method of going about his work that his value consists. His method is to give an exegesis of a passage, not by direct statement of his own views, but by recounting and refuting the interpretations which he rejects. The reader thereby secures a history and compendium of interpretations, and at the same time it affords Clemen an opportunity to develop gradually his point of view, so that when he is ready to state it his readers are prepared to see its reasonableness and force. It is the difference between painting a picture with and without a background. The reader also has the advantage of a choice between many opinions. If he cannot accept Clemen's interpretation he may find another that suits him better. Nor is there danger by this method that the author will cause any studious reader to lose sight of the fundamental point under discussion. The method affords a constantly growing climax for every smaller and larger question considered. As a mere model of method Clemen should be studied. Doubtless, too, a work on the Christian doctrine of sin is exceedingly valuable. The sense of sin is unquestionably declining among us, and a new and masterly work on the subject will recall our attention to a fearful fact. Yet we cannot help sympathizing with one reviewer of Clemen who points out how valuable a work would be which should portray the characters of the Bible under the one aspect of how they thought and felt about sin and how they struggled with, and by the grace of God triumphed, over it. Were it possible to write such a work it would present a somewhat melancholy picture. It would be a drama in which the tragic element would play a chief part. But it certainly would have an impressiveness which no merely impersonal study of sin—no study of sin in the abstract—could secure. It is to be devoutly hoped that preachers will not so much proclaim the didactics of sin from the theological standpoint as follow the more personal and concrete method now mentioned.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Das kirchliche Bücherverbot (Ecclesiastical Prohibition of Books). Mayence, Franz Kirchheim, 1897. By Joseph Hollweck. On January 23, 1897, Pope Leo XIII issued an "Apostolic Constitution" relative to the reading of books by the faithful of the Roman Catholic Church. Prior to that no general regulation had been issued since the bull of Benedict XIV, in 1753. Hollweck is a Roman Catholic professor of canonical law, and his book is a brief commentary on the Constitution of Leo XIII. Hollweck finds that the regulations issued by Leo are distinctly more moderate than those of his predecessors. For example, the writings of the heresiarchs, such as Luther, Calvin, and Döllinger, are no longer abso-

lutely forbidden. They may be read, if they contain nothing contrary to the Roman Catholic doctrine or Church. But while the regulations of Leo are less severe than those of Benedict, Hollweck regards them as being more severe than the actual practice, which had become somewhat lax. And not only had the practice become lax, but formerly the papal censure or prohibition of books was spoken of slightly. At present it is customary among Roman Catholics to speak of the Index respectfully. Hollweck affirms that the purpose of the Constitution is neither to favor nor to suppress any scientific tendency or opinion, but solely to protect the faith and the morals of the Church. Nevertheless, it must not be overlooked that it is not uncommon for scientific tendencies and opinions to be regarded as detrimental to faith and morals, so that freedom of investigation in science is really dependent upon the judgment of the pope. Many curious questions in reference to the prohibited reading are still left unanswered by the Church. It is uncertain how much one might read in a forbidden book without incurring the penalty attached to the prohibition. Some authorities hold that in the perusal of a single line one incurs the entire guilt; others would allow several pages. Hollweck thinks that if one should read, say five or six pages, in a forbidden book he would be guilty whether what he read contained any injurious matter or not. It is a question, also, whether one is guilty who, though he may not himself read, listens to the reading of prohibited books. Hollweck also opposes those literal interpreters who regard the printing of books as sinful, taking the word "printing" to include the setting of the type and the running of the press, but excluding the reading of the proof. A further matter of dispute is as to whether one dare read an unbound, but may not read a bound, periodical. The Protestant may well thank God that he is left free to choose for himself what he shall read, and that his responsibility is to God and not to the pope.

Der Kampf um die Schrift in der deutsch-evangelischen Kirche des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts (The Conflict Relative to the Scripture in the German-Evangelical Church during the Nineteenth Century). Berlin, Reuther und Reichard, 1898. By P. Gennrich. This is not a contribution to the conflict in question, but is rather a review of it. Gennrich regards it a question of utmost importance as to whether the German Church shall be able to adjust itself to the new view of Scripture. His conclusion is that, notwithstanding all the differences of opinion relative to the Scripture among the German Protestants, they have reached a position upon which all practically agree. That position is, in brief, the one held by the Reformers, which concerns all the religious interests of the old dogmatics. He divides the struggles of the present century into two phases, the first being confined chiefly to the circles of scientific theology. The second phase began about 1890, and was participated in by the pastors and even by the laity. Gennrich holds: (1) That the authority of the Scripture does not rest upon any definite

theory relative to its origin, but upon the experience which the believer has of its power; (2) That the authority of the Scripture is, in the last analysis, the authority of Jesus Christ, and each portion of the Scripture is authoritative in proportion as it reveals Jesus to our faith; (3) That the revelation demands both a religious and historical comprehension. But the first is ignored by what he calls "historical-critical empiricism;" the second, by an unhistorical supernaturalism; (4) That the Scripture becomes a means of grace as far as the Spirit of God employs it to awaken faith. From the Scripture we gain a knowledge of the true form of the divine revelation and of the Christian life, and it can accomplish the last only by first accomplishing the impartation of knowledge. Gennrich proceeds on the supposition that the old doctrine of inspiration is hopelessly shattered. This is held by many in America, as well as in Germany; and not only pastors, but also many of the laity, are profoundly interested in the outcome. One of the great sources of difficulty in the United States has been the failure to distinguish between essentials and nonessentials in the controversy. If the parties to the conflict were to seek the points in which they agree, rather than those in which they disagree, they would probably be surprised to find how much they hold in common.

Der Prolog des vierten Evangeliums. Sein polemisch-apologetischer Zweck (The Prologue to the Fourth Gospel. Its Polemic Apologetic Purpose). By W. Baldensperger, Freiburg i. B., J. C. B. Mohr, 1898. As early as 1871, and then again in 1893, in the "*Hand-Commentar zum Neuen Testament*," Holtzmann had called attention to the fact that possibly there was a good deal more of an effort on the part of the disciples of John, the Baptizer, to make out their master as the Messiah than we now suppose. Baldensperger has seized upon this hint, and has worked it out into a theory designed to explain the origin of the prologue to the fourth gospel and, indeed, of that gospel's entire Christology. In other words, he undertakes to explain the prologue and Christology of the fourth gospel as a polemic against the sect which gathered about the person of John the Baptist, and as a defense of the claims of Jesus against those made for John the Baptist. Anyone who will read the first chapter of John with this idea in mind will be impressed with the fact that John is exceedingly careful to distinguish between Jesus and John the Baptist, and to bring out the subordinate relation of the latter to the former. Nor are we left in doubt, even by the New Testament, as to the existence of followers of John the Baptist, probably in the form of a sect (see Acts xix, 3, where we learn that the sect had its adherents in Ephesus). The New Testament also gives us a hint of a jealousy on the part of John's disciples toward Jesus (John iii, 25-30). Our interest in the theory, however, lies in the conclusion of Baldensperger that the Christology of John's gospel is determined by the necessary antagonism to the sect of the Baptists, and that, after the growing

Church had thus, as it were accidentally, acquired its Christology, it held to a doctrine of Christ which completely obliterated the original portrait of him, forgetful of the occasion of John's representations. Aside from this new attempt to cast doubt on the authenticity of the representations in John's gospel, the theory has little in its support. For example, it has nothing like as much evidence as the once popular, but now generally rejected, theory of Baur that the New Testament writings nearly all bear witness to the existence of a Pauline and a Petrine party in the early Church. If Baur's theory will not bear the light, how much less this of Baldensperger. One may find evidence of a sect of the followers of John the Baptist and of their jealousy of the growing popularity of Jesus; but there is no evidence, unless the fourth gospel furnishes it, that there was any widespread struggle between them and the disciples of Jesus, such as could lead to a perversion of the facts in the interests of the latter.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Prussian Minister at the Papal Court. The propriety of having a representative from Prussia at the Vatican has been more or less agitated from time to time, and now Professor Mirbt has published a small pamphlet in which he takes decided ground against the official recognition by Prussia of the secular power of the pope. From present appearances there is no probability that Prussia will refuse the pope this recognition by withdrawing her representative; for both Parliament and press seem to oppose such action. Mirbt takes the position that, as the kingdom of Prussia existed for a hundred years without such a representative, it could not suffer from his withdrawal now. It is claimed that when diplomatic relations were begun again in 1806 it was under the impression that the power of the papacy was broken, and that it would continue to become more and more harmless as our century progressed. The pope certainly has a double advantage as head of the Church—professedly the only Church—and as a secular ruler. As the former, the secular power cannot well interfere with him; as the latter, he cannot well be held responsible, since, if the Church goes wrong, he is a secular ruler, and if his politics are not agreeable, he is the head of the Church. It is significant that Frederick the Great refused to accredit a Prussian representative to the court of the pope.

"Wanted a Converted Assistant Pastor." Such was the announcement recently published in one of the most influential journals of the Fatherland. The pastor was sick, and needed an assistant for a few weeks. He was not particular whether this assistant was ordained or not, but he must be "converted." That this was a somewhat peculiar "want" to announce through the public press is certain; and it is not surprising that it should have attracted some unfavorable attention. The

objection to it which seems to be most prominent in the German mind is that it is a bid for hypocrisy, since the candidate's conversion was to be established chiefly by his own profession. But this would not be the case were conversion a systematic part of the German State Church's scheme. Wholesale hypocrisy is impossible. Nothing that has come under our observation for years has so completely set forth the chief defect in the life of the German Church as this "want." It is not their doctrine nor their adherence to the results of the higher criticism which is to blame for the deadness of their churches, but the fact that conversion is not insisted upon. We imagine there are some congregations in America that would join in the demand for a converted pastor.

Mission Work Among the Belgians. Some light may be thrown upon the criticism of Germans on missionary work among their people by the fact that the Germans themselves are engaged in a similar work among the Roman Catholic Belgians. The population of Belgium is made up of two classes, the Flemish and the Walloons. The Flemish are reported by the missionaries to be superstitious in the highest degree, and absolutely submissive to their priests, even in politics. The Walloons, on the other hand, are anticlerical and quite inclined to reject Christianity, which they identify with Roman Catholicism. Both elements of the population are reported as excessively addicted to drunkenness and unchastity. The missionaries make all these facts a basis for their sense of duty in carrying the pure Gospel to Belgium. Their avowed purpose is to correct the errors of the Flemish religionists and to lead the free-thinking Walloons to a recognition of the claims of Jesus Christ upon them. The work, thus far, has been more successful among the Walloons than among the Flemish.

The Woman Question in Germany. The space given to this topic in the religious and secular press of Germany shows it to be one of the burning questions of to-day. There is scarcely a meeting of ecclesiastics, or of those organizations devoted to the solution of German religious problems, which does not take the subject into consideration. "Woman's rights" will be agitated until the present unsatisfactory situation is modified. The only question the German ecclesiastics feel called upon now to settle is how to control the movement, and thus save it from falling into antichristian hands. As in this country, so there, the Church is divided in sentiment. Some wish the entire emancipation of women; others, on the alleged scriptural ground, desire to continue women in a state of comparative subjection. Among the women themselves there are those who deny even the intrinsic distinction of femininity and masculinity, asserting that, so far as such a distinction exists, it is the result of education. We should not be surprised if conservative Germany would forestall progressive America in the so-called emancipation of woman.

SUMMARY OF THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

ACROSS the path of commercial enterprise—in the estimate of many students of our social conditions—the trust now looms in its mammoth proportions as a menace to the public thrift. The mercenary spirit and the insatiable greed charged against it are evidently becoming the subjects of increased editorial comment. In the *Review of Reviews* (New York) for June, Byron W. Holt contributes an article of this nature on "Trusts—The Rush to Industrial Monopoly," whose statistics and assertions are startling. "Few people," he says, "appreciate the extent to which prices and rates are fixed by monopolies and combinations. Outside of grains, vegetables, and fruits in manufactured forms and of live stock, it is difficult to purchase any article upon which there is not an artificial price, fixed either by the producers of the article itself, by the producers of the raw materials used in making the article, by the dealers in it, or by agreements between any or all connected with the manufacture or sale of the article." As to the number of existing trusts and similar organizations Mr. Holt writes: "Besides the incorporated trusts, which probably number more than five hundred in the United States, and are capitalized at \$6,000,000,000 to \$8,000,000,000, although their actual capital is probably less than \$3,000,000,000, there are perhaps five hundred more agreements and pools between competing manufacturers and transporters which, from the standpoint of the consumer, are as effective, injurious, and obnoxious to just the same extent as are the great corporate trusts. These agreements are often, if not usually, kept secret, and the public has little or no knowledge of them until some competitor or former member announces the facts or brings suit against the trust." Of the effect of trusts upon prices and labor the author speaks as follows: "As yet it is a moot question whether any trust has given us lower-priced products than we would have received from independent producers. Perhaps the prices most frequently quoted by trust advocates are those of sugar and refined oil. And yet there is no justification for their claims in either of these cases. Sugar would certainly, and oil probably, have been cheaper had there been no trust in either of these industries. . . . The prices of wire nails have been advanced about one hundred per cent since the trust was formed, and some mills have been closed. The village of Duncansville, Pa., is almost ruined by the action of the wire and cotton tie trusts, which have closed all of the factories in the place. . . . The prices of nearly all manufactured articles have advanced from ten to fifty per cent during the last eight months. Chemical experts tell us that adulterations are on the increase. The recent slight advances in wages are perhaps insufficient to offset the great advance in prices, so that as yet wage-earners, except that more are employed, may not be as well off as they were a year ago." As

to antitrust legislation the writer says: "Besides the antitrust laws now on the statutes of nearly thirty States, many severe laws are certain to be passed during the next year against trusts, department stores, insurance companies, etc. It is probable that most of these laws will be mischievous and harmful to business interests, as is the recent Arkansas law, which is handicapping business in that State by preventing cheap and safe insurance. . . . The better way is to remove all obstructions, such as come from special privileges and natural and legal monopolies, and to open the natural opportunities to production." And, finally, trusts, in the estimate of Mr. Holt, are to continue. "Their number may decrease from the tendency of big ones to gobble up little ones, as is now being done in the iron and steel industries, where a single billion-dollar trust may soon control all branches of these industries in the entire process of manufacture, from the ore mines to the merchants and consumers. That many of the recently organized trusts will fail is reasonably certain. That their collapse will cause great disturbance in the business and financial world is more than probable. But to suppose that their failure will put us back to the single-mill system of production of even ten years ago is absurd."

THE charm and the importance of Hebrew prophecy are set forth by Bishop E. R. Hendrix in the May-June number of the *Methodist Review* (Nashville, Tenn.) of the Church, South. "Moses, Samuel, and Isaiah," he writes, "are God's three great spokesmen, each ushering in a new era. The first gave the law; the second sought the reformation of the morals of the people by the upright administration of justice and the regular organization of the prophetic order; while to Isaiah, who spoke in consolations rather than in lamentations, was given the joy of announcing, 'Unto us the child is born, unto us the Son is given.'" The bishop's article is entitled, "The Prophet as a Spokesman of God." In a contribution devoid of "metaphysical speculations" and "doubtful theories," which contains no "controversial polemic;" and which avoids the use of all "ambiguous and disputed terms," Professor M. S. Terry considers with his usual clearness and force the "Biblical Doctrine of Human Sinfulness." W. E. Edwards, D.D., follows with a paper entitled "Victor Cousin; and the True, the Beautiful, and the Good," in which he pays the highest tribute to one whom Sir William Hamilton called "the first philosopher of France." The succeeding papers are "Anglican Articles Omitted from the Methodist Confession," by T. O. Summers, D.D., LL.D.; "Hawaii," by B. W. Arnold, Jr., Ph.D.; and "Spanish California," by Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald. Each is deserving of particular comment for its subject and manner of treatment. In his article on "Popular Historical Interest and the Revised National Conscience" Professor H. N. Snyder shows that the "historic sense" which had its early development in the United States has of late had "a

quite noteworthy revival." In a comprehensive review of the volume recently published on the great chancellor of Germany, Dr. W. H. Withrow describes "The Real Bismarck." Metta Folger Townsend follows with a paper which is entitled, "On Reading Martin Chuzzlewit," and the editor concludes the contributed articles with a strong review of Professor Bowne's recent publication, under the title of "An Idealist's Prescription for Modern Materialism." The editorial departments of the publication are, as usual, varied and ably conducted.

WHILE Germany has not of late attracted attention by any quarrel in China or Africa, by participation in the affairs of Crete, or by another Dreyfus scandal, yet her condition is far from that of stagnation. In the May issue of the *Yale Review* (New Haven, Conn.) appears an article by H. H. Powers, written in Berlin, which discusses "The Political Drift of Germany" and points out some of the important developments that are now taking place within the borders of the Fatherland. One of these is the effort to settle the problem of imperial federation. The alliance of the German States is unlike that of the American. The north of Germany is Protestant, the south is generally Catholic. The States have been at war for centuries, and are very unequal in size, "Prussia being more than a match for all the rest put together." In Germany's union of monarchies "the monarchs, small and great, have no possibility of greatness outside of their own territories. This bottling up of ambition tends strongly to perpetuate the particularism of the German States." The most striking instance of local agitation lately occurring is that at Lippe-Detmold, a principality having "about one third the area and population of Rhode Island," where the children of its present incumbent by order of the emperor have been refused the right of recognition to the succession. The meaning of all the irritation, writes Mr. Powers, "is that a policy of tactless centralization is being opposed by a sentiment of sullen separatism which the genius of Bismarck and his imperial assistant did so much to repress." The parliamentary situation in Germany, continues the author, is in close connection with this movement. Unlike the House of Commons in England, the German Commons, or *Reichstag*, is not supreme. Bureaucracy is gaining on parliamentarism. Again, the emperor "is still a power in German politics, and he who omits that factor from his calculations reckons without his host." William II "is not a liberal monarch" —though conscientious, industrious, and perhaps able—and punishment for disrespect shown him still goes on. And, lastly, the recent serious restriction of academic freedom is a significant fact. The prosecution of Professor Delbrück, of Berlin, by the government for his criticism on the expulsion of certain Danes from the empire is an instance to the point. "The sensation is immense. The professor has been greeted every day since the prosecution was announced by a perfect ovation from

his enormous classes, and all Berlin testifies to the esteem of which the government declares him to be unworthy." The first decade of the reign of William II, in short, has not contributed to the rectification of the evils mentioned. The radical party is rapidly growing; and at some future date it or its successor is destined to win a majority, when there will be an instant reapportionment of seats. "The divine right of kings? Well, yes, in a sense, certainly. The nineteenth century has not come to destroy, but to fulfill. No century ever recognized more fully that the powers that be are ordained of God. But the voice of the people is the voice of God."

THE June number of the *Missionary Review* (New York) contains the following general articles: 1. "The Sudan and the Sudanese (Map and Illustrations)," by Rev. C. T. Wilson; 2. "The Problem of City Evangelization (Illustrated)," by Dr. A. T. Pierson, Editor-in-Chief; 3. "Samoa—Its People and Missions (Map and Illustrations)," by Rev. J. M. Alexander; 4. "The Present Center of the Slave Trade (with Map)," by Rev. S. M. Zwemer, F.R.G.S.; 5. "Reflections After a Winter Tour in India (Illustrated)," by Rev. F. B. Meyer; 6. "The Church Missionary Society Centenary," by Rev. A. R. Buckland. The other departments of the publication are comprehensive, and the magazine is one of the most able of its class.

THE *Conference Examiner* (Minneapolis, Minn.) for May-June has an editorial on "The Logos;" "The Pastor's Study of Men," by S. C. Bronson, D.D.; "The Preacher and the Times," by Rev. T. W. Stout; "Church Finances," by Rev. W. H. Holmes; "A Review of 'Studies of the Mind in Christ,'" by Rev. W. B. Norton, Ph.D.; "Clarke's 'Outline of Christian Theology,'" by De Loss Tompkins, D.D.; "The Training of John Wesley," by Professor J. A. Faulkner; and "Representative Knowledge; a Lesson in Psychology." These articles, with the literary and editorial notes that follow, contain much of importance for the student ministers of our Church.

THE May and June numbers of the *North American Review* (New York) appear under the new editorial management of G. B. M. Harvey, with a page of enlarged size and the usual variety of articles discussing social and national questions.

THE *Preacher's Magazine* (New York) has in its June number: "The Genius of Knowing and Teaching," by Rev. W. B. Pickard; "Modern Biblical Scholarship," by Professor J. A. Beet; "Those Patient and Passionless Statistics," by Rev. W. Harrison; "Extract from a Memorial Oration," by Judge Leo Rassieur; and many suggestive paragraphs in the departments of homiletics, Sunday school teaching, and prayer meeting worship.

BOOK NOTICES.

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

Modern Interpretations of the Gospel Life. By ADOLF AUGUSTUS BERLE, Minister of the Brighton Congregational Church, Boston. 8vo, pp. 328. Boston and Chicago: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, \$2.

The author dedicates his book to the memory of his father, "whose intellectual courage and abundant human sympathies held under the sway of a steady purpose of will and a resolute love of liberty and truth have been the inspiration" of his life. The effort of his ministry has been "to present a spiritual view of the application of the Christian Gospel to the whole of modern life as we live it in America." As one part of this effort he has "tried to apply the teachings of Christ to the social and political life of our time, an experiment always fruitful of danger and misunderstanding, but none the less necessary." These "interpretations" are not final declarations of opinion or dogma. Mr. Berle's conception of preaching the Gospel is "not the proclamation of the ideas of a creed or a clique, but the announcement of Christ's purpose in the life of the world." Under *New Testament Biography* the author writes of "St. Paul the Gospel Democrat," "St. Peter the Apostolic Ecclesiastic," "St. Thomas the Believing Rationalist," "St. John the Christian Philosopher," St. Matthew the Publican Apostle," and "Judas One of the Twelve." Under *Social and Political* he discusses "The Losses of Civilization," "Industry and Morality," "The Wealth of Man," "The Battle Against Greed," "The Many-headed Multitude," and "The Daily Dust of Life." Several educational topics are treated, and then follow, under *Literary and Romantic*, "The Christian in Novels and New Testament," "The Forerunner of God," "A Memorial of Love," "The Redemption Idyl;" and, under *The Spiritual Life*, "The Sphere of Influence," "The Family Faith," "Spiritual Exile," "The Conflict of Duties," and "Spiritual Life." The book tempts to extensive quotation. "With all the progress of democracy, the world figure, the national figure, the community idol still survives. Our heroes are still turbulent spirits from battlefields or tireless manipulators of cabinets. Democracy is the continual protest against undue exaltation of the individual at the expense of the whole body. It is for this that Paul peculiarly stands, and there is no finer embodiment of the rule and purpose of his own life than the words he penned to the Romans, 'For none of us liveth to himself.' That was democracy reduced to its absolute and lowest terms; and was at the same time the highest altitude of religious attainment. . . . It was this that made him the apostle to the Gentiles, made him see the strategic importance of the conversion of the Roman army, made him the evangelist of the

great cities of his time, and made him see that schism for the sake of freedom was better than harmony with bondage. "Thomas is regarded here, not as a gloomy, despondent, hesitating mind, but as the type of the strong, frank, searching, alert, critical mind." The difficulty with Thomas was that he based his beliefs upon a standard which, if consistently carried through the world, would drive a man first to a monastery and then to a grave. The idea that a man must see to believe has been demonstrated times without number to be too foolish for a moment's entertainment in this practical world. The Gospel of Christ has no quarrel with thoughtful and inquiring minds. The Son of God makes his appeal to reason no less than to the heart and feelings and will. But the appeal to reason must be a genuinely reasonable appeal. Christ's forbearance and tenderness are noticeable here. Instead of meeting this unreasonable man with reproach and rebuke the Master, well knowing the temperament of his rationalistic disciple, accepts his own harsh test and does it in his own way. Did Thomas do as his Lord invited him? The general opinion has been that he did not, but that, overcome with humiliation and shame, he at once gave forth his wonderful and powerful testimony to Christ. My own thought is different. The probability is that he did it. Strong, resolute, determined man, I can see him walking close up to the Master, taking that nail-marked hand into his, putting his strong arms tenderly around Christ as he feels the imprint of the Roman spear. Then out of the great revulsion of faith I can feel the welling up of that powerful nature in its effort to give adequate expression to its emotions, and then I hear him say, 'My Lord and my God.' But the lesson is not yet learned. Christ has yet another word. 'Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' Therein Christ taught the true rationalism; to believe what is believable with a just appreciation of the proper standards of judgment and with appropriate scrutiny of all that requires our credence and acceptance. . . . But for Thomas's inquiry Christ had no word of reproof. This outward skeptic had a heart of belief and love. Loyal to the end and faithful in his calling, he remains to us the type of that spirit and habit of mind which dares interrogate the sublimest facts of human life. And out of his lips we have that most majestic and moving declaration of personal faith, 'My Lord and my God.' Reason and emotion combined in that exclamation, and it stands as converted Reason's testimony to Jesus Christ. And like all else that proceeds from the sanctified reason, it is the highest in dignity, the farthest reaching in significance, and rings with sonorous resonance through history as the witness of a strong man's devotion to the Son of God." In his discourse on "The Wealth of Man," from the text, "All things are yours," the author says, "The luxury of modern life, even among the simplest classes of the people, is one of the astounding facts which a student of antiquity comparing past conditions with present cannot fully make

real to himself. The curious thing about all this luxury is that it has not brought what would seem its first natural product, namely, contentment. People seem more disquieted than ever. We hear more about not having what belongs to us than we ever did; more clamor about injustice than at any period in the world's history. No one apparently is conscious that we are all personally and individually wealthier than the mightiest princes of antiquity, and have resources at our command beside which the wealth of a Midas is a mere bagatelle. But some one says these luxuries are for the rich alone. Is the Public Library for the rich alone? Is the City Hospital for the rich alone? Or are these and similar results and signs of progress made at once the possession of the whole race? The poorest as well as the richest cross and recross the Atlantic now. 'Yes, but they have to go in the steerage,' you say. Well, the cabin of the *Mayflower* had not half the comforts of the steerage of a modern steamship. The lightning express train is at the service of the poor man as well as the millionaire. Never were the richest benefits so universally diffused among the whole people. Men are impelled and compelled to impart and communicate what they have in order to enjoy it. A man invents a new toy. To make it profitable to himself he must induce a host of children to play with it. In order to this he must cheapen its production to the point where the many can afford to buy it. Most things in this world cannot be made profitable without putting them within everybody's reach. So the multitude get the benefit of the brains and skill of the ablest inventor. Every invention or discovery in electricity, mechanics, chemistry, or what not, conveys its benefits in some way to the poorest. Great books must be put within the purchasing power of the million to get the circulation they desire and need. Authors, scientists, inventors, cannot work a day without sharing results with the public. They must give out what they have gotten or made before they can enjoy or profit by it themselves. A man might have planned out the cathedral at Milan and kept the plans and specifications to himself, gloating over them in secret. But the same Power that gave him the talent to plan made him want to see his plan stand up in stone, and then it was no longer his but everybody's; all the world could see and enjoy it. Raphael had madonnas in his brain; he might have kept them there; but God impelled him to put them on canvas, and then all mankind had what he had. None of the great benefits of life can be shut up. Numberless influences work to diffuse them. And never anywhere were comforts and pleasures so widely distributed among all sorts and conditions of men as now and in these United States. Not to know this is to be immensely, inexcusably ignorant." "It is complained that working-people, wage-earners, have too many hours of work. This is true in some cases, but in the main it is not. No wage-earner would submit to the number of hours required of scholars in their studies. The great artists, editors, captains of industries, professional men, spend many more hours at actual work than

the ordinary wage-earner does; and their work is more driving and exhausting in its nature than his." Amazement and indignation mingle in Mr. Berle's remark that "the Church of England, with an insolence almost unmatched in the history of ecclesiasticism, still alludes to the great nonconforming population of England as 'schismatics.'"

Liberty. By HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 38. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, paper, 10 cents.

This is a reprint of the sixth chapter in Dr. Van Dyke's book, *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, now in its sixth edition. This essay on "Liberty" is particularly interesting to Arminians. It contains the doctrine now taught in Calvinistic pulpits. It is the new Calvinism, which to disinterested persons seems not to be Calvinism at all. The Presbyterian Church as a body has refused to revise its historic creed; but the individual ministers freely revise or reject important parts of that creed, each in his own pulpit; nobody thinks of preaching it. The Westminster Confession is retained as the nominal creed of the denomination, but really represents an ancient and obsolete belief. In the long-ago day when it was framed it was a report of progress up to date for that section of the Church; but the people know and the ministers show that their theology has progressed since then almost out of sight of that confession, which is now interesting only as a mossy relic and a far-back waymark. United protest is made by Christians of all creeds against the positive philosophy and materialistic science which teach that the fortune of each human being is fixed fast in fate by heredity and other circumstances, and there is unanimous denunciation of the doctrine of an atheistic fatalism. But to our thought a "godless predestination" is preferable to the other, since it does not involve and inculcate any God. This eminent Presbyterian clergyman is right in saying that fatalism is not made the more acceptable by theologians who, "by the aid of certain misconstrued and very much overworked passages of Scripture," have brought in "the idea of a supreme Deity who has constructed the loom and devised the pattern of the net and decreed the weaving of every loop. The chain of Fate is not made less heavy by fastening the end of it to the distant throne of an omnipotent and impassive Creator. . . . To baptize fatalism with a Christian name does not change its nature." That is just what our Methodist fathers said, and kept on saying until everybody came to believe and accept it. Hear Dr. Van Dyke for that: "The common assumption that the abstract reasoning of Jonathan Edwards against the liberty of the will has never been and cannot be refuted, is based upon ignorance of the facts. An American philosopher, Mr. Rowland Hazard, in his *Freedom of the Mind in Willing* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has answered it with great clearness and force. Professor George P. Fisher says: 'The fundamental point of Mr. Hazard's criticism of Edwards is fully established. It must be allowed that his confutation of that conception of

the will which underlies the reasoning of the great theologian is sound and conclusive." One of Mr. Hazard's sayings is this: "Every intelligent being, capable of conceiving of higher ethical conditions than he has yet attained, has in his own moral nature for the exercise of his creative powers an infinite sphere, within which . . . he is the supreme disposer. . . . A man who does not want to be pure and noble may yet begin one step lower in the scale of moral advancement with the wish to want to be pure and noble; and, here commencing the cultivation of his moral nature, ascend from this lower point, through the want to be pure and noble, to the free effort to gratify this want." Dr. Van Dyke says, as if it were necessary to say it, that the preaching of Jesus was a gospel of liberty: "There was a singular propriety in the text of Christ's first public discourse. It was a declaration of liberty, as well as of grace. It was an emancipation proclamation as well as a gospel of comfort and health. 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are crushed, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.' And what was the oppressive bondage from which he proclaimed release? Was it not the tyranny of a false doctrine of necessity over the minds of men, as well as the enslaving influence of sin over their inert and hopeless wills?" If a Methodist minister fifty years ago had used and construed the above passage in this way he would have been accused of wresting the Scriptures for purposes of special pleading. Dr. Van Dyke goes on to our entire satisfaction: "Here were the scribes and Pharisees teaching that the whole world was divided into two classes—the chosen and the not-chosen, the righteous for whom salvation was secure whatever they might do, and the sinners for whom salvation was impossible whatever they might do. Here were the outcast, the lost, the neglected, shut out, by no choice of their own, but by their birth, by the occupations in which they were engaged, by their ignorance, by the very conditions of their life, from all part in the kingdom of heaven as the scribes and Pharisees conceived it; not only the harlots and the publicans, but also *Am Haarez*, 'the people of the land,' with whom it was not fitting that a righteous person should have any dealings; miserable souls, bound by inheritance to a desperate and unhallowed fate. Here came Jesus, taking his way directly to these lost ones, these outsiders, and telling them that all this doctrine of inevitable doom was a chain of lies, breaking the imaginary fetters from their souls, and assuring them that they were free, even though they were ignorant of it. 'Repent,' he cried, 'for the kingdom of heaven has approached unto you.' 'Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' And what is the significance of these words, 'repentance' and 'conversion'—their real significance, I mean, not that which has been read into them by centuries of false and formal theology? They are not passive and involuntary words; they do not

rest upon the idea of qualifications which may or may not be in the possession of those to whom Christ speaks. They are active words—words of inward movement and exertion. ‘Repent’ means change your mind; make that simple effort of the soul for internal change which is the ultimate act of the free will; put forth that power of fixed attention to the new motive which is the central essence of liberty and the creative force of the soul. ‘Be converted,’ as Christ spoke the word, is not passive; it expresses an action exercised by the soul within itself; it means simply ‘turn around;’ set yourself in a new relation to God, to truth, to virtue. The name of this relation is faith. ‘Believe’ is Christ’s great word. It is the ‘*open sesame*’ of the kingdom. ‘Believe in God, believe also in me.’ ‘He that believeth hath everlasting life.’ ‘All things are possible to him that believeth.’ But it is never spoken of as a mere intellectual opinion, or emotional experience, an irresistible conviction wrought by external evidence in the mind, or bestowed without effort upon the soul. The Bible never says that faith is a gift. There is a voluntary element in it. It is something to be done by the exercise of an inward power. It is a coming of the soul to Christ; it is a following of the soul after him; it is the first step in a long course of spiritual activity. It is a deed. The disciples said unto Christ, ‘What must we do that we may work the works of God?’ Jesus answered, ‘This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.’ Now there is not a hint in all the teaching of Jesus that this first act of freedom is impossible for any soul to whom he speaks. He has no idea of an eternal predestination binding some to belief and others to unbelief, a secret decree including certain men in the kingdom and excluding others from all possibility of entering into it.” That is excellent doctrine, and none the worse for being distinctively Methodist. It is sound, wholesome, and powerful to convince, encourage, and edify. It will surely spread and prevail until it shall possess the whole earth. Dr. Van Dyke quotes the following words, written by Dr. A. A. Hodge a few years before his death: “This matter of free will underlies everything. If you bring it to question, it is infinitely more than Calvinism. . . . I believe in Calvinism, and I say that free will stands before Calvinism. Everything is gone if free will is gone; the moral system is gone if free will is gone; you cannot escape except by Materialism on the one hand or by Pantheism on the other. Hold hard, therefore, to the doctrine of free will.” Dr. Hodge is the standard authority of the new Calvinism. But even he begins to be out of date, for we hear sounding from conspicuous and influential Presbyterian pulpits the voice of a still later Calvinism, which is yet more un-Calvinistic, and which openly flouts the authority of Dr. Hodge, quoting him on the distinctive doctrines of election and predestination only for the purpose of explicitly and vigorously repudiating his teaching. The world moves.

God’s in his heaven:
All’s right with the world.

Spirit and Life. By ELLIN J. KNOWLES (MRS. JOSEPH H. KNOWLES). 12mo, pp. 287. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.

Mrs. Knowles's Bible readings, given in many places, have attracted attention and done great good by their blending of religion with sound practical sense, their intelligent application of divine truth to the daily needs of human hearts and lives. They contain an uncommonly large amount of sane, sweet, wholesome help for brave and happy Christian living. They are without cant or fanaticism or foolishness of any sort. They hearten the discouraged soul, they feed the feeble and famished with nourishing food, they clear the way for bewildered feet, they bring us near to God in a tender, familiar, yet wholly reverent approach. This book, which is most aptly entitled *Spirit and Life*, is made of selections from the author's Bible readings. To give thus to a wider public the wise Scripture lessons given originally to hundreds of women in the Sunday afternoon Bible class of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York City, was meet, right, and a bounden duty, as it is the duty of us all to scatter the good seed as widely and more diligently than the enemy sows tares. Bishop Vincent writes an introduction on the meaning and glory of Easter Day, the day which makes our Bible the Book of Eternal Life to us. Mrs. Knowles sent out her book last spring with the glad Easter message, "All hail! Peace be unto you!"—a message dearer than ever to her own heart, because last Easter morning was the first that poured the splendor of its sunrise over her husband's grave. Speaking out of poignant experiences, her message has the note of reality and quivers with pathos. The spirit in which this minister's wife goes on with the holy work of truth-teaching which was her husband's and hers together, is expressed in the lines:

My work is left me though my friend is gone;
A solemn trust hath love bequeathed to me.
I take the task thy languid hand laid down
That winter morning, for mine own alway;
And may the Giver of both cross and crown
Pronounce me faithful at our meeting day!

The book is full of apt, touching, and illuminating illustrations from life of the truth and power of the Divine Word. We quote: "I love to repeat the true story of poor Jack, who, without ordinary earthly wisdom, had learned much of the wisdom of heaven. He was dying, and one who had always been a good friend to him asked him if he was afraid. 'O, no, not the least afraid,' he said. 'Why, have you never done anything bad, Jack?' 'O, yes, much bads. God had a whole page against me. But when I first prayed to Jesus he took the book out of God's hand and drew his own pierced bleeding hand over the page so that every sin was blotted out, and God could see there nothing but Jesus's blood. And when I come to stand before God, he will say holding the book up to the sun, 'No, nothing there against Jack.' And then God will shut the book and the Lord Jesus will come and put his arm around me and say, 'My Jack,' and bid me stand with the angels till

the rest are judged." The most learned of men cannot attain to any higher wisdom than the trustful faith of poor ignorant Jack. In one of the last years of his life Dr. Daniel Curry rose in a love feast, lifting into the sight of all his tall, gaunt, angular frame, and his great head with its shaggy white hair and rugged features, and told of a vision he had had of the great day of final account, in which he himself stood awe-struck and trembling before the Judge, in fear of condemnation and not knowing how to answer, and then told how, in the supreme moment of his trepidation and dismay, a Radiant Figure with a countenance like unto the Son of God came and stood beside him, and said to the High Court of Heaven, "I am here to answer for Daniel Curry." Sailor and sage alike find their sole comfort in simple trust in the same divine Saviour, who, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man. All theology at the last reduces its practical value to that; that is the only comfortable pillow it can put under the biggest brain of the wisest man. We quote again: "I saw a beautiful child held high in the hand of her tall, strong father. It seemed so perilous I trembled lest the little one should fall. 'Who's got you?' asked the father. Without a shade of fear, with a merry laugh of delight, the baby said, 'Papa.' So safe, so sure, so happy, even in a place of apparent danger, because her father held her there!" Another story is this: "One day Mr. Spurgeon came in saying to his deacons, 'Brethren, I am fresh from a struggle with doubts.' And one of the deacons said, 'Why did you not tell us you were fresh from a struggle to keep from horse stealing?' 'What do you mean?' asked Spurgeon. 'Well, the same God who forbids your stealing a horse also forbids your doubting.' 'You are right,' said the great preacher; 'I have no more right to doubt God than I have to steal a horse.'" Our quotations only hint the quality and abundance of the contents of Mrs. Knowles's book. It is full of suggestive thoughts for the Bible class, the lecture room, the home circle, the sick room, or the place of private devotion. There is practical good sense in what the book says about the Bible amid the questionings of to-day: "Do not get bewildered by what anyone says about the Bible. Read it for yourself, and take the Holy Spirit for your teacher. The Bible was not written for 'literature,' although it is foremost among literary productions. It was not written for scientific teaching, although its intimations of scientific truth have probably been misunderstood largely because men have not discovered the wonders of nature as God knows them. It was not written for history, although its records of ancient nations are invaluable. One purpose runs through all the book, in poetry, prophecy, history—only one, and that is salvation. From beginning to end we see Christ the Saviour of men. This is the secret of the saving power of the Word. Other books appeal to the mind and the heart; this goes through the mind and the heart into the deepest being, the inmost self." On page 253, Mrs. Knowles writes: "What folly it is to allow the questioning spirit that is abroad to shake our faith in the

living Word of God! Because the higher criticism demolishes some of the old human theories about this blessed Book, shall that disturb our deep comfort in the Spirit which giveth life? The difficulty is, the masses of the people see only the troubled surface of those waters into whose depths devout thinkers are plunging. The little billows on the stream rock their lifeboats and they think a great wreck of everything is to follow. But the disturbance is only on the surface and only for a time. The God of the Bible walks on the waters and holds his truth safe as in the hollow of his hand. No criticism has ever touched the living heart of this Word; not one principle, not one promise, not one law of conduct has ever been changed in the least under the sharpest scrutiny of scholarship. If the criticisms trouble us it is probably because we cannot go into them deeply enough to understand them, and if we cannot we had better turn away from them altogether, and hold fast the beginning of our confidence, steadfast to the end. For if we let go of the old staff that has upheld us over many a rough way, in reaching after something we suppose will take its place, we will surely find that it is true of us as of God's people of old: 'My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water.' The words of Mrs. Knowles recall to us what Mrs. Browning once wrote in a friendly letter: "I read the Scriptures every day, and in as simple a spirit as I can; thinking as little as possible of the controversies engendered in that great sunshine, and as much as possible of the heat and glory belonging to it. It is a sure fact in my eyes that we do not so much require more knowledge as we need a stronger apprehension by the faith and the affections of what we already know." A portrait of Mrs. Knowles fronts the title page; and interspersed between the Bible readings are some sweet and beautiful poems, most of them signed "E. J. K."

The Theology of the New Testament. By GEORGE B. STEVENS, Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. 8vo, pp. 617. International Theological Library. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.50.

Professor Stevens in his earlier treatises, entitled respectively the *Pauline* and the *Johannine Theology*, gave such good illustration of his competency to deal with the theme of the present volume that one naturally opens it with a decided prepossession in its favor. A perusal serves to justify expectation. The professor has placed students of the Bible under obligation by presenting them with a lucid, compact, readable, scholarly, and judicial exposition of the several types of New Testament doctrine. He has reproduced the best that was contained in his former contributions to biblical theology, and has added a very considerable sum of important material. The one hundred and sixty-six pages on the teaching of Jesus according to the synoptical gospels make an especially valuable addition. Among those who have wrought in the same field our author selects for largest attention Weiss, Bayschlag, and

Wendt, coinciding with them in part and in part opposing their conclusions. He makes reference to the elaborate work of Holtzmann, but we gain the impression that his own investigation was too nearly completed before its appearance to incline him to take very special account of its contents. The reader who occupies a suspicious attitude toward the trend of recent criticism will perhaps find in Stevens's book some evidences of a tendency to deal too freely with the products of inspired penmen. He will perchance decline to follow the author when he concludes that the eschatological discourses, as reported by the synoptists, obscure in a measure the real meaning of Christ respecting his coming; or, when he supposes that Christ, in his references to angels, to demoniacal possession, and to the conditions of Hades, used very largely the language of accommodation, and did not design that his words should be literally or precisely construed. A judicial examination of the whole treatise, however, will make plain that its animus is evangelical and conservative. The Christological discussion is distinctly in a catholic vein. The synoptical gospels are regarded as, at least by implication, transcending the humanitarian view of Christ's nature, and in other portions of the New Testament ample ground is recognized for predicating of him a unique sonship, a special metaphysical relation to the Father. Some of the strongest pages of the book are devoted to the refutation of the attempts of Wendt and Beyschlag to evade the evidence for Christ's personal preexistence. A catholic and conservative position is also taken on the subject of atonement. The New Testament is credited with assigning a certain objective value to Christ's work, as affording a consistent method for the dispensation of grace, in that it presents the divine forgiveness in close association with a manifestation of God's holiness and judgment against sin. Single points may doubtless be specified upon which the author's exposition is liable to challenge. We surmise that a considerable fraction of scholars will be of opinion that he might have conceded more than he does as respects tokens of reference in the Epistle of James to Paul's way of thinking, and as respects signs of dependence in 1 Peter upon the Pauline epistles; and also that he has not done complete justice to the evidence which suggests doubt whether Paul's thought of the resurrection provided for the participation of the wicked therein. But even on these points he does not lack for good company, and those who differ with him on individual items must recognize the large measure of courage, candor, and success with which he has laid hold upon the difficult problems pertaining to his theme. Of the passages which solicit citation we give place to only one, selecting this as expressive of an important canon of interpretation entertained by the author. "We must conclude," he says, "that Jesus did not regard it as falling within his province to criticise the popular beliefs of his time regarding the order of the world, or as any part of his mission to extend human information in the fields of historical fact, literary criticism, or philosophical inquiry. When, for example, he spoke of the

heart, the spirit, the soul, or life of man, he spoke the language of popular speech, and his purpose was to impress religious truth, not to impart psychological knowledge. His lifework belonged to a realm which is immeasurably higher than that of human science. He saw the inner meaning of the world and of life, with whose details science is occupied. He penetrated to the heart of Old Testament truth and was oblivious of such questions as those of time, place, and date."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Three Studies in Literature. By LEWIS E. GATES, Assistant Professor of English in Harvard University. 12mo, pp. 211. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

The subjects of these studies are Francis Jeffrey, Cardinal Newman as a Prose Writer, and Matthew Arnold. The first essay treats of Jeffrey's reputation, characteristics, and literary criticism, the *Edinburgh Review*, the new editorial policy, and the new literary form. The one distinction which Jeffrey claimed for himself as a literary critic was that more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic he "made the moral tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion." His qualities as a literary critic are thus summed up by Professor Gates: "As an appreciator he is sadly to seek, owing to overintellectualism and disputatiousness. As a dogmatic critic he is even yet thoroughly readable because of his dashing style, his deft and ready handling, his shrewd common sense, and his sincerity; he expressed brilliantly the tastes and antipathies of a large circle of cultivated people of considerable social distinction, who, while not particularly artistic or literary, read widely and intelligently, and felt keenly and delicately, though within a somewhat limited range. Even in his dogmatic criticism, however, his faults are obvious; his dogmatism is peremptory; his tone, often bitter; and his prejudices are as scarlet. On the other hand, for giving a strong ethical trend to literary criticism he deserves all honor. His social sympathies were intense and alert; they fixed the character of his whole theory of beauty, and continually expressed themselves in his comments upon books and authors. Through his persistently ethical interpretations of literature he really enlarged the borders of literary criticism." Jeffrey was by nature and training a dogmatist, not a scientific student of fact; the disinterestedness of science was foreign to his nature; he was not so much an investigator or interpreter as a censor bent on praise or blame. Macaulay considered him to be more nearly a universal genius than any other man of that time. He dealt magisterially with a vast variety of subjects, decided the reputation and fixed the fate of many authors. Mrs. Carlyle speaks of his "dark, penetrating eyes, taking note of most things in God's universe." Jeffrey criticises Addison for his "extreme caution, timidity, and flatness," and says that "the narrowness of his range in poetical sentiment and diction, and the

utter want of either passion or brilliancy, render it difficult to believe that he was born under the same sun with Shakespeare." What sort of writing pleases him is indicated in this commendation: "There is in any one of the folios of Jeremy Taylor more fine fancy, and original imagery—more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions—more new figures, and new applications of old figures—more, in short, of the body and soul of poetry than in all the odes and epics that have since been produced in Europe." Against the Lake Poets, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and the rest, Jeffrey objected that they were nonsensically mystical; that they falsified life by showing it through a distorting medium of personal emotion; that is, they were misleadingly subjective; that they were guilty of grotesque bad taste in their democratic realism; and that they were pedantically earnest and serious in their treatment of art, and inexcusably pretentious in their proclamation of a new gospel of life. Against Wordsworth's mysticism and excessive subjectivity Jeffrey protested; he was a pleader for common sense and the commonplace, the type of what Lamb called "the Caledonian intellect," which scornfully rejects ideas that cannot be adequately expressed in good plain terms and grasped by twelve men on a jury. His judgment of contemporary poets in 1829 was as follows: "The tuneful quartos of Southey are already little better than lumber; and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastic emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of our view. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, and the blazing star of Byron is receding from its place of pride. The two who have longest withstood this rapid withering of the laurel are Rogers and Campbell; neither of them a voluminous writer, and both distinguished rather for the fine taste and consummate elegance of their writings than for the fiery passion and disdainful vehemence which seemed for a time to be in favor with the public." With all his acuteness, brilliancy, and vigor, Jeffrey was unable to read and interpret the age in which he lived; he failed to perceive and measure what was most significant and predictive in its development. To us the most interesting essay in this book is the one on "Newman as a Prose Writer," in which are discussed Newman's manner and its critics, his rhetoric, methods, irony, style, additional characteristics, and relation to his times. The author truly says that such subjects as Newman discusses have rarely been treated with so much of the wayward charm and pliant grace of friendly discourse as Newman reaches, and that his style has the urbanity, the affability, the winning adroitness, even the half-careless desultoriness of the familiar talk of a man of the world with his fellows. "When he chose, Newman was absolute master of the severe beauty of rational discourse—that kind of discourse which disdains to follow any associations save those of logic, discusses with fine economic precision just the aspects of truth that right reason detects as essential to the question in hand, and

is everywhere formally correct, systematic, and dignified. His earliest work is often austere wrought in accordance with this ideal. Ultimately, however, the essential charm that made him so winning in personal intercourse passed over into his prose, and conveyed into it the warmth, and elasticity, and color of life. Much of the fascination of Newman's work is due to the possibility of finding in it a continual victorious union of logical strenuousness with the grace, and ease, and charm of a colloquial manner and idiom—a victory which is the result of rare tact, finely disciplined instinct, exquisite rhetorical insight and foresight, with extraordinary luminousness and largeness of thought." "Newman's style classes him among Romantic writers. . . . The glowing beauty, the picture-making power, the occasional imaginative splendor, the elaborate, swelling music of Newman's writings, place him as a master of prose in the same group with De Quincey and Ruskin and Carlyle, and part him from Landor or Macaulay or Matthew Arnold. No prose can more surely send quivering over the nerves a sense of the shadowing mystery of life than some of Newman's sermons, and passages here and there in his *Apologia* and in his *Essays*. Through the play of his imagination, its rhythms and beat of the wing, because of the ease with which his prose carries the reader into regions of impassioned and mystical feeling, and because of the vital warmth and color of his phrasing—qualities so different from the hard, external glitter of Macaulay's rhetorical style—Newman reveals his kinship with the great group of poets and prose writers who deepened and enriched the imaginative life of the early part of the century. By reason of the conservatism of ecclesiasticism the new spiritual forces of Romanticism did not renovate the Church through the Oxford movement until a full generation after they had made almost wholly their own the purely imaginative literature and life of the English nation." Newman distrusted the power of mere logic, and his idea of how to move men is indicated in his words, "The heart is commonly reached, not through the reason, but through the imagination, by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history, by description. People influence us, voices melt us, looks subdue us, deeds inflame us." Walter Pater instances Newman's *Idea of a University* as an example of "the perfect handling of a theory." Newman's epigrammatic power is illustrated by sentences like these: "Great things are done by devotion to one idea." "Calculation never made a hero." "Great acts take time." "Ten thousand difficulties do not make a doubt." "All aberrations are founded on, and have their life in, some truth or other." "A book cannot make a stand against the wild living intellect of man." "One is not at all pleased when poetry or eloquence or devotion is considered as if chiefly intended to feed syllogisms." "To live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often." Of the essay on Matthew Arnold there is not room to speak, except to note that the essayist finds in Arnold's prose an unfortunate knack of exciting prejudice, a certain

strut, a condescension, a debonair and jaunty self-assurance, a duplicity of innuendo, a treacherous irony; and also remarks upon Arnold's habit of inventing nicknames for those whom he disliked, as when he designated some of his fellow-countrymen as Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace; compared the Nonconformist to Ephraim, "a wild ass alone by himself;" retorted on Professor Huxley, who spoke of "the Levites of Culture," by intimating that men of science were the "Nebuchadnezzars of Culture," and dubbed *The Church and State Review* "the High Church Rhinoceros," and the *Record* "The Evangelical Hyena."

Wessex Poems and Other Verses. By THOMAS HARDY. Crown 8vo, pp. 210. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, \$1.75.

An earlier volume was entitled *Wessex Tales*. This has thirty illustrations by the author's own hand, "rough sketches recently made, inserted for personal and local reasons rather than for their intrinsic qualities." Many of these verses are not poems; some, the first for instance, are hardly verse—contorted prose, rather, caught in the uncouth act, and fixed midway in the awkward agony, of trying to turn into verse. If sued for libel for this assertion we would begin our defense by citing in evidence the following lines which close "The Temporary The All:"

Then, high handiwork will I make my life-deed,
Truth and Light outshew; but the ripe time pending,
Intermissive aim at the thing sufficeeth.

Thus I . . . But lo, me!
Mistress, friend, place, aims to be bettered straightway,
Bettered not has Fate or my hand's achieving;
Sole the showance those of my onward earth track—
Never transcended!

As disjointed, kinky, and rheumatic as the lines just quoted are some of the queer notions and cranky views of life which labor toward expression on the smooth glazed pages before us. In fourteen lines entitled "Hap," written in 1866, somebody is made to say in substance that if disappointments, sorrows, and hardships came from some vengeful god who laughed over our misery and told us our suffering was ecstasy to him because he hated us, why then this somebody thinks he could bear it all and clench himself and die, hardened into steely resentment; but since it all haps by chance, since "crass casualty" darkens our sun, slays our joy, unblooms our hopes, and gives moans in place of gladness, and since there is nobody to get mad at and blaspheme against, why this somebody doesn't see what he is to do or how he can put up with it all. Is this poetry or wisdom or sense, or is it stuff and nonsense? The grim, the sickly, the ghastly, the base, the bitter, the forlorn, the false, the foul, the hideous, and the hateful, travail and tears, are poor stuff to try to weave into poems, and of the most shapely poem so made one might truly say that 'twere something better for it not to be. There is far more breath and beauty, relief and religion, life and lift, aspiration and art, hope and help in W. E. Henley's poems than in

Thomas Hardy's, whose verse is warped and woofed too exclusively of the somber, the sour, and the sinister. In all these two hundred pages there is scarcely one entirely sweet and pleasant piece, and seldom a noble thrill. The trail of the serpent is over them all. There is no joy in nature or in man. Life shows as a bitten and poisoned thing. The world is a bleak and dreary scene. Pessimistic thoughts go wandering up and down a poverty-stricken universe like lost and hungry sheep bleating on a barren moor. All man's ardent hopes die down into heaps of malodorous ashes. Faith and faithfulness have no reward. Existence is an accursed failure. The universe is the work of Vast Imbecility or Infinite Malice. The human mind wrestles in the dark with Peradventure, to no result but defeat, exhaustion, and anguish, a fractured thigh, no blessing, and no strength to pursue the vanishing Enigma. Knowledge is nowhere. Can any man make music out of such ideas as these? Can the setting of them to rhyme or verse pay him or profit his fellow-men? Does anybody care to attend a concert where the vocalists' songs are made of moans and groans, hisses and howls, sobs and screams? Would not the singer who should apply his art and practice his powers on such material be judged insane and left without audience? In not a few modern books literary power is seen practicing its skill gloomily and grimly, in a chill and cheerless atmosphere in which float agues and fevers for the soul of the reader who exposes himself thereto; and afterward his reminiscences will be an ache and a shiver. This is all wrong; life is neither an Alkali Desert, an iceberg in a bitter sea, a Pontine Marsh, a Dismal Swamp nor a sty. There is something degraded and indecent, something sub-human and beastly squalid in such faithlessness. The soul which cherishes it shows as a shrunken and shriveled thing, a sort of withered-up remnant of a soul, a kind of open-eyed, blank-staring cadaver such as one sees in the refrigerators of dissecting rooms in medical colleges. Perhaps Hardy's *Wessex Poems* do not deserve all that the faithless tone of them has provoked us to write; but the class of literature to which they belong does deserve it all, and we have taken them as a type which brings to mind the forlorn and ignoble class. Since the above comments were written an article by May Kendall on "Pessimism and Thomas Hardy's Poems," has appeared in the *London Quarterly Review*, which expresses more amply than our space allows views like those here written. Emerson speaks of people who seem "pleased with their power of making earth a howling wilderness," and Carlyle pours out his wrathful scorn on alleged thinkers who "turn life into nothing but dirt." No small portion of literary talent and training is employed in the production of literature which is but little preferable to the pestilence that walketh in darkness or the destruction which wasteth at noonday. Winifred Lee Wendell truly says that the publication of *Wessex Poems* has crowned Thomas Hardy the prince of pessimists. It is an infernal eminence, a reduction of himself not merely to a vulgar fraction but to a minus

quantity. He has created a vacuum for the soul to live in and his achievement recalls to us the words of a gentleman in Mississippi who, seeing some laborers digging a large hole in the ground, remarked: "They seem to be erecting a cellar." Thomas Hardy, looking out upon the world from Max Gate, his Wessex home, across three thousand acres of meadow, said to be the largest in England, should be able to abstain from slandering the world and the Maker of it. Etymologically the devil is "the slanderer."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Fragments of An Autobiography. By FELIX MOSCHELES. 8vo, pp. 364. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, \$2.50.

A celebrated portrait painter and musician gathers here many reminiscences of his life. There is more about others than about himself, and the book might be entitled, "Recollections of Famous Poets, Artists, and Musicians." The pleasure which the author takes in these writings is like that expressed by Bolingbroke in "Richard II," "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends." Delightful remembrances and stories of Mendelssohn, Dupont, Mazzini, Rossini, Irving, Terry, Robert Browning, and others, fill with interest and charm a book of much literary excellence and beauty of style. The author sees life and the world from the artist's standpoint and with an artist's eye, and writes with an artist's mingling of critical judgments and broad, generous sympathies. The volume contains reproductions of the author's portrait paintings of his mother, of Mazzini, and of Robert Browning. The eleven chapters have titles as follows: "Early Impressions;" "Will You Sit for Me, Frida?" "Leipsic in 1847 and 1848—Mendelssohn's Death;" "My First Commission;" "Claude Raoul Dupont;" "A Trip to America in 1883;" "Grover Cleveland Viewed;" "Guiseppe Mazzini;" "Rossini;" "Paris After the Commune;" "Some Incidents of Robert Browning's Visits to the Studio." Moscheles spent several years in New York and Chicago, and tells the story of his life during that time, showing favorable impressions of us and our country, with much surprise at our large resources and achievements. From the early experience of this English boy in learning foreign languages there is this recollection: "I had my first skirmishes with the French language, and certainly thought I was being made a fool of when I was told there was no word in the French for our verb 'to stand.' I had learned the German 'steten,' and the ditto 'schtehe,' and I had conjugated every tense of the Latin 'stare,' and now I refused to believe that the French language could have a *locus standi* amongst civilized nations without an equivalent for those words. I did not know then how much civilization can put up with, and it took me a long time to overcome my mistrust of a language so evidently unsound at its base." It really might be fairly questioned whether a republic or anything else could long stand

in a country which has not even a word to describe that act, and where, one might infer, there is such general instability that there is no need for a word to express the idea or describe the act of *standing*. In Germany Moscheles looks back to "the good old times when the Fatherland was not yet weighed down by blood and iron taxes." Looking on great pictures by old masters made the youth long to paint. "There was a certain picture by Murillo, a Madonna and Child, which so filled my imagination that I was fired by the desire to go forth and do likewise. Boylike, I fancied I could. In a masterpiece the artist betrays no effort; all looks so easy that one fancies it *is* easy. The lines of the composition flow so naturally, the colors strike so complete a chord, that one is deluded into the belief that it could not be otherwise, and that it is just what one would have done oneself had one been in the painter's place. So I settled in my mind that, as soon as I had passed my examinations, I would, without much delay, begin to paint like the old masters." Easy to say, but hard to do; yet, by *trying*, through patient and laborious years, so to paint, the boy became an artist of distinction and made his life honorable and successful. Felix Mendelssohn, it seems, was godfather to Felix Moscheles, and Mendelssohn when young had played for the aged Goethe. "Mendelssohn relates how, seated at the piano, he familiarized the great poet with the work of Beethoven, and how the grand old man was overwhelmed by the beauties and mysteries revealed, and sat all the while in a dark corner, like a Jupiter Tonans, with his eyes flashing fire." The words of Mendelssohn in concluding this little story remind one of our knowing friends, the biblical critics. He says: "I felt that this was the very Goethe of whom people will one day declare that he is not at all one person, but is made up of several smaller Goethes." Of the painter Dupont the author writes, "He never loved the unbeautiful for its own sake, nor was he a man of the prominent-wart school. In his compositions elevated thought and subtle expression had a tendency to eclipse the nonessentials." And of the rising generation of artists he says: "The enchantress, Art, is ever making new victims. Just now she is wedded to the new master, the variety painter, and is on her wedding trip, fully equipped with new fashions of tone and color, rich too in new values; and she travels along happily unconscious—some ignorance is bliss—over the treacherous roads designed by the 'new' perspective, past tottering towers, over warped planes and down steep inclines, pluckily standing her ground where those fallen angels, the old masters, would have feared to tread. It's the old suit once more before us; young folks versus old fogeys, the traditional battle royal, to be fought to-day as it will be fought to the end of time. I say, Hurrah for the young ones! Perhaps they are leading us a step or two backwards, but I verily believe it is only backing in order the better to jump forward. So let us keep the line clear for youth and strength. We can't do without their vigorous onslaughts. Where would the old tree of art (or of anything else) be if it were not for the new shoots?" This Eng-

lish artist, Moscheles, was disappointed when he found in American cities that there was "more formality in the great republic than under the old monarchy," and that if he wanted to talk to anybody he must be introduced first. "Day after day I have sat with my wife in various hotels at some little table laid for four, sharing it with some other Mr. and Mrs., without exchanging a word. Elsewhere we might for the time being have formed a pleasant little social party. Sometimes my heart went out to my neighbors, I think in a true Christian spirit, but I could have seen them starve, and yet not have dared to hand them the mustard or the butter. I knew they would have looked upon me with suspicion; yet I flatter myself that, with a little discernment, they could have seen that I was not a shady character, and that neither I nor that most guileless partner of mine was capable of playing off the confidence trick on the clergyman opposite, or on the charming elderly lady with the white hair and the two golden-locked grandchildren. . . . Perhaps it is that, by dint of proclaiming that one man is as good as another the citizen of the great republic finds himself arriving at the conclusion that one man is as bad as another, and so it is for the stranger to show cause why he should be allowed to pass the hotel butter or mustard." Our artist had a chance to study the American child in an Omaha boy whose portrait he painted. "One day there was a distinct difference of opinion between Robert and his mother on the advisability of his going out sleighing. He gave in with unwonted docility, but when evening came and the fond mother folded her hands and knelt by his bedside he shook his head and said firmly, 'No, mamma; no sleigh, no prayers!'" With fine sarcasm he expresses his "admiration of the American child that, from its earliest days, is ever ready to elicit the noblest qualities of patience and forbearance in the parent it is training." Grover Cleveland sat to him for a portrait, and is described by the artist as "solid and stolid." Of Robert Browning, whom he saw much of, Moscheles says, "he was the most honorable and lovable of men," "always afraid to give trouble, ever ready to take it for others," "simple and unassuming," "helpful and encouraging," "unvaryingly kind," "even on the most trivial occasions he would write in the warmest and most affectionate terms." Once in Moscheles's studio Browning was requested to read something from his own poems. Turning over the pages he said, "As we are in an artist's studio, I will read 'Andrea del Sarto.'" The artist writes, "There was not a shadow of declamation in his reading. For the time being he was just Andrea talking to his wife—the 'Faultless Painter,' as they called him, who knew his own faults but had not the strength to battle with them. It was Andrea himself we were in touch with, his dreamy sadness that we shared. His yearnings for requited love, his longings for the unattainable in art, drew us to him, and we would have helped him had we been able. That sorry business with the King of France was disgraceful—there was no denying it. He admitted himself that he had abused the king's friendship and misused his moneys,

but surely for such a man as was Del Sarto something could be done to settle matters, and once more to turn his genius to account. And that Lucretia, his wife! his 'serpentine beauty, rounds on rounds!' Why *will* she not answer? The right words from her spoken now might yet make of him the good man and the great artist that a God may create, but that a woman must consecrate. One just felt like giving her a good shaking, if only to make her break the aggravating silence she so imperturbably maintains while he so pathetically pleads. As for the cousin, one would have liked to go out and give him a sound thrashing to stop his whistling once for all. We were so impressed at the close of his reading that for a moment we remained hushed in a silence which none of us cared to break. He looked around at us, anxious lest he should not have brought home his meaning, and said, 'Have I made it clear?' On Browning's study table in De Vere Gardens lay a little Greek Bible, which he treasured. On the last leaf of it he had written, "My wife's book and mine." It was the guidebook to that far fair celestial country whither Robert and Elizabeth Browning have gone.

The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited, with Biographical Additions, by Frederic F. Kenyon. 2 volumes. Crown 8vo, pp. xi, 478, 464. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$4.

In these letters the lovers of English literature come to a "more intimate acquaintance with one—or, it may truthfully be said, with two—of the most interesting literary characters of the Victorian age." Arranged in chronological order, they form an almost continuous record of Mrs. Browning's life, from the early days in Herefordshire to her death in Italy, in 1861, the few gaps being bridged by brief biographic notes supplied by the editor. Taking her poetry and her letters together, we know her genius, her character and opinions, and the external events of her life; altogether a very full revelation of an extraordinarily gifted woman, a pure and earnest personality, full of passionate love for truth and right, compassion and enthusiasm for the oppressed, with indignation against all that she believed to be oppressive or any way wrong. Mrs. Browning was born in 1806, married in 1846, died in 1861. Most that is known of her early life and writings is given by herself in a letter written in 1843 to Mr. R. H. Horne, who had requested biographical details; "As to stories, my story amounts to the knife-grinder's, with nothing at all for a catastrophe. A bird in a cage would have as good a story. Most of my events, and nearly all my intense pleasures, have passed in my thoughts. I wrote verses very early, at eight years old and earlier; and the early fancy turned into a will, and remained with me, and from that day to this, poetry has been a distinct object with me—an object to read, think, and live for. And I could make you laugh, although you could not make the public laugh, by the narration of nascent odes, epics, and didactics crying aloud on obsolete muses from childless lips. The Greeks were my demigods, and haunted me out of Pope's Homer, until I dreamt more of Agamemnon than of Moses the black pony. . . . The

love of Pope's Homer threw me into Pope on one side and into Greek on the other, and into Latin as a help to Greek—and the influence of all these tendencies is manifest so long afterwards as in my 'Essay on Mind,' a didactic poem written when I was seventeen or eighteen, and long repented of as worthy of all repentance . . . It has a pertness and a pedantry . . . which I regret now more than I do the literary defectiveness. All this time we lived at Hope End, a few miles from Malvern. . . . There I had my fits of Pope, and Byron, and Coleridge, and read Greek as hard under the trees as some of your Oxonians under the Bodleian; gathered visions from Plato and the dramatists, and ate and drank Greek and made my head ache with it." In a brief review of thirty years of letters, it is hard to choose out of their rich fullness and large variety what to notice in particular. Remembering the deep and reverent devoutness of Mrs. Browning's poetry, we looked with special interest to her letters, for additional and more explicit revelations of her religious views. Speaking of certain antique poetry she writes that the want of devotional feeling and conscience of God is a grave want in poetry, and very strange in antique poetry, because the antique pagan poets rejoice abundantly to put their religion into their poetry, so that a poet who is both antique and godless is an exception, a discrepancy, a monster in the history of letters and experience of humanity. "I would rather be a pagan whose religion was actual, earnest, continual—for week days, work days, and song days—than be a Christian who shrank from hearing or uttering the name of Christ out of church. I am no fanatic, but I like truth and earnestness in all things. What pagan poet ever thought of casting his gods out of his poetry? In what pagan power do they not shine and thunder? . . . Be sure Burns was right, and that a poet without devotion is below his own order, and that poetry without religion will gradually lose its elevation. We do not live among dreams. The Christian religion is true or it is not. If it is true it offers the highest and purest objects of contemplation; and the poetic faculty, which expresses the highest moods of the mind, passes naturally to the highest objects. Who can separate these things? Did Dante, or Tasso, or Petrarch, or Calderon, or Chaucer, or the poets of our best British days? Did any one of these shrink from speaking out the divine name? Chaucer, with all his jubilee of spirit and resounding laughter, had the name of Jesus Christ and God as frequently on his lips as a child has its father's name." She writes that she did not depreciate the power and eloquence of Rev. Henry Melville, but that he is inclined to High-Churchism and to such doctrines as apostolical succession, and therefore she, who is a Dissenter and a believer in universal Christianity, recoils from his exclusive doctrine. To Mr. Boyd she writes: "We are not, as Christians, called to the exclusive expression of Christian doctrine, either in poetry or prose. All truth and all beauty and all music belong to God—he is in all things; and in speaking of all we speak of him. In poetry, which includes all things, 'the diapason cloath full in God.'"

From Rome, where a number of deaths from fever among her friends had darkened their social circle, she wrote, "Deathbeds and graves! I am horribly weak about such things. I can't look on the earth-side of death. I flinch from graves and corpses, and never meet even a common funeral without a shudder. When I look deathwards I look *over* death, and *upwards*, or I can't look that way at all." Thanking Mr. Westwood for having defended her against "the stupid, blind, cur-dog backbiting" of some American critic, as to her religious tendencies, she says: "I have thought freely on most subjects, and upon the state of the Churches among others, but never at any point of my life, thank God, have I felt myself drawn toward Unitarian opinions. I should throw up revelation altogether if I ceased to recognize Christ as divine. Sectarianism I do not like, even in the form of a State Church, and the Athanasian way of stating opinions, putting one between a scholastic paradox and a curse, is particularly distasteful to me. But I hold to Christ's invisible Church as referred to in Scripture, and to the Saviour's humanity and divinity as they seem to me conspicuous in Scripture, and so you have done me justice and the American has done me injustice." When Miss Mitford was in deep sorrow through some bereavement, Mrs. Browning wrote her: "May the divine love in the face of our Lord Jesus Christ shine upon you day and night, and make all human loves strike you as cold and dull in comparison with that ineffable tenderness. As to wandering prayers, I cannot believe it is of consequence whether this poor breath of ours wanders or does not wander. If we have strength to throw ourselves upon him for everything, for prayer as well as for the ends of prayer, it is enough, and he will prove it to be enough presently. I have been when I could not pray at all. And then God's face seemed so close upon me that there was no need of prayer, any more than if I were near *you*, as I yearn to be, there would be need of this letter. O, be sure he means well by us by what we suffer, and it is when we suffer that he often makes the meaning clearer. You know how that brilliant, witty poet Heine, who was an atheist (as much as a man can pretend to be), has made public profession of a change of heart. He has, to use his own words, 'returned home to God, like the prodigal son, after a long tending of the swine.' It is delightful to go home to God, even after a tending of the sheep. . . . May you be confirmed and elevated and at rest, being the Lord's, whether absent from the body or present in it. For my own part I have been long convinced that what we call death is a mere incident in life—perhaps scarcely a greater one than the occurrence of puberty. I am heterodox about sepulchers, and believe that *no part of us* will ever lie in a grave. I don't think much of my nail-parings—do you? I believe that the body of flesh is mere husk, which drops off at death; while the spiritual body (see St. Paul) emerges in glorious resurrection at once. . . . I believe in an active, *human* life beyond death, as before it—an uninterrupted human life. I believe in no waiting in the grave and in

no vague effluence of spirit in a formless vapor." To Ruskin she sends on New Year's day this message: "I wish you, from my heart, a good, clear, noble year, with plenty of work, and God consciously over all to give you satisfaction. What would this life be, dear Mr. Ruskin, if it had not eternal relations? For my part, if I did not believe so, I should lay my head down and die. Nothing would be worth doing, certainly. I am what many people call a 'mystic,' but what I myself call a 'realist,' because I consider that every step of the foot or stroke of the pen here has some real connection with and result in the hereafter." She looked for a reconstruction and recasting of Christian essential verity into other than middle-age scholastic forms, and said: "Believing in Christ's divinity, which is the life of Christianity, I believe this. Otherwise, if the end were here—if we were to be covered over and tucked in with the Thirty-nine Articles, or the like, and good-night to us for a sound sleep in 'sound doctrine'—I should fear for a religion incapable of expanding according to the needs of man. What comes of God has life in it, and certainly from all the growth of living things spiritual growth cannot be excepted." Harriet Beecher Stowe's last words to Elizabeth Barrett Browning at their final parting were, "Those who love the Lord Jesus Christ never see each other for the last time." In one of the last letters of her life Mrs. Browning wrote, "I don't believe in arbitrary reward and punishment, but in consequences and logical results. That seems to me God's way of working. The Scriptural phrases are simply symbolical. Then, as to redemption and its mode—let us receive the thing simply. Dr. Adam Clarke, whose piety was never doubted, used to say, 'Vicarious suffering is vicarious nonsense.' Which does not hinder the fact that the suffering of the Lord was necessary in order that we should not suffer, and that through his work and incarnation his worlds recovered the possibility of good. It comes to the same thing. The manner in which preachers analyze the infinite—pass the divine through a sieve—has ceased to be endurable to thinking men." The above extracts are samples of the best thoughts on religious subjects contained in her letters. Religion is a frequent but by no means a predominant theme in her correspondence, which is filled with a great variety of interest and opinion. The two volumes are of value to literature, as enduring as the fame and works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The Isles and Shrines of Greece. By SAMUEL J. BARROWS. 8vo, pp. xii, 320. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, cloth, \$2.

When a man of culture, even though he have not that exact scholarship which often becomes pedantry, turns aside from serious things to rest a while in Greece he is quite likely to see visions and dream dreams. His old struggles over Greek in college come back again, and the result of them is seen to be a real thing, after all. Dr. Barrows has seen Greece more thoroughly than opportunity offers to most of those who are fortunate enough to visit it at all. He has a glow of enthusiasm that enables him to see the wonderful life of ancient Hellas through the sad poverty

and the sorry political abasement of modern Greece. He has in this book set down impressions and opinions and visions and dreams, and he has done it all with a dash and sparkle that will enable the weary man who can hardly read at all to follow him with zest. He has heard men speaking tongues "in which the vowels explode like a Gatling gun and the consonants go off like smoke," and he turns from them to Greek with a burst of enthusiasm like this: "It is nonsense to treat Greek as if it were a dead language. It is living in the speech, journalism, and literature of the Greeks of to-day, just as Chaucer is living in the speech, journalism, and literature of the English people. The letters, the accents, are the same. The old Greek has changed its form in modern usage. It is simpler, less accurate, less rich in moods and inflections, but it is historically, essentially the same language. One may open his Homer and pick out on every page words that are in common usage to-day, after three thousand years of currency. The universal daily greeting *χαίρετε* is Homeric. The resemblance to the New Testament Greek is remarkable. The Greek Church has done much to preserve the vitality of the language, for the New Testament is used in all the services in the old Greek, and children say the Lord's Prayer by heart just as it stands in Matthew." Dr. Barrows has not written the conventional book of travels. Neither has he written a sober history; he has simply produced a most entertaining volume of sketches in which travel and exploration, archaeology, and art, description and meditation are happily blended. He begins with the Ionian Isles, with Corfu, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Zante, and he tells—well just how they look to-day. Then he comes into Athens and begins at the very beginning with the Parthenon, to follow it with chapters on Attic Grave Reliefs—a most useful chapter for the tourist—the Greek Theater, Modern Athens, the Street and the Agora, the Altar of the Home, and the Christian Shrine. After these there follows a series of sketches with the general title, "Attic Days," on such subjects as the Athenian Press, an Athenian Schoolboy, some Greek Vases, the Greek Calendar, and Greek Philanthropy. The last hundred pages are given to the Peloponnesus, Phocis, Thessaly, Eubœa, and the Cyclades. We commend the book to those who will never see Greece, and more especially to those who are so happy as to have a more cheerful prospect. Let these put it in their bag with the always judicious and accurate Baedeker. It will give spice to his excellent table. The publishers have dressed Dr. Barrows's words in happy fashion, and have supplied a most excellent series of process illustrations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To-day and To-morrow. By LEWIS RANSOM FISKE, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 372. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. Price, cloth, \$2.

The subtitle is "Echoes from College Platform," the volume being made up of baccalaureate addresses delivered by Dr. Fiske at Albion Col-

lege in the years when he was president there, and affectionately dedicated to the students of those years. Dr. James H. Potts contributes a most fitting and impressive Introduction, in which he justly says that this book "represents, not a momentary contact on the part of its gifted author with those great problems which have engaged the attention of scholars in all ages, but a long, close, persistent, unyielding grapple—something like Jacob's wrestle with the angel—with those sublime truths of life and duty and destiny which alone seem meet for discussion on the occasions where these addresses were delivered." And again: "One characteristic is especially remarkable in Dr. Fiske's style. While treating the most profound subjects he does not ignore the evangelical and spiritual elements. All his writings show how keenly as a college president he felt the necessity of holding up the deepest truths of the Gospel and of pressing them upon the attention of students. He avoided the cant which too often creeps into the pulpit, yet clung to the vital spiritual essence which gives to the Christian's life its superiority. For the space of twenty years and more, in harmony with revealed standards, he clearly and attractively outlined the noblest life plans, the most urgent duties, the rarest opportunities, and the highest missions possible to trained intellects and consecrated hearts. A glance at the titles of his themes will disclose the sweep of his thought and the burden of his desire." The following are the titles: "The Unknown God Declared to the World;" "The Future the Inspiration of the Present;" "The Relations of the Seen and the Unseen;" "Man's Exalted Nature;" "Freedom the Product of Truth;" "Divine Authentication of the Word;" "Wisdom the Principal Thing;" "The Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ;" "The Resurrection of the Body not Antiscientific;" "The Great Mystery of Godliness;" "What We May Expect of You;" "Conditions of Mental and Moral Growth;" "The Might of Silent Forces;" "The Ideal Life;" "The Three Great Forces in the Soul;" "Human Life and Its Mission;" "Christ in Everyday Affairs the Hope of the World." These seventeen addresses do not read like the chapters of a book, but each one like a separate mighty message from a great, loving, glowing heart spoken with burning earnestness to young, strong, and sensitive souls in the intent to give them light to see by and an impulse which may send them on into noble years of intelligent and consecrated service. They have the power and urgency of reasoned exhortation, with the dignity and breadth of wise disquisition. The volume is a fit memorial of the best years of a devoted and influential life, and will be prized, doubtless, by many, especially by Dr. Fiske's multitude of students, the more so as the standing figure of their president fronts the title-page, while elsewhere in the book are views of the interior of the study, its walls filled on every side with his library and in the middle the table at which these baccalaureate addresses were written and at which he toiled prayerfully through countless hours of many days and nights in order that he might furnish young lives with knowledge and

wisdom for their future careers. Blessed is the man who has deposited his own soul's life in the lives of others, where it must go on forever reproducing noblest effects for the salvation and enrichment of mankind! The army of Christian educators is a splendid and glorious host whose work is a perpetuation of the labors of the Great Teacher. We are glad that President Fiske, at the conclusion of his fruitful labors as a Christian educator, has put these noble discourses in this permanent form.

Here and There in the Greek New Testament. By Professor L. S. POTWIN, Adelbert College, Western Reserve University. 8vo, pp. 220. Chicago, New York, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.

Professor Potwin's introductory essay entitled, "Hints on New Testament Exegesis" is abundant vindication for the soundness of his findings in the body of the book. Among the *qualifications* of the Exegete he mentions an open mind, a mind sensitive to language, sympathy with the writer, a genuine interest in ancient and oriental life, a faculty for history, a good knowledge of the Greek classics and of post-classical Greek outside the New Testament, familiarity with the Hebrew, Septuagint, and Syriac Scriptures, and an acquaintance with the principles of the lower, or textual, and higher, or analytic, criticism. He classifies the *principles* of exegesis into primary and secondary. The former asks: "What does the author mean in the exact form of his thought as conditioned by his knowledge, mental state, language, time and circumstances?" The latter asks: "What does he mean as translated into modern forms of thought, and what is the foundation-meaning, more general and lying deeper than the primary meaning?" Under *methods* of exegesis the Golden Rule is, put yourself in his place; that is, in the place of the writer or speaker and of the original reader or hearer. Imagination, sympathy, and prayer are helps to this end. Careful study of the great and decisive words, phrases, and synonyms of the Bible, employing the unabridged lexicons, concordances and commentaries thereto, not as authorities nor judicial decisions terminating study, but as store-houses of classified usage, furnishing the materials of study. Eighteen essays or "discussions" then follow upon such topics as: "The Gloria in Excelsis," Luke ii, 14; the words "daily" and "evil" (or evil one Revised Version), in the Lord's Prayer; the term "stature," Matt. vi, 27; the question of demons; the term love in the gospels and epistles; "Christ's Descent into Hades," Acts ii, 27 and Eph. iv, 8; "Agrippa to Paul," Acts xxvi, 28; Paul's use of the words "foreknow" and "anathema." It will be seen from these titles that the author treats a circle of questions and passages of great importance and unusual difficulty, and that a partial reference to his treatment could hardly do such discussions justice. Suffice it to say that this is one of those cheap and compact yet scholarly books which every Bible student can afford to possess and enjoy for himself. The work concludes with three excellent papers on words borrowed from the Latin, from the Hebrew and Aramaic, and words not found in the classical Greek writers.

The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton. Cambridge edition. One volume, 8vo, pp. 417. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, \$2.

The wide-working purpose to bring all good things to all men is illustrated in this cheap and compact volume, which gives the whole of Milton's poetry. A picture of the poet in his youth is at the front. The title-page has a vignette showing the small house, the "pretty box," which Elwood found for Milton in the village of Chalfont St. Giles, during the prevalence of the plague of 1665. There are appropriate and helpful introductions and notes to the various poems, also instructive matter in the Appendix, and twenty-five pages are given to a *Life of Milton*, the closing sentences of which we quote: "As for his poetry, Milton must be thought of as a master stylist. Keats is more poignant, Shakespeare more various, Coleridge more magical; but nobody who has written in English has had the same unflinching majesty of utterance. His is the organ voice of England. . . . Milton is always Miltonic, always lofty and grave, whether the subject rises or sinks. Through him we come nearest to that union of measure and might which is peculiar to the master poets of antiquity; and it is through a study of him that the defects of taste incident upon our modern systems of education can be most surely made good." A man in the front rank of the Congregational ministry of to-day, well-known in literature and not unknown as a writer of poetry, said not long ago in private conversation: "For stateliness, elevation, sublimity, and grandeur, no one equals Milton. Of all poets I read him most, and in preference to Tennyson, Browning, or any of our nineteenth-century singers." Professor W. P. Trent, in his *Life of John Milton*, just published, calls Milton "the greatest artist, man of letters, and ideal patriot the world has ever known." Upon this statement a reviewer comments as follows: "That savors of hyperbole, of course, but admiration of Milton is always creditable, and must be respected, even if one can scarcely go so far as to 'shudder,' with Professor Trent, at the risk our literature ran of 'having only one supreme poet instead of two,' when Milton devoted twenty years of his life to the State. It may be fairly said, too, that if the note of hyperbole must be struck in biography (and few biographers seem able to avoid it) it is certainly less out of harmony than usual when Milton is the theme. The gravity and purity of his mind, the profundity of his learning, and the sublimity of his imagination are not to be questioned."

The Gentleness of Jesus. By MARK GUY PEARSE. 16mo, pp. 250. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

This compilation of sermons takes its name from the first discourse in the volume. Though Mr. Pearse is an English preacher in his visible field of work, he is one of those Christian teachers whose influence is felt as well in the western world and whose name is held in highest esteem. The present sermons, like the rest he has written, are marked by devoutness, fervor, and charm of presentation. Whoever reads them will feel himself richly repaid.

